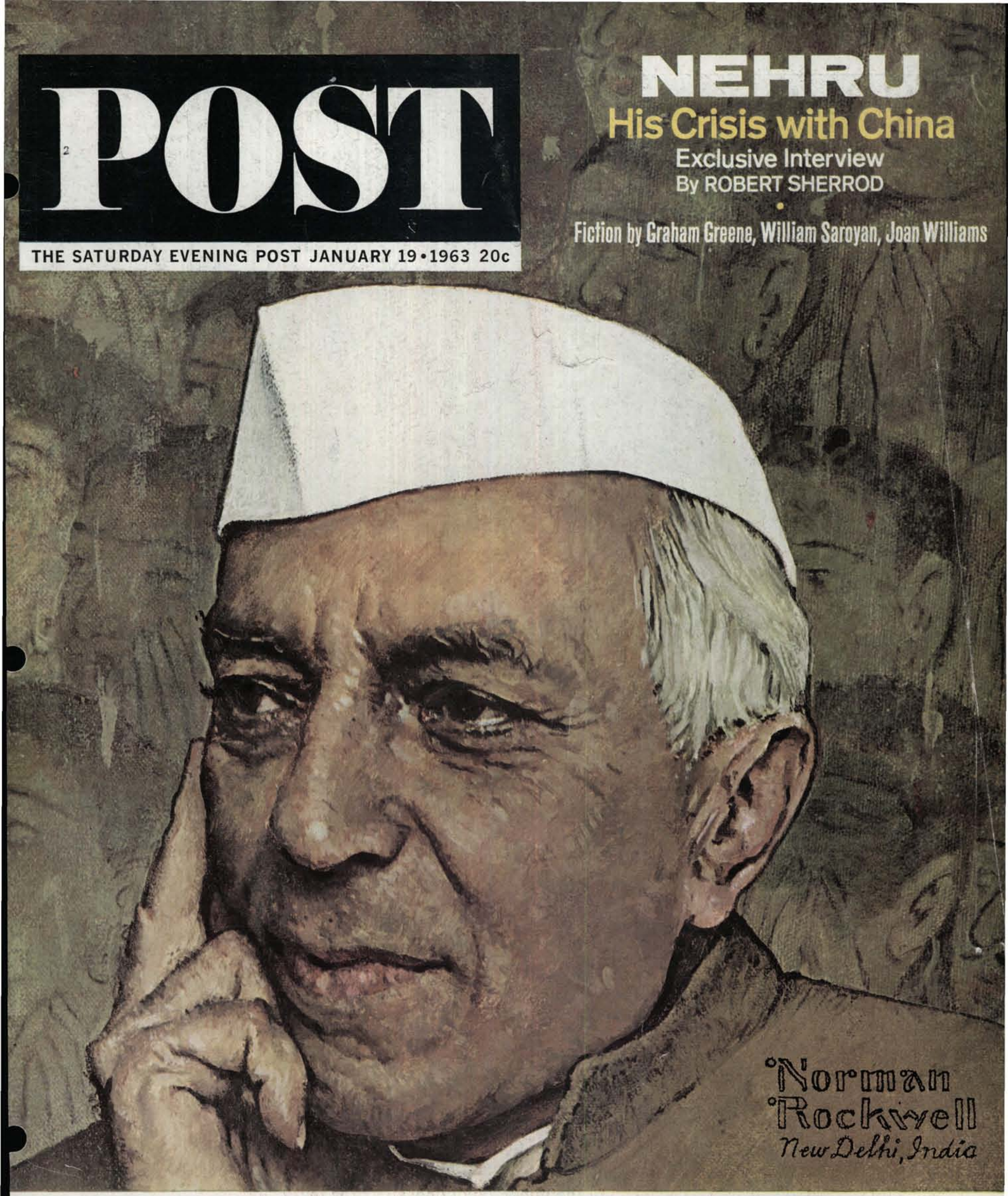
POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JANUARY 19 • 1963 20c

NEHRU
His Crisis with China
Exclusive Interview
By ROBERT SHERROD

•

Fiction by Graham Greene, William Saroyan, Joan Williams



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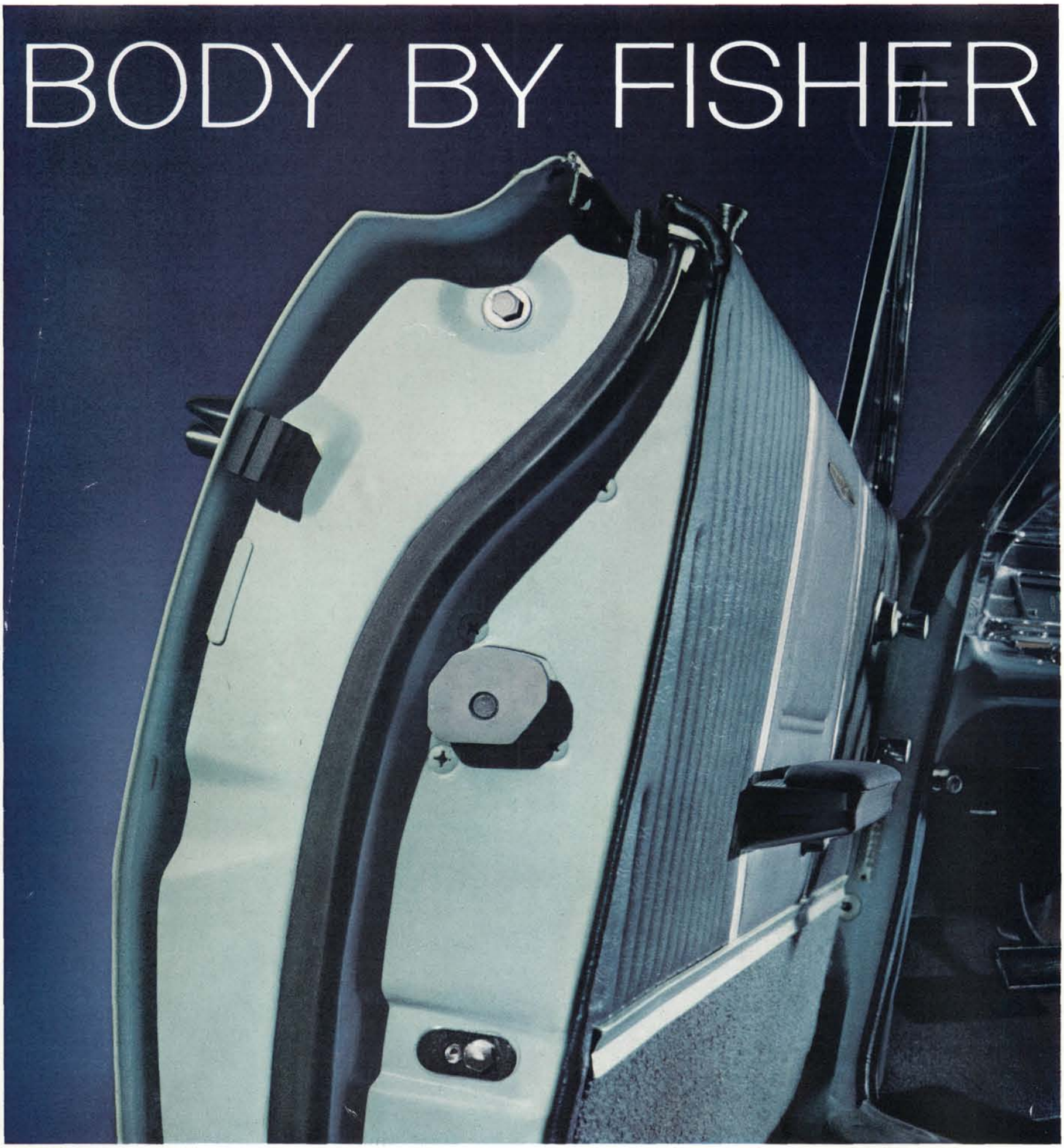

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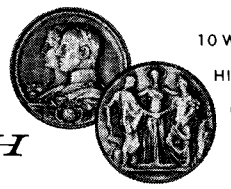

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In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 2

ARTICLES

The Travesty of Integration (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By Carl T. Rowan* 6
Air Crashes: Growing Peril in the Skies . . . . . *By Trevor Armbrister* 13
The End of Flight 1 14
Is Industry Lax? . . . . . *By Vice Adm. H. G. Rickover USN* 16
Is Flying Unsafe? . . . . . *By Jerome Lederer* 17
"They Can't Afford to Wait" 20
Duncan's Picasso . . . . . *By David Douglas Duncan* 22
Boswell of the Jet Set . . . . . *By Peter Maas* 28
A New Taft and a Young Kennedy Go to Washington
By Richard Armstrong and Robert Massie 54
Nehru: The Great Awakening . . . . . *By Robert Sherrod* 60

FICTION

Boys and Girls Together . . . . . *By William Saroyan* 38
Dream of a Strange Land . . . . . *By Graham Greene* 44
No Love for the Lonely . . . . . *By Joan Williams* 48

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post Scripts 52
Hazel 58
Editorials 68

India's Crisis with China and the problems of air safety receive close scrutiny this week. Post editor **Robert Sherrod** spent nearly three weeks in India visiting the neutralist nation which is now on a war footing. In New Delhi he interviewed Prime Minister Nehru, and brought back an exclusive report on their conversations about India's border war with the Chinese. An experienced writer about Asia, Sherrod has made several previous visits to India. . . . One of our newest and youngest writers, associate editor **Trevor Armbrister,** 29, began his coverage of the crash of American jet flight No. 1 when he visited the scene within hours of the tragedy. In the succeeding months he has followed the investigation closely and kept abreast of each new development as the CAB inquiry traced the accident's cause. His suspenseful report of the painstaking efforts to unravel the mystery tells how chief investigator George Van Epps and his team overcame unbelievable obstacles to learn why 95 people died. Now it is known why Flight 1 crashed. But what can be done to prevent air disasters, and where does the blame for them lie? **Admiral Rickover,** well known as an outspoken critic and a see-it-through perfectionist—his perseverance gave the nation the nuclear submarine—points his finger at low standards in the aviation industry. **Jerome Lederer,** executive director of the Flight Safety Foundation and 1961 winner of aviation's Daniel Guggenheim Medal, replies that the industry lives up to the challenges of advancing technology and the increasing complexity of flying. It may now be safer, as statistics seem to show, to fly than to travel by automobile. But unless improved air-safety measures can be found, more high-speed aircraft in more congested airways can only bring about more tragic accidents.

Other Bylines. Photographer **David Douglas Duncan** has known Pablo Picasso since 1955. His famous photographs of the artist and his work first appeared in this country in *The Post* in January, 1958. Allied with Communist causes after World War II, Picasso has been politically inactive in recent years. However, although now nearly 82, Picasso seems destined to dominate the world of modern art for many more years. The extraordinary distortion portrait on page 27, a photograph of Picasso *à la* Picasso, was made with a 180-degree, super-wide-angle "fish-eye" lens. . . . **Peter Maas** is a *Post* contributing editor. . . . **Robert Massie** and **Richard Armstrong** have combined efforts to produce companion articles about Congressman Robert Taft Jr. and Senator Edward Kennedy. . . . For details about the famous authors of the fiction in this issue, see page 37.

The Cover portrait of India's Nehru was painted by **Norman Rockwell,** who accompanied *Post* Editor Sherrod to India. Rockwell has painted cover portraits of Kennedy, Eisenhower, Stevenson and Nixon, and says that Nehru has "one of the most interesting faces I have ever seen."

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LETTERS

The Cheerful Soldiery

Dear Sirs:

The "gentle warriors" of The Salvation Army salute *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The article [AN ARMY OF GENTLE WARRIORS] by Mr. Richard Armstrong (Dec. 15) has captured the basic spirit of The Salvation Army—its Christian motivation of serving God by serving man.

NORMAN S. MARSHALL
National Commander
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

According to the article, the word "doughboy" as a nickname for the American infantry soldier, originated during the First World War, because the doughnuts were given to the boys by the Salvation Army. The word really dates back to the Civil War. In *Tenting on The Plains*, General Custer's widow includes an 1867 letter from her

husband, using the term. In a footnote she explains, "A 'doughboy' is a small round doughnut served to sailors on shipboard, usually with hash. Early in the Civil War the term was applied to the large globular brass buttons of the infantry uniform, from which it passed to the infantrymen themselves."

This would seem to settle the matter.

HUGH R. BRICKERT
Washington, D.C.

● *According to the* Dictionary of American History, *the word was current in 1854 on the Texas border. Infantrymen wore white belts and had to clean them with "dough" made from pipe clay. Originally a term of opprobrium used by mounted troops, the infantrymen subsequently adopted it.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

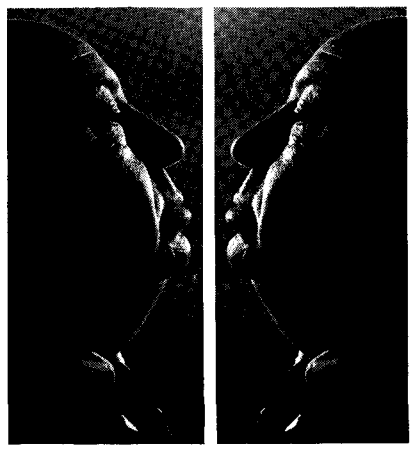
Your article praises an organization deserving support, but by the implication that the Salvation Army is alone in its field, you do grave injustice to its equally worthwhile wholly American, chief competitor in similar good works in religious social service—The Volunteers of America.

SUSAN F. WELTY
Beloit, Wis.

Famous Face

Dear Sirs:

It bugs me! Is it a left or right profile



of Alfred Hitchcock in your December 15 issue?

BARRIE DAVIS
Zebulon, N.C.

● *Right.—ED.*

Marriage Breakups

Dear Sirs:

Your article THE REAL SCANDAL OF DIVORCE, by Vivian F. Gentleman (Dec. 15), is interesting, but the disturbing factor is that the author wants the Federal Government to stick its nose into one more area where it doesn't belong.

STEWART COVINGTON
Minden, La.

Dear Sirs:

Before we tackle divorce laws, why not work for better marriage laws: realistic age requirements, waiting periods, finances, medical requirements, etc.? Or change the marriage vow from "until death do us part" to "until we want a divorce."

MICHAEL J. SIMMONS
Oregon City, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

The real scandal of divorce is not the unjust and archaic laws, but the modern men and women who must change models each year.

WERNER A. GOHMERT
Alice, Tex.

Limitless Learning

Dear Sirs:

Many public-school administrators can see the merit in the advance-at-your-own-rate Melbourne plan, HIGH SCHOOL WHERE THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (Dec. 15); most of them simply do not have the courage to insist on such updating of their school systems.

J. E. VAUGHN, PRINCIPAL
Hoxie Consolidated School
Hoxie, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Hurray! for you! Hurray! for Mr. Brown! I wish the school I go to were on phases instead of grades.

MIMI WETTELAND, 16
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

This is the breakthrough teachers and students have been waiting for.

A2C RAYMOND J. CLARK
Dover Air Force Base
Dover, Del.

Dear Sirs:

I only wish I had relatives living in Florida so I could attend Melbourne High School and start my high-school days all over again.

T. DI GIANO
Saugus, Mass.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

An Exclusive Account
THE VOYAGE of NIÑA II

I Don't Want to Have Children
A Wife's Candid Report

IKE'S WARNING TO THE NATION

Pauline Frederick
The Woman Who Calls UN Home

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Ollie Atkins. • 4–Leo Gluecksel ig; Philippe Halsman. • 6–Vytas Valaitis. • 13–Arthur Shay. • 14, 15–Joe Covello (Black Star). • 16–Leo Stashin. • 17–U.S. Navy. • 19–Joe Covello (Black Star). • 21–Arthur Shay. • 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27–David Douglas Duncan. • 28–Larry Fried. • 32–Wide World; Vladimir Sladon. • 33–Metropolitan Photo Service. • 39–Neil Boyle. • 45–Guy Deel. • 49–Milton Glaser. • 54–Edward Clark. • 55–Larry Fried. • 56–Edward Clark. • 57–Larry Fried. • 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67–Ollie Atkins.

Nostalgia

Dear Sirs:

MY MORNING IN AMERICA by Dean Acheson (Dec. 15) left me with a feeling of warmth, serenity and *gemütlichkeit.*

MRS. ELLY H. ST. CLAIR
Houston 6, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

What I can never understand is how anyone of staid background and memories could fall into such philosophies as represented by the New Deal, Fair Deal, and the New Frontier.

HENRY B. SAVAGE
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

None of the refinements of today's world can make up to the younger generation for the natural freedom we children of the Golden Years were privileged to experience.

WINNIFRED BETTS
Los Angeles 49, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I alternately chuckled and sniffled as waves of nostalgia swept over me.

MRS. A. H. RUSSELL
Edina, Minn.

Unsober Santa

Dear Sirs:

If Walt Lardner (Dec. 15) doesn't enjoy Christmas and our wonderful

"You're sitting on my flask."

fellow called Santa, please don't let him mar the image for thousands of children.

MRS. MARY LEE PASE
Belle Haven, Va.

Immortal Hymn

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for Paul Gallico's article, SILENT NIGHT (Dec. 15). In these days when newspapers and magazines devote so much space to world problems, it is refreshing to read such a simple and beautiful story.

ROBERT W. MEHERG
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Author Gallico states it was by accident that the Christmas carol *Silent Night* was rescued from obscurity. May we not believe that the accident was divinely inspired?

ROY CLUCK
Hannibal, Mo.

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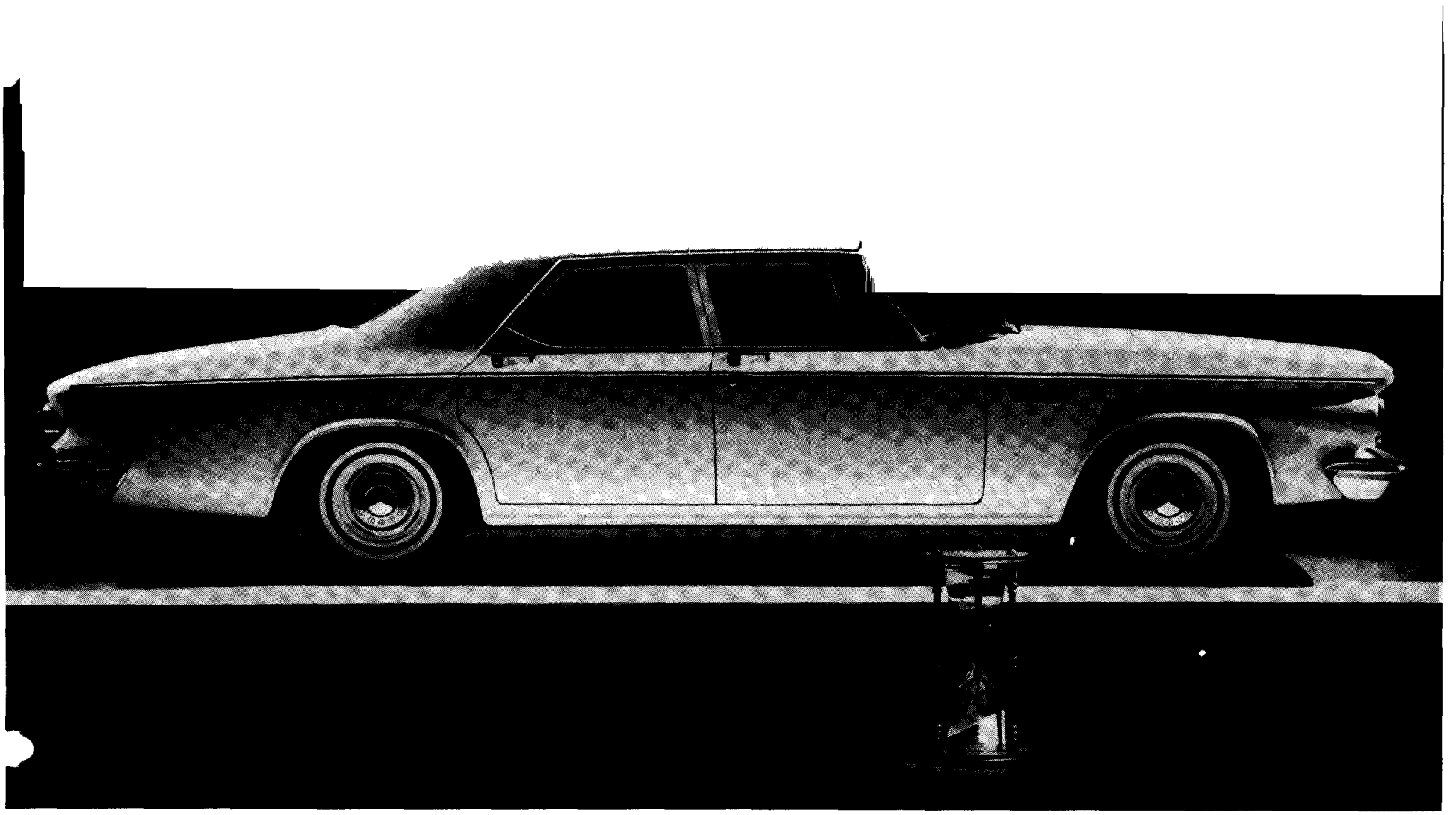

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†Your authorized Chrysler Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Certified Car Care schedules.

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SPEAKING OUT

The Travesty of Integration

Halfhearted compliance frustrates the law of the land.

By CARL T. ROWAN

Carl T. Rowan, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, formerly was a newspaperman. He served as an alternate member of the United States Delegation to the 17th General Assembly of the United Nations.

Nine years ago, in a monumental decision, the United States Supreme Court ruled that our Constitution forbids any state or school district to separate schoolchildren according to their race. We have seen with pride the peaceful compliance of citizens in a Louisville, or a St. Louis—and we have expressed shame over the violence, the rancor and bitterness that erupted in Little Rock; New Orleans; Clinton, Tennessee; and Oxford, Mississippi.

But there has been a largely unpublicized development over these nine years which I consider as reprehensible as segregation itself, as cowardly as the actions of the riffraff who have resorted to violence in opposing implementation of the court's decree. I refer to the fact that scores of communities have, by devious means, *pretended* to comply with the letter of the law while ignoring the spirit of justice and decency that the law embodies.

Leaders in these communities have soothed whatever pangs of conscience they might have had (and, regrettably, have satisfied several judges) by admitting a few Negroes to previously all-white schools, while leaving the vast majority of Negro youngsters to endure all the injustices cited by the court as a reason for outlawing Jim Crow.

The magnitude of this practice is spelled out clearly in the 1962 "Statistical Summary" compiled by the Southern Education Reporting Service, a Nashville fact-finding agency which publishes *Southern School News*.

Consider North Carolina, which once laid claim to being "most enlightened" of all the Southern states. Nine years after the court's ruling only 16 of its 173 school districts were "integrated." This is hardly a record for enlightened Tarheels to brag about. The disgusting truth is that in those 16 supposedly integrated districts last year only 901 Negro children were in school with white youngsters. The other 77,404 colored pupils in those 16 districts were still in all-Negro schools.

It bothers me—and it should bother lawyers, judges and all who treasure a society based on justice under law—that in the current school year only 901 of North Carolina's 339,840 Negro schoolchildren have secured relief from a practice that, according to our highest tribunal, "generates a feeling of inferiority . . . that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone."

It disturbs me that Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina have yet to free a single Negro child from this stigma of state-imposed racial isolation. But it bothers me even more that our society is such that we credit with "compliance" districts such as the 31 in Virginia which last year admitted 1,230 Negroes to white schools, while 99,683 Negroes in those districts remained Jim Crowed.

In Texas they may boast about the "peaceful transition" to "integration" in Dallas or Houston, but the meaningful thing to me is that a "whopping" 2.16 percent of the Negro children in that state attended integrated schools last year.

I am as critical of a community which practices legal gimmicks and administrative trickery to frustrate justice as I am of one which shows open hostility to change and to the rules of conduct decreed by society. In fact, I am inclined to think that in our affluent society a rash of phonies and sharpies on school boards and city councils is a far more dangerous symptom of social illness than large numbers of people who openly resist the court ruling out of ignorance, time-encrusted fear or admitted bigotry.

Only dishonorable intent, a sleazy contempt for law and a disregard for justice permit a community to use a "pupil-placement law" to put two Negroes in a white school and thus cloak policies that cheat 20,000 other colored kids. And only where the spirit of liberty has grown weak can people wink an editorial or judicial eye at such deeds.

When one considers the heart of the court's argument in outlawing segregated schools, and then considers how little really has been done to eradicate the fundamental injustice, it becomes obvious that these token integration schemes are affronts to our concept of justice.

Anyone who has lived in the South, as I have, or has even visited there for a reasonable time, has seen the great mass of Negro youngsters who are handicapped because their parents have been ill-clothed, ill-fed, ill-educated and ill-treated. It is obvious that without the great liberating force of education, these youngsters will be also-rans in that great American game called the Pursuit of Happiness.

The youngsters who need good education most are the ones least likely to get relief from the ramshackle schools, obsolete equipment and ill-prepared teachers that mark segregated systems. These needy youngsters stand no chance with the "placement" boards.

The few Negroes who get into desegregated schools under the token plans are for the most part of higher socioeconomic status and higher-than-average intelligence—youngsters likely to do pretty well, no matter what. The result is a situation that bodes ill for future race relations in the South and for the cities to which the educationally handicapped Negroes are likely to migrate. The Washington, D.C., school system's biggest burden is the large number of youngsters who still bear the mark of past segregation in the District and the even larger number of educationally deprived youngsters who have moved in from the Deep South.

The "Hero" Is to Blame

Why these token plans that aid the handful of Negroes who are least in need while the masses are neglected? I pin the blame on the "Southern moderate," the "fabled hero of the daily press," in the words of Ernest Q. Campbell, assistant professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.

When this glorified moderate favors a bit of school integration, says Campbell, he demands that the individual Negro adopt "the middle-class accouterments as his price of admission." This means, Campbell explains, "that a Negro child who comes to a desegregated public school must be especially neat, especially bright and especially nice."

In Little Rock some "moderates" argued at first that all the Negroes in the first group to be admitted to white schools ought to be light-skinned. In other communities there have been demands that all Negroes in the token delegation be girls—so as to preclude the "wrong kind" of interracial romances.

In still other communities board members have extended their "planning" to ensure that the token Negroes enter a lower-middle-class school, but hopefully not middle class, and surely not the silk-stocking school.

Whatever the pattern or the motivation of these halfhearted schemes of compliance, the result is the same: millions of children are going through school under the same handicaps, bearing the same burdens of discrimination and racial stigma, that their grandfathers had to endure.

There is something about these legal dodges, these obvious frauds, that leaves me baffled. I've agonized through enough April fifteenths to know that when Congress lays out a new tax law, everybody is affected—bingo! But the Supreme Court can rule on a fundamental matter of human decency, and nothing changes for little brown-faced kids in McMinnville, Tennessee, my hometown, or in hundreds of similar communities. Nothing will change except as some kid goes marching before the school board with his lawyer and then waits out long, costly litigation.

Justice Delayed Is Denied

"We as a people abhor 'class' legislation or decrees," a friend explains. "It is tradition that constitutional rights belong to the individual."

Of course! How could even a Negro be so stupid as not to figure that out? But, then, what about the individual rights of Joan and Barbara Johns, two youngsters whom I interviewed in 1953 in Farmville, Virginia? These two girls helped lead a strike of Negro pupils because "the tar-paper building we studied in was cold in winter and the rain leaked in." Prince Edward County rushed up a new building—but not before the Johns girls and other Negroes had decided that "separate but equal" could never be enough and that integrated schools would be their goal.

Barbara was an original plaintiff in the Prince Edward County lawsuit, and her sister later was listed as an intervenor, so the Supreme Court was talking about *them* in that 1954 decision. The Johns girls never enjoyed a day of desegregated schooling in the county, however—and Negro youngsters there now do not get *any* public schooling, the county having shut the schools rather than desegregate.

And there was a lad, Harry Briggs Jr., whose name was attached to the suit in Clarendon County, South Carolina, because his parents felt the boy deserved something better than the gross inequalities of education in this county. In that 1954 ruling, the Supreme Court was talking specifically about *Briggs*, and *his* constitutional rights—and it ruled in Harry Briggs Jr.'s favor.

Briggs finished public school without getting a day of relief from segregation. Clarendon County has yet to take the first step toward compliance with the decree of our highest tribunal.

William Gladstone once said succinctly what Briggs, the Johns girls and many

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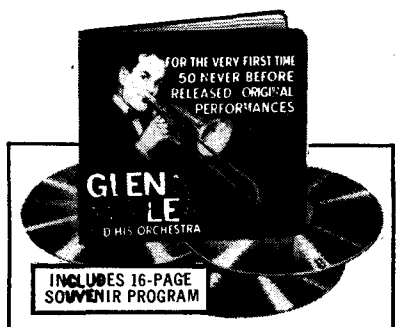


951; 951-A; 951-B Original performances of 50 Miller masterpieces by star-studded band. *I Hear A Rhapsody, Blues In the Night, Alice Blue Gown, All The Things You Are, Dipsy Doodle, My Gal Sal,* 44 more! (Reg. L.P. only)

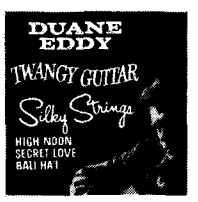
3-Record Set. Counts as 3 selections

414. Tricky, tuneful trek by composer of *Breakfast at Tiffany's, Peter Gunn,* etc.

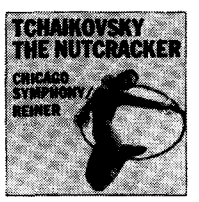
424. *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You, Heaven Help Me,* etc.

401. Trumpet king in 12 sizzling performances. *Jazz Me Blues,* others.

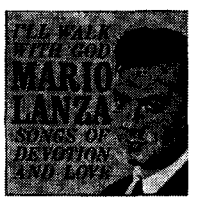
426. *All the Things You Are, Don't Blame Me, Thou Swell,* many more.



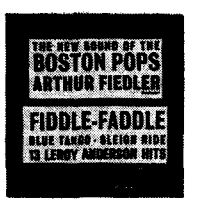
423. *Hi-Lili Hi-Lo, Love Me Tender, When I Fall in Love, Moon River.*



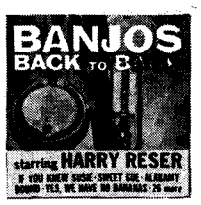
420. *Waltz of the Flowers, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy,* 11 more.



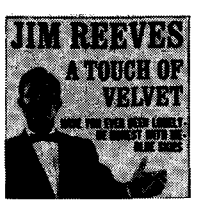
417. *The Lord's Prayer, Ave Maria, Trees, Because,* others. (Reg. L.P. only)



418. Plus *Syncopated Clock, Serenata, Waltzing Cat, Chicken Reel.*



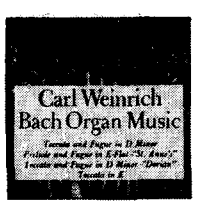
419. 30 hits by banjos, tuba, rhythm. *Bill Bailey, Dem Golden Slippers.*



416. *Just Walkin' In the Rain, I'm a Fool to Care, It's No Sin, Wild Rose.*

399. *No Other Love, If I Loved You, It Might As Well Be Spring,* more.

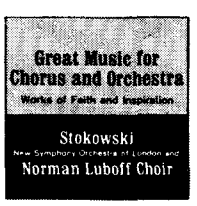
400. *Two Hungarian Rhapsodies, Valse Oubliee,* etc. (Reg. L.P. only)



395. Thundering Toccatas, thrilling Prelude and Fugues by master organist.

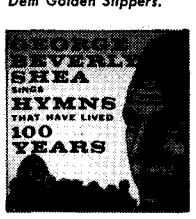
389. *The High and the Mighty, Theme from A Summer Place, Laura,* etc.

4. *Younger Than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening,* 13 more hits.

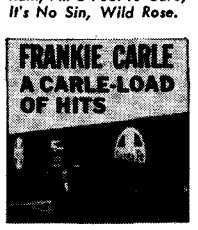


394. *Includes Deep River, Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring, Evening Prayer,* others.

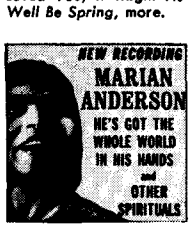
348. Won 2 Academy Awards—for Best Score, Best Song, (*Moon River*)!



361. *Rock of Ages, Abide With Me, Stand Up For Jesus,* 10 more.

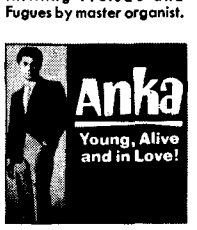


364. Pianist plays 25 great hits—*Stardust, Candy, Solitude,* etc.

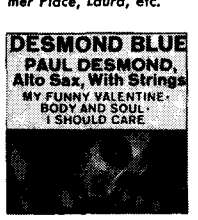


369. Her first recording in many years—superbly moving new performance.

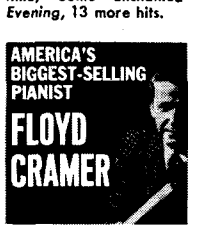
5. The first classical L.P. of all time to sell more than one million copies!



377. *Young and Foolish, Younger Than Springtime, I Love You,* 9 others.



378. Brubeck star plays *Like Someone In Love, I've Got You Under My Skin.*



382. With voices, strings, *Your Last Goodbye, Hang On, Unchained Melody.*

383. A dozen country, pop, swing, blues and blue-grass hits.

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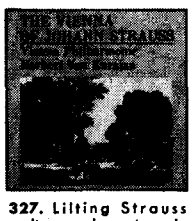
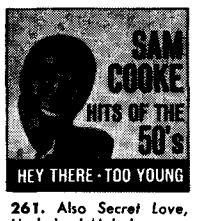


327. Lilting Strauss waltzes and overtures in true Viennese style.

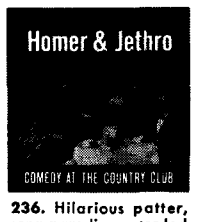
315. Electronic stereo reprocessing of one of his finest performances.

214. Also *Blue Skies, Goody, Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp,* 6 others.

292. Also *Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up,* 18 Western gems.



261. Also *Secret Love, Unchained Melody,* more by vocal sensation.

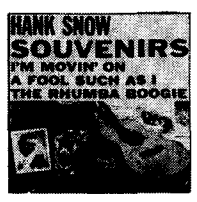


236. Hilarious patter, song parodies, recorded at "live" show.

330. Beloved favorites beautifully arranged to evoke a tender mood.

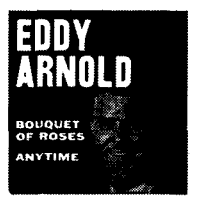
319. Chopin's *Polonaise in A-Flat, Minute Waltz,* etc. (Regular L.P. only)

297. Includes *The Thunderer,* 14 Sousa strutters in walloping sound!

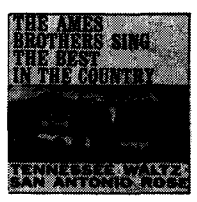


296. Also *I Don't Hurt Anymore,* 8 more new versions of Snow hits.

267. Side-splitting Southern comedy act—recorded "in person"!



254. Arnold sings his all-time hits again—in new hi-fi sound!



231. *Riders in the Sky, Jambalaya, On Top of Old Smoky,* 9 more.

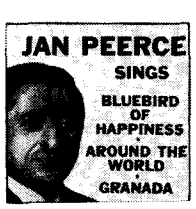
227. Polynesian hits selected by the author, recorded in Hawaii.

1. Also 10 more soothing instrumentals—*While We're Young, Estrellita.*

125. *June is Busting Out All Over, Carousel Waltz,* other great show hits.

373. Hit title tune plus *Happy Birthday To Me, Let Me Be the One,* etc.

215. Definitive versions of Gershwin's two most popular classics.



94. Also *I Believe, September Song, You'll Never Walk Alone,* etc.

102. *Muskrat Ramble, Tin Roof Blues, Blue Prelude,* 12 in all.

124. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation,* more "golden" hits.

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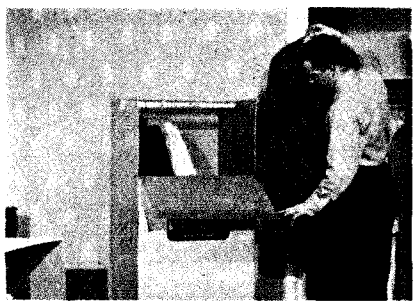

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SPEAKING OUT

other plaintiffs of all races have come to know: "Justice delayed is justice denied."

Hundreds of thousands of Negro youngsters have completed public schooling in the South since the 1954 court decision—and all but a handful are forever denied the justice the court said was their due.

This would not be such a tragedy, for the youngsters or the nation, were it a judgment in dollars that they await. However late it comes, a money settlement is welcome to a plaintiff. But this generation of Negro youth will never benefit from the jurists' finding, "in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

We rationalize this travesty by saying that we want "peaceful change" and by convincing ourselves that to comply enthusiastically with the court's decision would cause "trouble." And, of course, everybody's against trouble!

But does any American know of any great social advance in the history of mankind that was not accompanied by "trouble"? When we Americans reach the point of soft indifference where we hate trouble more than injustice, we shall have reached the dawning of our era of greatest troubles.

Many Americans recognize the injustice in the school situation, but they fall back on the excuse that "Rome wasn't built in a day." They want to believe that time cures all ills—and evils. A white Alabama-born professor of religion was so shocked when he finally saw the cowardice and unreality of this notion that he joined a group of Freedom Riders.

John David Maguire of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, later explained, "I had told myself that time would effect change, that time would reconcile, that time would tell. But I saw that time is simply a neutral receptacle within which men and movements shape society."

Others, particularly the more haloed of the moderates, offer excuses. "Ours is a rural area; change comes harder here." Or, "I know what Louisville did, but the Southern way of life is more strongly entrenched here." These are the rationalizations of timid, sometimes narrow-minded people who can't face the real challenges of a democratic society.

The Less Painful Way

Consider Frederick County, Maryland; nine years ago its 1,300 or so Negro pupils were taught in nine obsolete, utterly inadequate, Jim Crow schools. The mores of this predominantly rural community, the harsh memories of the county's involvement in the Civil War, the level of Negro leadership, all were such that few people expected the situation to change appreciably for decades.

But 1,300 of Frederick County's Negro youngsters were in predominantly white schools this fall, along with their Negro teachers. Only 50 or so Negro children are using the sole remaining all-Negro school, and they are awaiting transfer to a nearby integrated school once it is enlarged.

What was different about Frederick County? Only the morality and integrity of its leadership, particularly of its school superintendent and its school board. Here were leaders who realized that, even for the short run, it was cheaper, less painful and far more beneficial to all concerned to do what was right than to try to outwit the future.

In the 17 states and District of Columbia where enforced segregation was law and policy prior to 1954, there are today more than 3,200,000 Negroes enrolled in public schools. More than 3,000,000 of them are as victimized by Jim Crow as the appellants who asked our highest court for relief a decade ago.

Of the area's 6,229 school districts, 5,257 still are under the sway of Jim Crow. That they will change I have no doubt. But how soon, amid what strife, and to whose benefit? None of us can be sure. Much will depend on the example set by schoolmen in the 972 Southern districts which already are "integrated."

But these latter districts hardly make a good case for democracy when a mere 255,367 of their Negroes are in school with whites (these mostly in Washington, D.C., Baltimore, St. Louis and Louisville) and almost 800,000 remain Jim Crowed.

After almost nine years it seems to me that Americans should ask themselves whether we intend to retain a judicial system of undoubted integrity, or whether we are prepared to accept change only as it comes under the pressure of sit-ins and protest demonstrations—only as it flows out of violence and near anarchy.

"Why Pick on the South?"

I know that some readers already are complaining: "Well, why pick on the South? Why single out Winston-Salem, or Norfolk? Their token integration is no more a sham than the integration of Chicago or Detroit." It is this kind of obfuscation that permits a people to ignore the challenge of reason and of conscience and spend decades making holier-than-thou digs at one another.

The question never has been whether Memphis ought to emulate the myopia of a Philadelphia or a Cleveland. The question raised by the Supreme Court decision is whether all of our communities can approach the ideals of justice and common sense spelled out by Jefferson in 1776—or by former Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, who said in 1957:

"The day of America's greatest achievement will not dawn, I assure you, until the hue of a man's skin is no longer a measure of his capability."

I say that, if a city wants to resort to pretense, our courts ought to recognize it for what it is—publicly and officially. Admittedly it is difficult to know what the court meant in 1954 when it ordered school officials to end Jim Crow "with all deliberate speed."

It is obvious, however, that the court did not mean "with all deliberate hocus-pocus," as most "integrated" districts seem to think.

I see some hope that this burlesque is going to be halted by the courts. Judge J. Skelly Wright has ordered the curtain rung down on it in New Orleans, and the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals has ordered Knoxville to formulate something speedier than its "grade-a-year" plan. In ordering the schools reopened in Prince Edward County, Virginia, and in the University of Mississippi case, even Southern-born judges have made it clear that they mean to crash through state-imposed racial barriers.

But we will get no genuine movement until the leaders of our "token-integration" communities realize the price they shall have to pay, in self-esteem and civic development, for their perpetuation of an injustice and a sham. **THE END**

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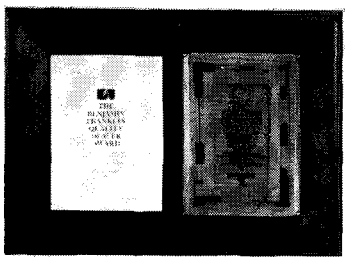
The Saturday Evening Post is proud to cooperate with the National Automobile Dealers Association and The Automotive Trade Association Managers to present the fourth annual Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award. It is a privilege to salute the 1963 winner, the 18 Regional winners, and previous Award Holders, and their fellow franchised Automobile Dealers everywhere.



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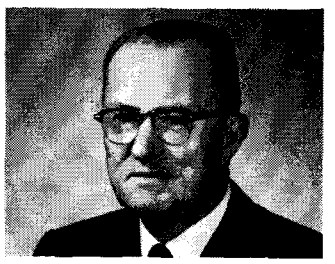

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Jamestown, North Dakota

1963 Regional Award Winners

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Clyde L. Guy
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Baltimore
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Stark Hickey
Royal Oak
Michigan

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North Dakota

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Indiana

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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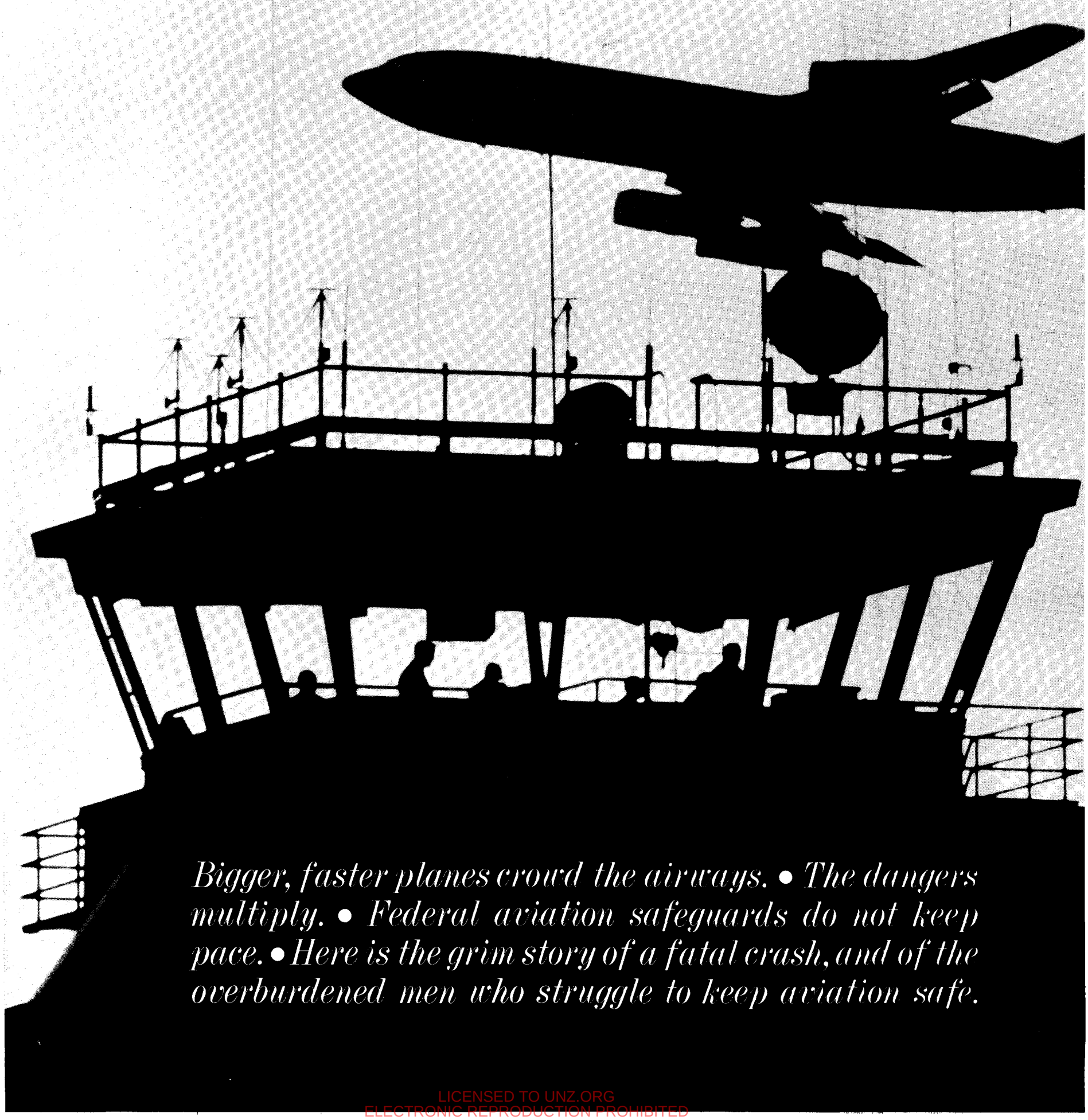
AIR CRASHES: GROWING PERIL IN THE SKIES

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin



Bigger, faster planes crowd the airways. • The dangers multiply. • Federal aviation safeguards do not keep pace. • Here is the grim story of a fatal crash, and of the overburdened men who struggle to keep aviation safe.

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THE END OF FLIGHT 1

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

Shortly after 10 o'clock on the cold, bright morning of March 1, 1962, American Airlines' Flight 1—a 707 jet bound for Los Angeles—trundled slowly away from its gate at New York's Idlewild Airport. As it taxied into position for a takeoff run, gusts of wind slapped down the runways and rippled flags on the terminal building. The weather was perfect, a welcome change after three days of rain.

On board that jet were eight crew members and 87 passengers. Among them: an oil millionaire, a university president, a retired scientist who had helped develop the atomic bomb, a Brooklyn postman and a 61-year-old grandmother who owned a bar and grill in Johnstown, New York. Below, in the luggage compartment, were 15 abstractionist paintings by the late Arshile Gorky and 48 pouches of U.S. mail. No children were aboard; no pets.

At 10:06:52 the giant, aluminum-skinned aircraft—nearly half as long as a football field—began its thundering journey down Runway 31-Left. Its new fan-jet engines whined piercingly.

Seconds later, in accordance with noise-abatement regulations, Flight 1 began the first of several climbing turns designed to carry it away from the heavily populated Howard Beach section of Queens. The message from tower departure control crackled over the radio: "Continue left turn to heading 140. Report leaving 2,000 feet."

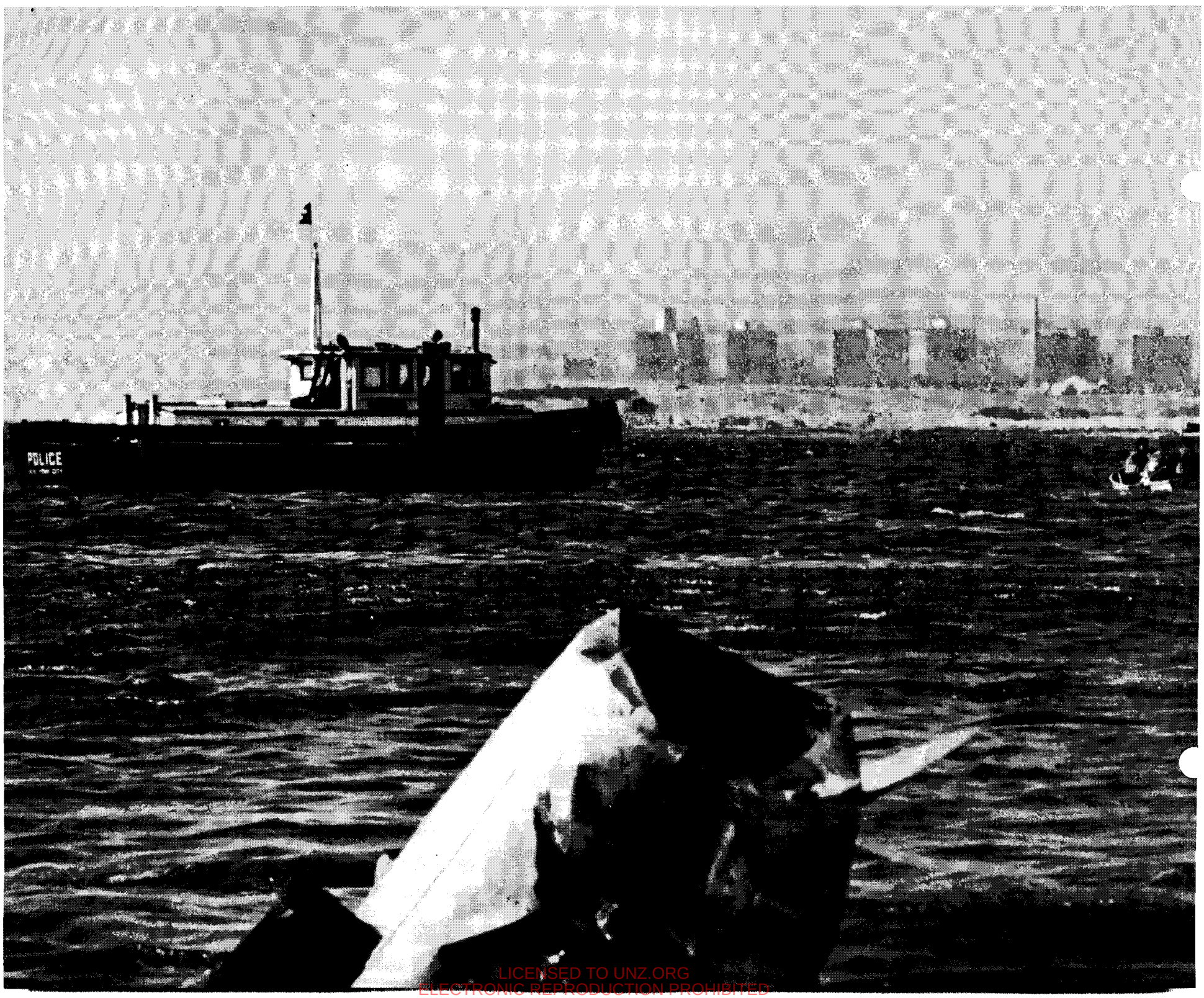
In the cockpit Second Officer Robert J. Pecor, 32, flicked on his mike. "Continue to 140. Report leaving two. American One."

Suddenly the jet's nose lurched hard to the left. The plane banked sharply, to 50, 60, 90 degrees, then rolled all the way over onto its back. Slowly, it started to fall, gathering speed as it plummeted straight down. Eight seconds later, it smashed bullet-hard into the shallow flats of Jamaica Bay. It exploded violently, sending columns of spray 200 feet into the air. Sixteen miles away, at Fordham University in the Bronx, seismographs recorded a disturbance in the crust of the earth. The time was 10:08:49.

Even as rescue workers sped to the scene, the Civil Aeronautics Board had begun its investigation. Last week, ten months later, the Board announced its findings. The probable cause of the crash—a rudder-control malfunction sparked by a tiny pencil-length wire 1/16 of an inch thick.

On the surface, announcement that a culprit had been found was not surprising. The technical detectives of the CAB's Bureau of Safety, doggedly following clues in much the same way as a homicide squad pursues a clever killer, have found answers to 94 percent of all commercial air disasters in the past 23 years. But this time they almost didn't make it. The search begun that morning in March was to be one of the most ex-

Hours after the March 1 crash of American Airlines' Flight 1, police, firemen and other rescue workers plumb the icy waters



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pensive, exhaustive and frustrating in history. It was barnacled with an ugly cluster of obstacles. Not the least of these was a feud between the two government agencies involved.

The man who led the investigation is a thin, curly-haired former airline pilot named George A. Van Epps. Chief of the CAB's northeastern region, he is an inquisitive fellow who wears clip-on bow ties, chews the frames of his glasses and punctuates conversations by gesturing with his right hand—and asking, "You follow me?" Everyone agrees that he is able—and tenacious.

He entered the case early. Minutes after the disaster, an emergency telephone linking his office with Idlewild tower control rang. Van Epps heard tower chief Bill Parenteau's urgent voice: "A jet has crashed in Jamaica Bay. Location is not certain. We are checking."

Immediately Van Epps dispatched men to the tower to pick up details, then sent others to grab a passenger list from the airline. Meanwhile, investigators Ralph Stokes and Hyman Modelevsky sped to the scene, bouncing down a rutted dirt road that stopped at water's edge. Two hundred yards from shore they saw the remains of Flight 1. Overhead a squad of seagulls screeched and whirled, keeping a disrespectful watch over the dead.

Disintegration was total. Chunks of metal—twisted grotesquely—glinted in the sun like Christmas tinsel. To the right, jutting above the water, was something that looked like a wheel well. Quickly, the investigators set up an emergency telephone, reaching Van Epps just in time to report that fire, stoked by thousands of gallons of kerosene fuel, was sweeping across the water.

At Randalls Island five police helicopters were already in the air. Originally their mission had been cheery: to help welcome Astronaut John Glenn to New York. Immediately four of them peeled off and sped to the crash scene.

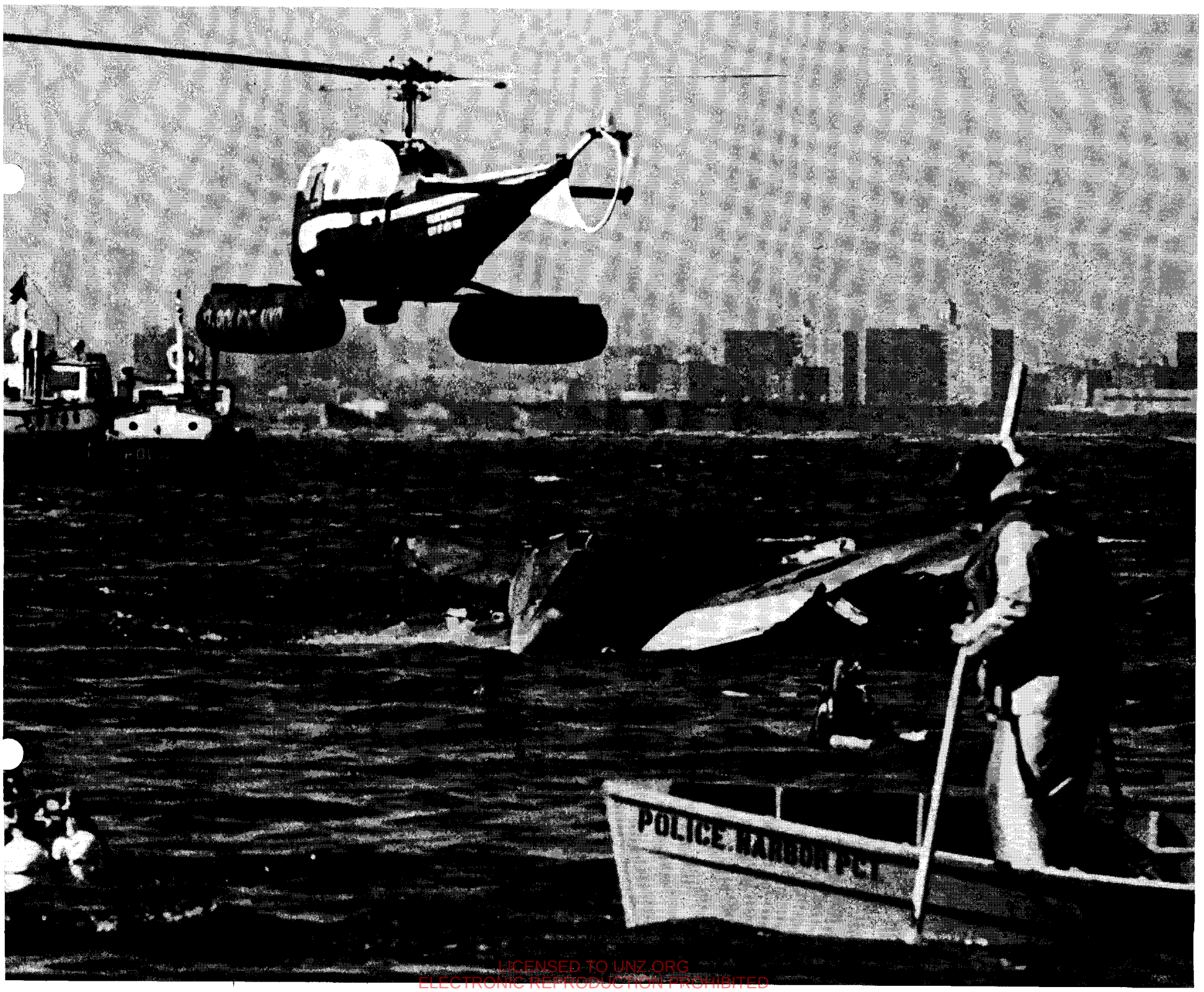
Downtown, at Police Headquarters, chief inspector Francis Robb had already deployed 3,400 men for Glenn's parade route. Now he ordered 56 members of a tactical "commando" unit to the site and supplemented them with 100 uniformed detectives who had been attending police academy courses on narcotics. Then he called for help from Queens and Brooklyn precincts.

At 10:15 the Fire Department recorded the first of three alarms. In all, 19 companies would respond, their men struggling to couple a 4,000-foot hose, to pump water from the bay across the marshes. By 11 A.M. the site was swarming with 600 rescue workers.

One of the first firemen on the scene was Mike Mallazzo, 33, a thin, hard-eyed former telephone-company lineman. His job was to help remove the shattered bodies. Carefully, almost reverently, he and other rescue workers placed what they could find on stretchers, covered them with pink and gray blankets and carried them to a sand pit. Nearby, a priest knelt to administer the church's last rites. The tide was coming in fast. Soon water swirled into the pit. They picked up the stretchers again and splashed ashore.

As rescue operations wore on, Van Epps began the job that was to take so long: finding out why it all happened. As a first step, he chose members of eight separate investigating groups. Usually, in seeking the cause of a major accident, only four or five groups are employed. But this was the first 707 to crash on a scheduled domestic flight.

Jamaica Bay against a sweeping tide in the heartbreaking search for the remains of the plane—and its 95 occupants.



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IS INDUSTRY LAX?

By VICE ADM. H. G. RICKOVER, USN

There is no substitute for constant personal supervision of production by management. Yet too often management is satisfied to sit in plush offices, far from design and manufacturing.

During the past few years hundreds of major conventional components, such as steam generators, have been produced for naval nuclear-propulsion plants. Less than 10 percent have been delivered on time. Thirty percent were delivered six months to a year or more later than promised. Even so, reinspection showed that over 50 percent had to be reworked to meet contract requirements.

Time and again I have found management reluctant to depart from outdated practices. I recall one case where the strength properties of a common material, as given by the manufacturer, were found on test to be 30 percent too high. Checking, we discovered that the data were based on a limited test conducted 10 years previously. We have often had to run tests to determine the true properties of many conventional materials in wide industrial use for as long as 30 years.

Knowledge of material fatigue under stress is meager. And fatigue is not peculiar to nuclear propulsion. *The CAB reports that every year several commercial airplane accidents are caused by fatigue failure of propellers, landing gear or hydraulic-pressure lines.*

When a reactor component failed to function properly not long ago, we traced the failure to the use of the wrong material in a pin. Yet this component had passed quality-control inspection. Similar incidents occur in other fields, often with serious consequences. The use of a mild-steel pin instead of a hardened-steel pin in a ship's steering gear once caused collision of two ships during a replenishment operation at sea.

About 10 percent of commercial-airplane accidents are traceable to poor quality control during maintenance. Take the following CAB report: "A worn bolt was put back "finger tight," with no locking pin, apparently to stay there until a new bolt could be ordered. No note was made of this, and the airplane was checked out as satisfactory. On a flight next day, vibration caused the loose nut to back off, and the plane crashed. In another case an airliner crashed during takeoff after a major overhaul because the aileron control cables were reversed."

In all the cases I have cited, the chief responsibility for unsatisfactory delivery and performance rests with industry management. For every case I have given I could cite a dozen more.

For the first time in our history we lack the advantages of geographic isolation and enormously greater per capita wealth. The inefficiencies we could once afford may now endanger our world position. We must relinquish comfortable practices rendered obsolete because they no longer meet technology's rising standards. This is our never-ending challenge.

"It was bad at first. We didn't even

There were no clues. "We needed eight groups," Van Epps explained, "because we had to cover all the bases. We couldn't assume anything here."

Each group was assigned to a specific area; each was headed by a CAB specialist, and each included representatives from such "interested parties" as The Boeing Company, American Airlines, the pilots' union, the flight engineers' association, and the Federal Aviation Agency.

By 10:40 specialists to head up five of the groups, recruited from CAB headquarters in Washington, were speeding north. But even as they approached, new complications flared.

Part of the job of the structures group is to document the exact position of each piece of wreckage. It is vital that nothing be moved until the CAB has noted its position. Yet now the police reported that human remains lay intertwined with the wreckage. Van Epps made the only decision possible. Removal of the dead came first. The structures group would have to make do as best it could.

Struggling far past dark in the biting cold, beset by a sweeping tide, rescue workers found 60 bodies the first day. They also found a black leather grip containing $45,400. Nearby was a gold clip with a $10,000 bill inside. Both belonged to W. Alton Jones, a onetime $45-per-month janitor who'd risen to the chairmanship of the Cities Service Company. That morning he had been on his way to join his friend, former President Eisenhower, on a fishing trip.

Now, as the bodies arrived at New York City's morgue, Dr. Milton Helpern, the chief medical examiner, made a quick decision: He would not allow relatives to make visual identification. "It would have been inhumane," he said later.

The first body identified was that of Adm. Richard L. Conolly, 69, wartime Navy hero and president of Long Island University. With 16 other passengers, he had planned to fly on United Airlines that morning and had switched to American only when United canceled its flight.

The other bodies were not so readily recognizable. Helpern and his men examined dentures, looked for scars of operations, sometimes had to go to victims' homes and lift fingerprints off desk pads, venetian blinds and tubes of shaving cream to match what they had found in the wreckage.

By Sunday evening, March 4, 81 bodies had been recovered and 58 identified. Next morning skin divers pried into the cockpit area and found four more. It was Friday, March 9, before the last of the bodies were removed.

In any normal investigation the human-factors group conducts autopsies on the crew, looks for telltale signs of heart attacks, bullet wounds, carbon monoxide poisoning. There had been rumors that American 1's pilot, Capt. James T. Heist, a bushy-browed grandfather at 56, had been suffering from a heart condition. Now group members pored anxiously over the crew's medical records. They could find no clues.

At the site, a 35-ton barge derrick was still trying to hoist out wreckage. On March 2 it snatched up an 8-by-10-foot section of the rudder; two days later it brought up the cockpit section. Workmen dropped the crumpled debris onto canvas sheets, then sped them in guarded trucks to a vacant Swiss Air Lines hangar at Idlewild.

Inside, group members divided the wreckage into four areas: power plants, systems, structures and human factors. Watching it come in, structures-group chairman Coe Anderson, 35, a stocky, balding former Navy pilot, felt dejected. His job now was to determine the exact position of each control surface and see whether something could have gone wrong with one of them in flight.

Sometimes, at this point, a mock-up is made. Pieces of wreckage are stretched like broken eggshells over a wooden skeleton. But Anderson saw at a glance that a mock-up would be useless here. The magnesium and aluminum parts had burned fiercely and either disintegrated or fused. Besides, he had all he could do to decide which dents in the wreckage had been made by impact and which by firemen's axes.

In a homicide case any man brought to trial is presumed innocent until proven guilty. In an accident investigation, *everything* is suspect until proven innocent. In the first few days after this crash several theories were proffered, several questions asked.

Was there, for example, something fundamentally wrong with the 707? Like other high-performance jets, its shapely, swept-wing design gave it a tendency to yaw, or slip sideways. Could a yaw have turned into a roll? Could the complex rudder boost system—similar to an automobile's power steering—have gone haywire? Did an aileron jam? Was there fire prior to impact?

Frustrating Search for Clues

Van Epps could only be sure that several things did *not* cause the crash. Among them: bad runways, bad weather and faulty air traffic control. "It was bad then," recalls Dick Baker, the tall, crew-cut chairman of the operations group: "We didn't even know what we were looking for."

Slowly bits of information trickled in. The jet had emerged from Boeing's assembly line three years earlier; since then it had flown more than 8,000 hours. In January it had been flown to Boeing's plant in Seattle for the fin and stabilizer modification work required on all Astrojets. On February 9 the plane reentered service. On February 28 it flew from Tulsa to New York.

Looking for clues, Baker checked with the last 12 pilots to fly the plane before Heist. None reported any abnormalities. He checked the jet's takeoff path, walking down the runway searching for telltale nicks. He found nothing. Next he checked American's maintenance records, discovered that early on March 1 two small mechanical "fixes" had been made. Both were routine.

Meanwhile investigator Harold (Porky) Huyler was turning up some new and puzzling information. Reviewing the log book all flight crews keep, he found this notation for January 23: "Rudder and elevator are too sensitive." On January 28: "Rudder kicks when boost is turned on; nose goes to left." That was all. But it was enough to make Baker feel his group was making progress. Then, a curious telephone call alerted him to a new possibility.

The caller was an 18-year-old Havertown Pennsylvania, high-school senior named Jesse Charles Wagner II. On the morning of March 1, Wagner said, he'd been listening to his ham radio at home, when he'd heard someone shout that his cockpit was on fire and his plane out of control. Could that have been Captain Heist? Although the theory sounded improbable, it had to be checked out. But when Baker asked for more details, the boy's parents said that Jesse was study-

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know what we were looking for."

ing for exams and didn't have time to talk. Angered, Baker asked for FBI assistance. A special agent called on the Wagners. They agreed to cooperate. Several days later investigator Ivan Stracener sat in the lobby of a Philadelphia motel questioning the boy. Wagner seemed sincere enough, but there were too many holes in his story. Stracener told Van Epps about his doubts. The two of them decided to call on outside help.

A few days later William Kiser of the Federal Communications Commission visited Wagner. With him was Capt. Howard Laughrey, an American Airlines pilot and ham-radio expert. The two men concluded, later, that the boy couldn't have received a transmission from the jet. But this decision wasn't reached officially until March 26. And, until then, nobody could rule out the possibility.

On March 9, skin divers found the flight recorder—a yellow, basketball-shaped device required on all jets—in nine feet of water. It appeared to be intact. Inside, technicians hoped, lay answers to questions about the jet's speed, altitude, heading and G-forces. Carefully they opened it and extracted the holder. Their optimism fizzled; it was crushed.

That afternoon Van Epps sent the holder with a guard to the Bureau of Standards in Washington. There experts removed its thin aluminum tape. It was torn and crumpled and pocked with two large holes. Anxiously they concentrated on straightening what little they had, annealing the tape at 650 degrees just to smooth the bumps. Gradually they deciphered some secrets: airspeed, 220 knots; altitude, 1,860 feet. Now they could be sure the jet hadn't stalled. They read on. At 10:08:18, nothing unusual. There was a squiggle, then a return to normal flight, then everything went haywire at once. There the "readout" got fuzzy. "Try again," Van Epps implored.

On March 20 in New York, CAB member G. Joseph Minetti opened a public hearing into the crash. For four days witnesses described the condition of the airplane and its crew. The hearing brought out no new clues and only one intriguing piece of information: a tower controller's statement that American 1 had waited 104 seconds after receiving takeoff clearance before beginning its roll. Could Captain Heist have spotted something wrong and tried to correct it in that time? "We can't work with suppositions," Van Epps explained. "We can only deal in facts that reduce the zone of uncertainty."

For systems-group chairman Wesley Cowan the zone of uncertainty was large indeed. There are more than five miles of wire and cabling on a 707. The electrical, hydraulic and pneumatic equipment aboard a jet are complex. Something could have gone amiss at any point.

Some men are born worriers. Cowan is one of them. A stubby, bespectacled, very earnest fellow, he likes accident investigation work ("It pulls at every talent I've got"), and he is an expert at his pecialty. But he frets anyway.

In the beginning he couldn't be sure that fire hadn't broken out prior to impact. It would have started in an area known as Lower 41, the center of a jet's electrical system, located beneath and to the rear of the captain's seat. Chunks of metal from Lower 41 were found on top of other cockpit wreckage. They were charred.

As Cowan worried about Lower 41, the answer to the whole puzzle lay unnoticed on the hangar floor—hidden inside a device called a servo. On a jet, a servo's main function is to move the control surfaces electronically when the autopilot is turned on. Each 707 has three servo units: one each for its ailerons, elevators and rudder. Salvage crews had snatched up the rudder servo from American 1 as far back as March 2. But because its heavy black housing seemed undamaged, it hadn't yet been examined.

Nearly everything else had been checked. Painstakingly, Cowan and his group pried into what they considered suspect areas—they even spent a week tearing down radios to see if a fire could have started there.

The Servo Looked Suspicious

By March 26 they had turned up not a single clue. Now they gathered up the twisted hydraulic, electrical and autopilot components and flew with them to American Airlines' maintenance base at Tulsa. The schedule called for re-examination to see if anything had been overlooked.

On March 29 Cowan put the three servos through standard 20-minute circuit tests. The elevator and aileron servos were OK. Then came the rudder unit. Suddenly he stopped. It didn't look quite right. Normally eight tiny wires lead from the rate generator to the yaw damper, a sensitive device that smooths abrupt rudder movements. Two of these eight wires were cut; a third hung loosely by a single strand. Peering closer, Cowan spotted something even more ominous; three tiny puncture marks in the wires' protective sleeving. What had caused them?

Now Jim Brough, an Australian aviation expert assigned by his government to follow the search, spotted something else. There—on the servo motor housing opposite the puncture marks—were several deep scratches.

For the first time since March 1 Cowan felt he was onto something. Deliberately, he asked to see eight other servo units on American's stock shelf. Six bore similar cuts and scratches; one still carried the manufacturer's seal. It had come from the Eclipse-Pioneer Division of the Bendix Corporation in Teterboro, New Jersey. Cowan called Washington immediately. "I was startled," he recalls. "We'd been looking for something for so long and finding absolute zero. Then, all of a sudden, there it was."

By themselves the cut wires meant nothing. But open wires can reclose in the wrong way. If the wire ends had crossed, shooting 18 volts across a circuit designed to operate on five volts, the rudder might have kicked—violently—and thrown the jet into an uncontrollable roll.

The more Cowan theorized, the more this made sense. Now he remembered that the autopilot and yaw damper disconnect buttons just above the hand grips on the pilots' control wheels had been found depressed. Both pilots had jammed their thumbs against the buttons as the jet screamed down. "They were analyzing it for us," Cowan remarked, later. "We just didn't realize it for a while."

On April 4 at the Bendix plant in Teterboro Cowan confronted service manager Harold Peck with the damaged servo. Peck was skeptical. That servo, he pointed out, had been sent to Boeing in July, 1959. Boeing had placed a hydraulic actuator, a fluid-boosting device with several valves, next to the servo. One of the

IS FLYING UNSAFE?

By JEROME LEDERER
Director, Flight Safety Foundation, Inc.

Every passenger who has waited impatiently to take off while his plane was being repaired will sympathize with Admiral Rickover's appeal to raise the "standards of technology." But why is flying as safe as it is? Why can an airline pilot buy life insurance at the same cost as a piano tuner? What does "ten percent of commercial-airplane accidents" (the admiral's words) mean? A check in mid-December showed that on about 3,300,000 scheduled passenger flights in the U.S. during 1962, there had been five fatal accidents and 42 accidents of all kinds, many of them minor.

Airline management and the Federal Aviation Agency long ago recognized the need to cope with "hardware" failure. Public opinion, the FAA and congressional committees would spur the airlines to do this if economic pressures and moral obligations were not enough.

Airlines must be safe to survive. Accidents cause the loss of public confidence—and revenue.

The industry has taken firm and unusual measures to compensate for malfunction of equipment. First, all critical systems on air transports are "redundant." This means that they are duplicated, triplicated, even quadruplicated—and aircraft are not permitted to take off if any critical system is out of order even if it is "redundant." Redundancy is one reason why the airlines enjoy a much lower fatality rate than the highways.

Second, crews are superbly trained—and at great cost—to handle emergencies caused by malfunctioning of equipment.

Third, there is a unique system to alert every airline promptly of every in-flight malfunction affecting safety.

These three major measures are supported by continuous inspections and testing. The airline maintenance specialists are as a whole a highly professional group. They must work with tolerances that make a watchmaker look like a blacksmith in comparison. For every hour of flight, an airliner undergoes five man-hours of maintenance.

The manufacturers, facing growing competition, also have a vital stake in reliability. The DC-8 cost the Douglas Aircraft Company over $400,000,000 in research, development and testing. Boeing has a quality-control specialist for every 8.4 employees in transport production. Service testing of the new Boeing 727 will require two years and cost $30,000,000. Such figures are typical.

Human failure occurs in every walk of life. A theory of probability states that everything that can happen will happen. The aviation industry has not reached perfection. It never will. But forces within and outside compel continuous effort toward that goal. Admiral Rickover's trenchant comments reflect the aviation industry's acceptance of the never-ending technical challenges that march hand-in-hand with progress.

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"Every disaster teaches us something."

valves could have stuck. Would this, then, have been Bendix's responsibility? Peck thought not. Besides, he ventured, who could be sure the puncture marks didn't stem from the crash itself?

That afternoon, on the assembly line, Cowan and his group watched three craftsmen assemble servo units. On one man's workbench lay a pair of tweezers. He hadn't used them. Cowan asked why not. The man replied that he used them only now and then—when he wanted to reach between the sleeving and the motor housing and pull out a cord to wrap around the wires.

"Show me how you do that," Cowan asked.

The man took the tweezers, reached down and squeezed. Cowan examined the sleeving. He saw no marks. Yet the tweezers still worried him. Photographs were taken. The spaces between the tweezer points precisely matched the spaces between the marks on the original wires. Soon afterward factory inspectors examined other servo units at the plant. Six of them had punctured sleeving, damaged wires and scratches on the housing. Pay dirt. But Cowan's problems, far from being solved, were just beginning.

When its investigators find something significant, the CAB must alert the Federal Aviation Agency. The FAA can make and enforce new safety rules based on the information it gets from the CAB. But that is the extent of the FAA's legal role. It is not allowed to muscle in on investigations or suggest probable causes of accidents.

On April 5 the CAB relayed Cowan's findings to the FAA. Next day, FAA's George Prill sent wires to all airlines operating 707's, suggesting that neither yaw damper nor autopilot be used below 5,000 feet. He added that, until flight tests could be held, the companies themselves should examine their autopilot systems, paying particular attention to the rudder servos.

On April 14 the flight tests began at Idlewild. Their announced purpose was to review the noise-abatement turns and also to see whether a serious autopilot malfunction could be controlled by the crew. One top CAB official was invited to come along. He refused. "FAA was using a Boeing 720," he explained; "the controls are fairly similar, but let's be honest; it's just not the same airplane that American flew. You don't taste oranges to see if you're going to like apples."

FAA's tests also ignored other important details. For one thing, the agency tried to simulate the gross weight of Flight 1 simply by reducing their own jet's engine thrust. Aerodynamically that's impossible. Secondly, as the tests continued, the FAA simulated an autopilot malfunction by having their pilot shove his foot down hard on the rudder pedal. Predictably, the jet yawed and started to roll, but by this time the pilot had released the pedal and begun corrective action. Van Epps pointed out that if the tests were to help the investigation at all, they had to duplicate the *exact* conditions existing on March 1. This meant that—in order to take into account the element of surprise—the autopilot malfunction had to be triggered electronically. Van Epps even offered to pilot the jet himself during such a test. His offer was declined. "The net result," he recalls, "was that I had to decide that we couldn't accept the FAA's findings as truly representative of what actually happened."

These objections didn't seem to worry the FAA. At week's end it concluded that "asymmetric forces generated by a runaway stabilizer, loss of two engines, seizure of the yaw damper, a jammed aileron or a split spoiler condition" could have been overcome by the crew. Furthermore, said its administrator, N. E. Halaby, the noise-abatement turn prescribed at Idlewild had nothing to do with the accident. In other words, according to the FAA, the severed wires Cowan had found in the servo unit were meaningless. The CAB was stunned.

On April 17 CAB chairman Alan Boyd wrote Halaby, strongly recommending that FAA require an immediate and detailed examination of all rudder servos. Even as the letter left Boyd's desk, a Boeing representative in Ireland was wiring back results of a check he'd made on three Irish Airlines jets. No wires were cut, but there were scratches on several of the servos.

In New York, meanwhile, a member of Cowan's systems group was spot-checking jets at Idlewild. He found that a "considerable number" of them had servos with scratches and punctures.

The FAA's Recommendations

Nevertheless, on April 20 the FAA recommended that the 5,000-foot altitude restriction it had placed on use of the yaw damper and autopilot now be lifted.

"The hazards of the damaged wires mentioned in the April-sixth telegrams," an agency spokesman explained, "were not as great as had been considered possible before the flight tests. . . . [We] determined that broken wires would not cause any appreciable control malfunction and that crossed wires couldn't cause anything worse than an autopilot hard-over signal. Our tests showed this was controllable."

The FAA recommended: "While inspection of the servos is desirable, an electrical check is acceptable for units already installed in aircraft." On May 11 Halaby answered Boyd's letter. He declined to require a check on the servos.

Meanwhile, Cowan continued his probe. On April 16 he went to Seattle, primarily to see how the entire autopilot system—with the hydraulic actuator that Boeing had added—might react to wires closing incorrectly. He also wanted to see if a valve could have stuck—thereby causing a hard-left rudder. When he returned on the 21st he was convinced that the suspect valve could have swallowed hunks of metal and still functioned properly. He was even more convinced that the tiny wires could have triggered the disaster. Slowly, the zone of his uncertainty was narrowing. But he still had to prove his theory.

If Cowan was running into trouble, Coe Anderson of the structures group was equally beset. Because of the jet's disintegration he had been forced to settle for a semimock-up. And in May, Swiss Air Lines decided to reclaim its hangar. Laboriously technicians crated the wreckage and sent it to Mitchel Field on Long Island. It remained there several weeks; then—incredibly—it had to be moved again, this time to a vacant lot in Oceanside, Long Island. Meanwhile a new roadblock was springing up—one that would set the investigation back for several weeks.

On June 4, at a meeting in Washington, D.C., George Prill of the FAA announced that his agency was set to alert the airlines about the dangers that might occur if a tiny bolt in the rudder boost package fell free. On 707's the bolt is installed upside down. A nut with a cotter pin through it secures it in place. If the bolt fell free, it could allow hydraulic fluid to gush into a valve, thus forcing the rudder hard over. At that point a jet could start a fatal roll.

The theory sounded good, but there were several things wrong with it. Van Epps insisted that it was ridiculous to blame a bolt without having any hard evidence. And the bolt itself was still missing. Boeing said it had already alerted the airlines to the situation and on four occasions suggested inspection. The CAB and Boeing both asked Prill to reconsider. But he was adamant.

On June 12 he issued what is known in aviation as an alert bulletin. It is usually sent through channels. Instead, Prill held a press conference. The CAB was not invited to attend.

The effects were predictable. Despite Prill's disclaimer that the bolt theory was a "possibility, repeat, possibility"; despite his admission that CAB was still in charge of the investigation, newsmen bit hard on what he had to say, splashed the "probable cause" on page 1.

Van Epps felt the bolt could not have caused the disaster for several reasons. Had it slipped out, it would have flipped the jet over onto its back quickly. Witnesses reported that the fatal roll was gradual. Second, tests proved there was still pressure on the rudder hydraulic-boost gauge at impact. If the bolt had fallen out, fluid would have rushed against the rudder boost; the pressure would have dropped. Third, if the bolt had dropped out, where had it gone? The reason it was installed upside down was because there was no space in the hydraulic feed line. There was hardly enough room for it to slip away.

Yet the onus was still on the CAB to find the bolt. No one knew how much time, effort, or money the job would require. "That FAA announcement," growled Van Epps in a classic understatement, "irritated some of our people."

The search began anew on June 13 while most of the wreckage was still at Mitchel. Investigators examined and shook every single piece of metal. They X-rayed fused and melted chunks, finding nothing even resembling the bolt. So they turned to Army mine detectors, covering more than 50,000 square feet of sand near the crash site. They found the equivalent of two garbage cans full of metal. But they didn't find the bolt.

Late in June Van Epps sent a barge to the impact hole. Its crew labored there until July 10. Three weeks later Van Epps substituted a dredge designed to suck up tiny pieces of debris from deep in the silt. It didn't work too well. The crew spent half their time pulling up raw seaweed.

Next came a derrick. It scooped up half a cubic yard of silt at a time, dumped it on a screen where eight men sorted it out. From this the investigators got 15 barrels full of metal and two decomposed feet. But no bolt.

By early September two more zones of uncertainty had been reduced. The structures group could say that it had found no evidence of a jammed aileron or a stuck spoiler—a control device on a 707's upper wing which is often used to facilitate turns and landings. Furthermore, the

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bolt theory had been pretty well discredited. On September 5 Van Epps flew to Seattle to check the results of some flight tests Boeing had made and, importantly, to see if Boeing followed his theory concerning the severed wires.

In the conference room at Seattle Van Epps listened patiently as company test pilots described "some of the wild things" Boeing had done with a 707 to help the investigation. During one flight test, a pilot triggered the autopilot and yaw-damper malfunction electronically. The plane banked all the way over to 56 degrees, but the crew was able to recover after four seconds with no difficulty. Boeing now felt any alert flight crew could have done the same.

Analyzing How it Happened

Then Van Epps added the rub. "In your tests," he said, "the plane was subjected to a one-G loading. Let's suppose you pushed the nose up enough to increase those G-forces to 1.4—the same as they were on American 1. Would that have made any difference?"

"Ah," said one pilot, "your recovery capability would be much less. Unless the crew recognized what was happening, they could be in trouble."

Gradually, as they talked, they could imagine what probably had happened to Captain Heist that dreadful morning. The wires had crossed. The yaw damper had kicked the rudder; because the plane was in a climbing bank, Heist had temporarily lost all visual reference to the ground; it was impossible for him to sense the sudden yaw. By the time he knew something was wrong, it was much too late to do anything.

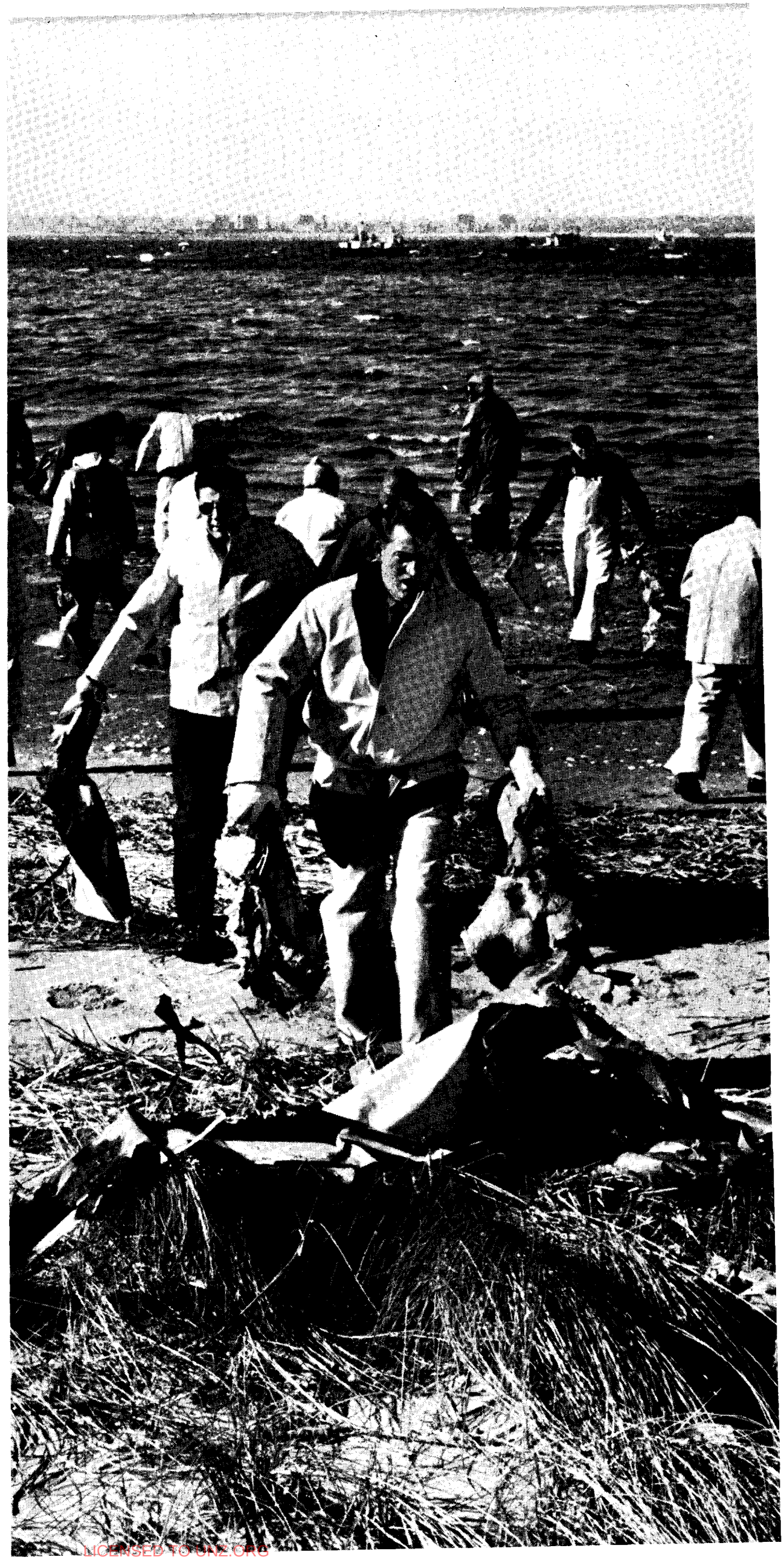
Now all that remained was detail. By October 1 Van Epps finished his written report. In Washington, it was edited by CAB safety analysts. There, last week, it entered the public record.

What did it all prove? Already the search has resulted in several tiny improvements which can make flying safer for the average traveler. Today at Idlewild, for example, jet pilots don't begin that first turn until they've reached 1,000 feet. New rules governing engagement of the yaw damper and autopilot have been issued, and the procedures governing installation of the tiny wires have been altered to prohibit use of the tweezers. The bolts that caused so much commotion have been checked, and all the servo units have been studiously examined.

The investigation may have been helpful, too, insofar as it shed piercing light on what the Seattle *Times* called the disturbing specter of "one government agency . . . attempting to usurp the authority of another and undermining public confidence in air transportation while doing so." Roundly criticized from all quarters, the FAA soon retreated back into its own bailiwick.

As the search ended, Van Epps took a vacation in the Berkshires. When he returned, the crash hadn't left his thoughts. "This was one of the toughest cases I've ever seen; for a long while I just couldn't believe it—a tiny, insignificant wire like that smashing such a great big airplane. Who'd have thought it could happen that way?

"In its own sad, irreversible fashion," he adds solemnly, "every disaster contributes to our knowledge; every disaster teaches us something. You follow me?" **THE END**



Shivering rescue wo·kers carry ashore shreds of metal which they hope will give clues to cause of crash.

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"THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT"

"Sometimes," says Marjorie Freer, a pert Chicago housewife, "I wake up in the middle of the night and hear Duane shouting altitudes and landing instructions in his sleep. I desperately want to help, but I don't know how. I try to answer him, pretending I'm the pilot. But I don't know the technical language. It doesn't work."

The nightmares afflicting Marjorie Freer's husband are not unique. At one time or another every normal, sane air traffic controller in the United States faces the same experience. This would be tragic enough if it were only *their* problem. But the strains and pressures under which these men work directly affect the safety of the 63,000,000 passengers who will travel by commercial aircraft in the United States this year, and the millions more who will ride in private or military planes.

Several weeks ago I stood in the glass-walled tower cab at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport and watched a dozen air traffic controllers function under pressure. Runways stretched in every direction. In the late afternoon haze, planes were taking off and landing on an average of one every minute.

At five o'clock the pressure started to mount. In the corner of the cab, controller Duane Freer began rattling instructions into a microphone:

"Ozark seven-three-two: Runway one-four Right cleared for takeoff. Braniff five-five: Taxi into position behind Ozark Fairchild on the roll. American four-one: Runway three-two Right cleared to land. Zero-One-Whiskey: follow light aircraft ahead. MATS niner-four: You made the *wrong turn there!* . . ."

Freer was working what other tower controllers call the "A-stand." It is the busiest position at the nation's busiest airport. During a peak traffic period, the tension there is so great that no controller stays on it for more than an hour at a time. In that brief span, Freer handled 115 aircraft—sometimes directing as many as 10 simultaneously—telling them when and where to land and when and where to take off. He had to make and receive more than 600 separate radio transmissions. Each one had to be correct. A tiny slip could trigger disaster. Freer's face remained calm, but his palms were sweating.

Around him, in the tower cab, other men scanned a maze of runways and tried to distinguish approaching and departing planes from a confusing kaleidoscope of lights. One man scribbled flight data on tiny pieces of paper, thrusting them at Freer; another issued taxi instructions to planes just leaving their gates; a third picked up the telephone to relay information the instant an outgoing aircraft left the runway. The babble of their voices rose in an eerie cacophony.

Downstairs, other controllers—their feet jogging nervously against the legs of chairs—hunched in darkness over radarscopes. Information flowed into the room from men in the tower cab and the Chicago Air Route Traffic Control Center 15 miles away. Controllers digested the data, located the tiny blips appearing now on the edges of their scopes and issued terse directions.

These men form a vital link in a network of 13,000 traffic controllers at major towers and centers throughout the U.S. Their job is to guide planes safely from one airport ramp to another; in order to do this they must carve out a protective cocoon of airspace at least three miles long and 1,000 feet thick. The tools they use for each aircraft are radar, radio, a battery of complex navigational aids—and their own iron nerves.

Today the system works. The efficiency of its tools and personnel are manifest in the millions of accident-free miles logged by thousands of planes each year. Yet the system is outmoded; it is barreling on fast toward total inadequacy and runs a constant danger of cracking at the seams.

"If it hadn't been for controllers going beyond the call of duty to cover the system's deficiencies," says Edward H. Cockerham, the balding, bullnecked executive director of the Air Traffic Control Association, "this postwar period might have been aviation's most tragic era. Controllers are only human," he adds; "they're being strained to the breaking point now."

Their problems stem from several factors. Inadequate equipment is one. The radar controllers rely upon to "see" fast-moving planes in clouds and bad weather often breaks down. A tube can blow, knocking out reception in a peak period. Rain and snow fuzz the scopes. In some centers, targets disappear from scopes after 60 miles, begin to fade even after 20. "We are trying to provide service to 600-knot jets," one controller complains, "with equipment designed twenty years ago to handle ten-knot battleships."

Eight Planes Against One Man

The radio frequencies used to contact pilots are often overloaded. They can clog. One night at the O'Hare tower I watched George Davis, a gangly, 28-year-old controller, work the A-stand. He was handling eight planes simultaneously when a microphone button jammed inside the cockpit of one plane. The frequency was filled with the chatter from that one cockpit: Davis couldn't hear the other pilots and they couldn't hear him. With several of the planes circling for a final approach, he grabbed a light gun from an overhead rack and flashed its beam into the night. The lead plane spotted the red signal, veered away at the last moment.

That pilot—and Davis—were lucky. Visibility was good. Had the microphone malfunction occurred in bad weather, the pilot might have missed the light and started to land. If another plane had been rolling on the runway, Davis couldn't have warned him in time. "This sort of thing," says controller Freer, "happens at least twice a week. That's twice too often."

These flaws in the system's basic equipment are serious enough. Even more threatening is the fact that controllers' workloads are heavy—and getting heavier. At O'Hare in 1957 tower personnel handled a total of 209,954 arriving and departing aircraft. In the first ten months of 1962 they worked 347,594 arrivals and departures.

To Cockerham, this increase is staggering. "Normally," he says, "no controller should have to handle more than five flights at any one time. When the number exceeds that, he's going beyond a normal capability."

Present airline schedules leave little choice. To make money, and fulfill a public demand for convenience, airlines operate at peak capacity during certain periods of the day. At O'Hare, for example, the airlines have nine outbound flights scheduled to leave gates at seven A.M. In one 10-minute afternoon period they schedule 21 arrivals and departures.

"Just assume," says supervisor-coordinator Robert Hake, "that you have eleven inbound jets in eleven minutes. The first one's coming in fast and you clear him to land on Runway three-two Right. At that moment another plane is on three-two Right waiting to take off. You figure he'll start rolling within fifteen seconds after receiving a clearance so you don't worry. But suppose he's delayed for some reason; suppose he doesn't take off in fifteen seconds? The other guy is barreling in on him fast. That's when you sweat."

Even if controllers could move the traffic as fast as people ask them to, other factors would slow down the system. The acceptance rate of airports, runways and landing aids is not sufficient today to handle an increasing number of aircraft flying at faster and faster speeds.

Without adequate runway space, and because of controller workloads, planes leaving an airport are often jammed together on a taxiway waiting for their clearances. Planes coming in to land are stacked up—forced to circle in holding patterns. The "stack" is often 12 layers high. Delays are expensive. They are also dangerous.

Last March 21, traffic at Washington National Airport was heavy. Weather was bad. Inside the tower, one controller was trying to juggle nine planes out from a holding pattern and bring them safely to earth.

In that frantic few moments he made many split-second decisions. One of them was wrong. For 42 minutes a United Airlines Viscount and an Eastern Airlines Electra circled at the same altitude over Springfield, Virginia, in the same holding pattern. The faster Electra probably passed the Viscount four times in the clouds.

"The Lord was with us on that one," says David Thomas, Chief of the Federal Aviation Agency's Air Traffic Service. "We still don't know why those planes didn't hit."

Sheer luck had a hand in preventing that collision. But luck isn't reliable enough.

On the morning of December 16, 1960, a United Airlines DC-8 jet plowed into the side of a TWA Constellation over Staten Island, New York. The disaster was the worst in U.S. aviation history; 134 people died.

In 1962 there were 33 other midair collisions; most involved private aircraft. But the crashes still took 53 lives.

Even more chilling is the fact that near-misses happen every day. Recently, in conjunction with the FAA, the independent Flight Safety Foundation, Inc., looked into these incidents. Their findings: Between July 1, 1961, and June 30, 1962 there were 2,577 reported near-misses—an average of seven a day. Not all involved commercial planes; not all were dangerous; not all involved controller responsibility. But enough did.

"Statistically," says the FAA's David Thomas. "we know that a controller—even if he's perfect—will be involved in an incident once every thirteen years."

If Thomas's statistics hold, there will be 1,000 incidents in 1963. Most will be minor errors that can be corrected easily and quickly by tower or center personnel. Others will have more serious consequences.

Finding men who are mentally, psychologically, and physically equipped to handle this kind of pressure is not easy. The job is hardly glamor-

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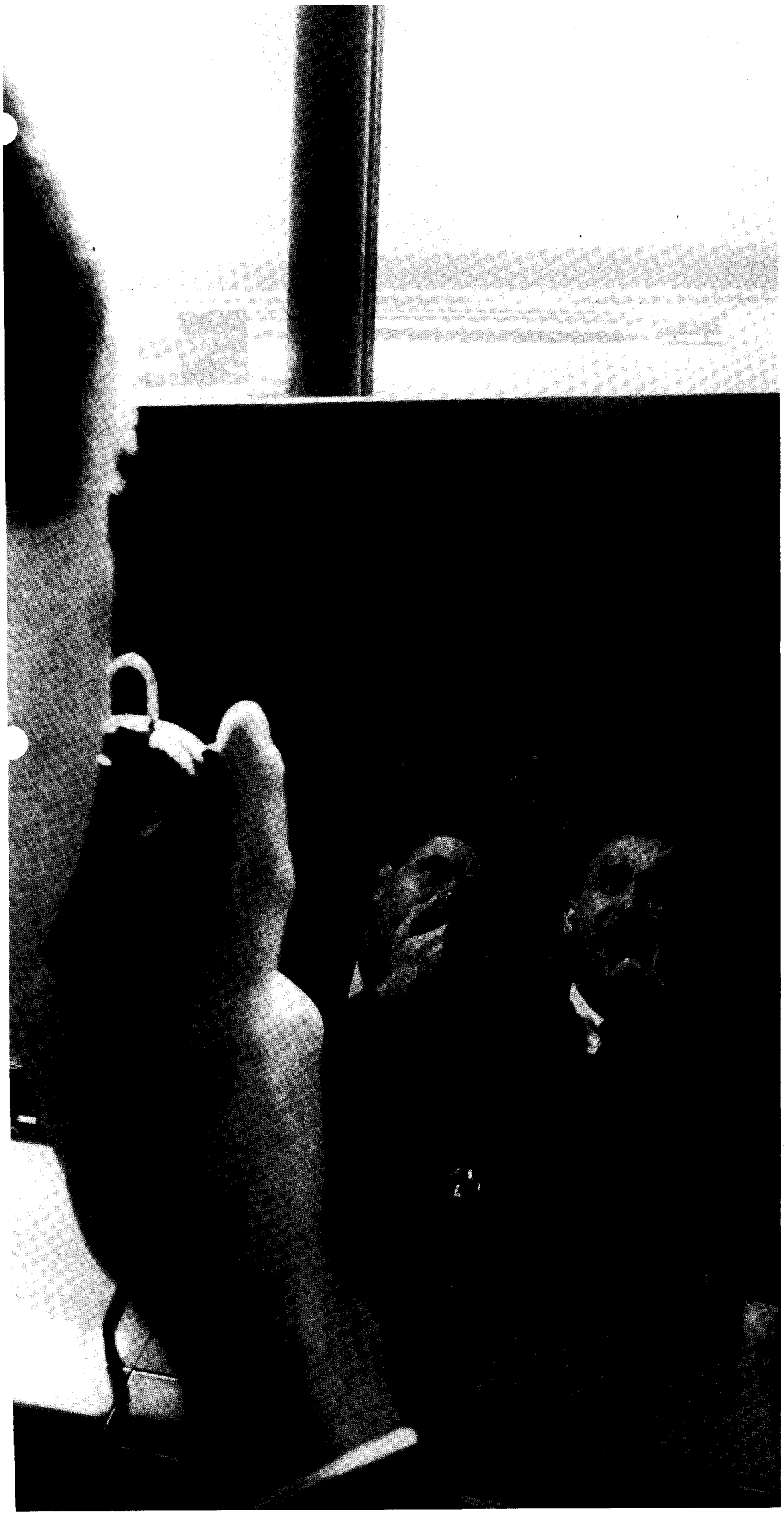

O'Hare Field controllers George Davis (left) and Duane Freer track traffic on tower radarscope.

ous; the pay is low. (The average controller earns $8,500 per year. The pilot he guides may earn up to $33,000 a year.) The responsibilities are great. The training is rigorous. Before a man can "join the team" at a major tower, he must have solid experience controlling traffic either in the military services or at a less crowded facility.

Arriving at a large facility as a trainee controller, he will work rotating eight-hour shifts with no time off for lunch. He will have to prove himself to his keenest judges, his fellow controllers, by checking out on each of nine positions. If one controller considers him unable to handle stress, he can refuse to initial the trainee's checklist. And unless the new man gets five sets of initials in a specified time, he washes out.

Until October, 1961, the washout rate at O'Hare was high: an astounding 65 percent of the men who came from the FAA academy's eight-week course or transferred from smaller facilities couldn't adapt to the pace.

Today at O'Hare, Idlewild, Los Angeles, Washington and other major towers and centers, this pace and pressure is taking its toll on the health of the average controller.

According to Oswald Ryan, legal counsel for the Air Traffic Control Association and former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, "There is hardly a facility in this country that does not have a third to a half of its staff suffering from ulcers." Cases of nervous disorders crop up more and more frequently; heart attacks often strike controllers in their late 30's and early 40's.

They Pay With Their Health

In May, 1958, a Capital Airlines Viscount and a National Guard jet collided over Brunswick, Maryland The disaster shook three Washington controllers so much that one became ill on the spot, a second fell unconscious to the floor and a third suffered a nervous breakdown and entered a mental hospital. Today all three work for the FAA, but none has ever returned to handling traffic.

On October 1, 1960, an airliner and a private plane collided over the Orlando, Florida, airport. The effect of the tragedy on tower chief Gene Scott was almost instantaneous: a heart attack and a paralytic stroke that left him unable to speak or walk.

Controllers' health is one area now under serious investigation as part of a general effort to improve the conditions under which these men work. Also, better equipment to improve the system is on the way. Since 1956 the FAA has poured nearly $1,000,000,000 into more efficient radar, navigational aids, longer runways and research and development.

The trouble is that much of this new equipment won't be operational for years. The question remains: What can be done *now* to solve the problem?

One seemingly obvious answer is to add more controllers. Yet David Thomas of the FAA and many other traffic-control experts have doubts. "You have a law of diminishing returns here," Thomas explains. "Adding more controllers would only increase our coordination problems."

"What worries me," says Edward Cockerham, "is the situation facing controllers at some of our busiest towers. Traffic is increasing. Their workloads are doubling. They're doing everything humanly possible to keep the airways safe. But they've been living on promises since 1957, and most of them haven't materialized. They can't afford to wait much longer."—*Trevor Armbrister*

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Duncan's Picasso

The author of "Picasso's Picassos" pays an unforgettable visit to the great artist.

Text and Pictures by DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

Pablo Picasso dominates modern art as explosively as he welcomes friends to his Riviera studio and as blithely as he soaks up sunshine on the grounds of his nearby château. When accompanied by his great Afghan, Kabul, the artist might easily be imagined as a conquering Roman emperor braced to stand forever before his enemy's door. Although still slightly numbed by the bullfights, folk dances, concerts, exhibits, eulogies and near hysteria of last year's 80th birthday (which he wryly calls his "centenary"), he has now bulldozed aside his 81st. Titan though Picasso is—his canvases, ceramics, engravings, etchings and sculptures are treasured around the world—someone else far less known has helped shield his incredible flame. She is a girl who waits as a tranquil island in the turbulence of his cascading genius . . . his selfless wife, Jacqueline.

Almost submerged in recent canvases, Picasso holds court in his Mougins studio.

Sculpted by Provençal sunlight, Picasso resembles a haughty Roman ruler.

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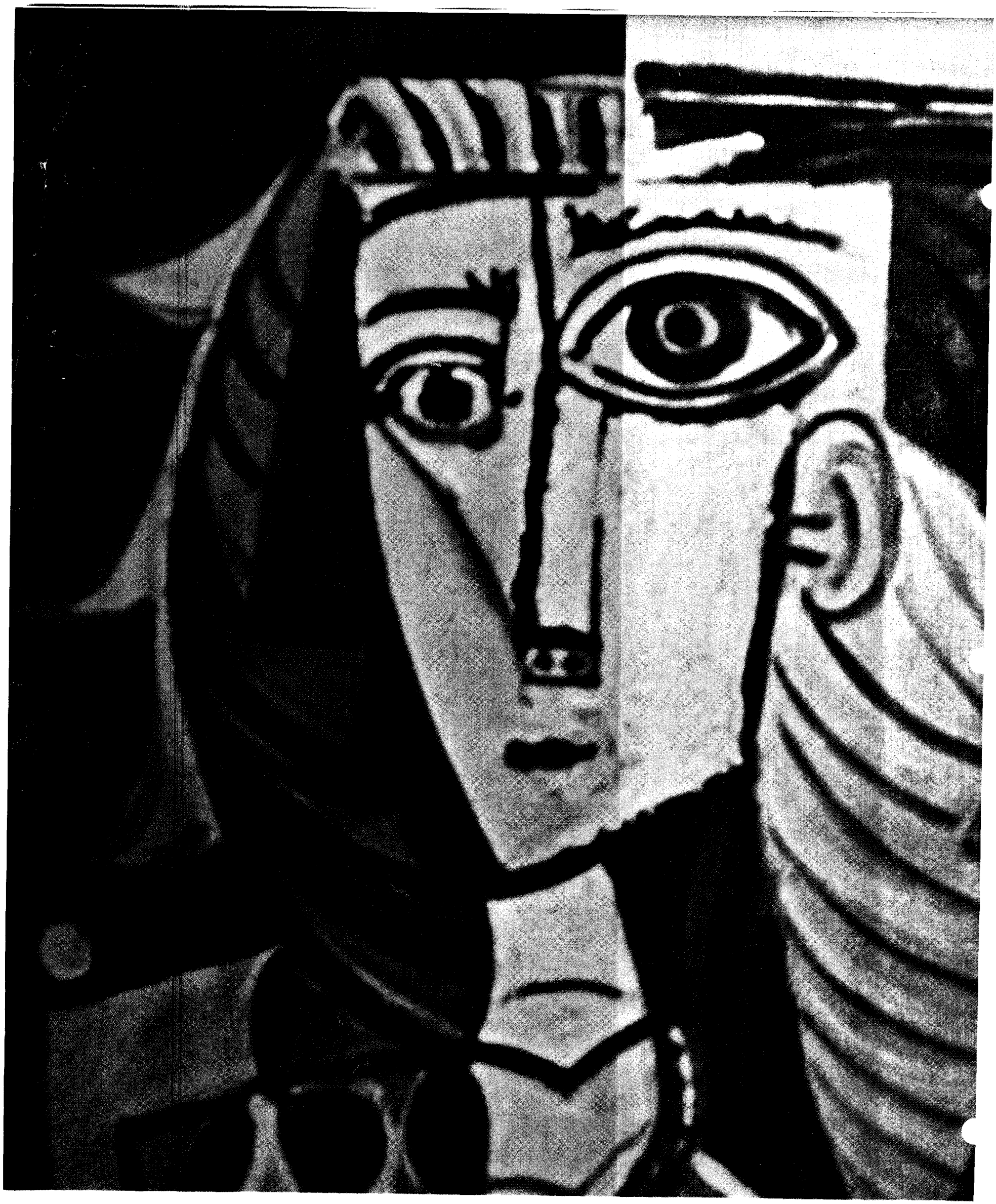

One afternoon Picasso seemed despondent, a mood foreign to him. Jacqueline and I gently joked with him; then I left. Returning at dusk, I found the two holding hands

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before a new painting. Three years later he gave it to me. Recently, when Jacqueline sat near her portrait, I was stunned to see the depth of reality captured in the canvas.

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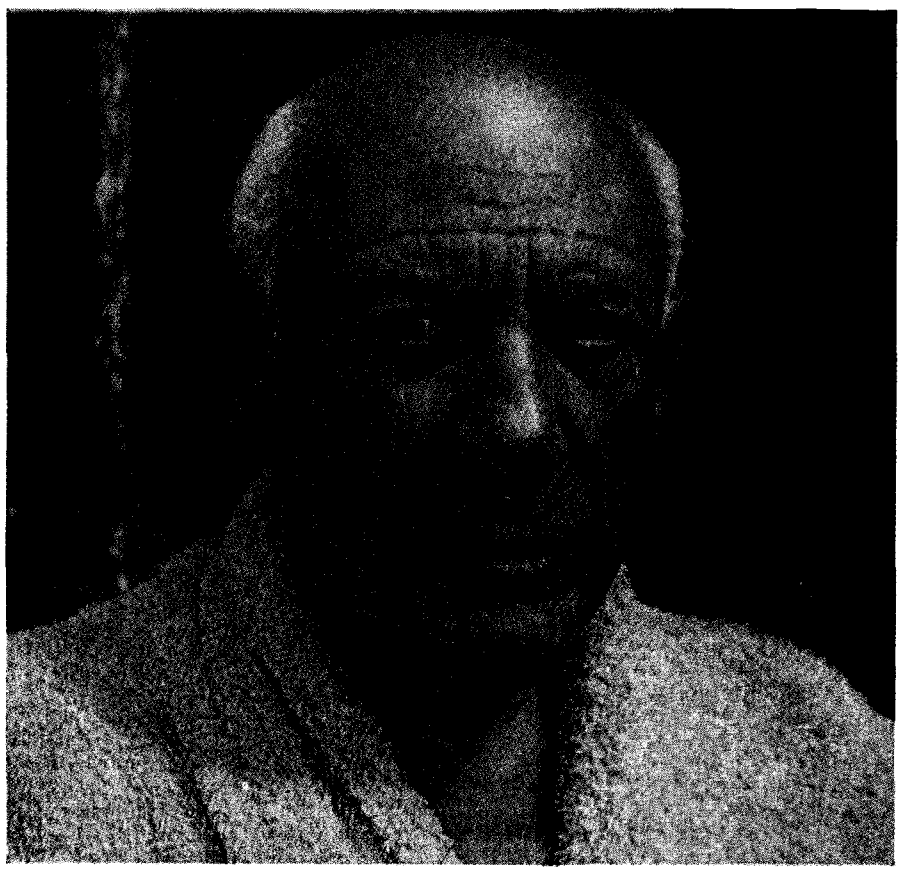
"That's more like it! Yes. Yes. NOW you are a photographer!"

"That's more like it!" Picasso's joyous shout rang through the darkened studio when my "fish-eye"-lens shot of him flashed upon the wall. With almost the same breath he was out of his chair and at the end of the room where the grotesque image loomed overhead. He then returned to where I sat behind the projector. Patting me on the shoulder as if I were a novice, he added, "Yes. Yes. *Now* you are a photographer!" His eyes remained riveted on the overwhelming character squinting back at us from ceiling to floor of the nine-foot wall. Picasso's exuberance swept away any pangs of apprehension I had felt about showing the wildly distorted portrait. It also revealed his ever-refueled excitement over making a detour around the conventional way of seeing life. Of course, publishing the picture now poses a hazard: When Jacqueline saw it for the first time, while holding hands with her husband in the dimly lit room, she switched from Spanish to English to murmur sweetly, "If you ever print *that* I weel keeeel you!"



Picasso, the master of distortion, faces a "fish-eyed" photographer.

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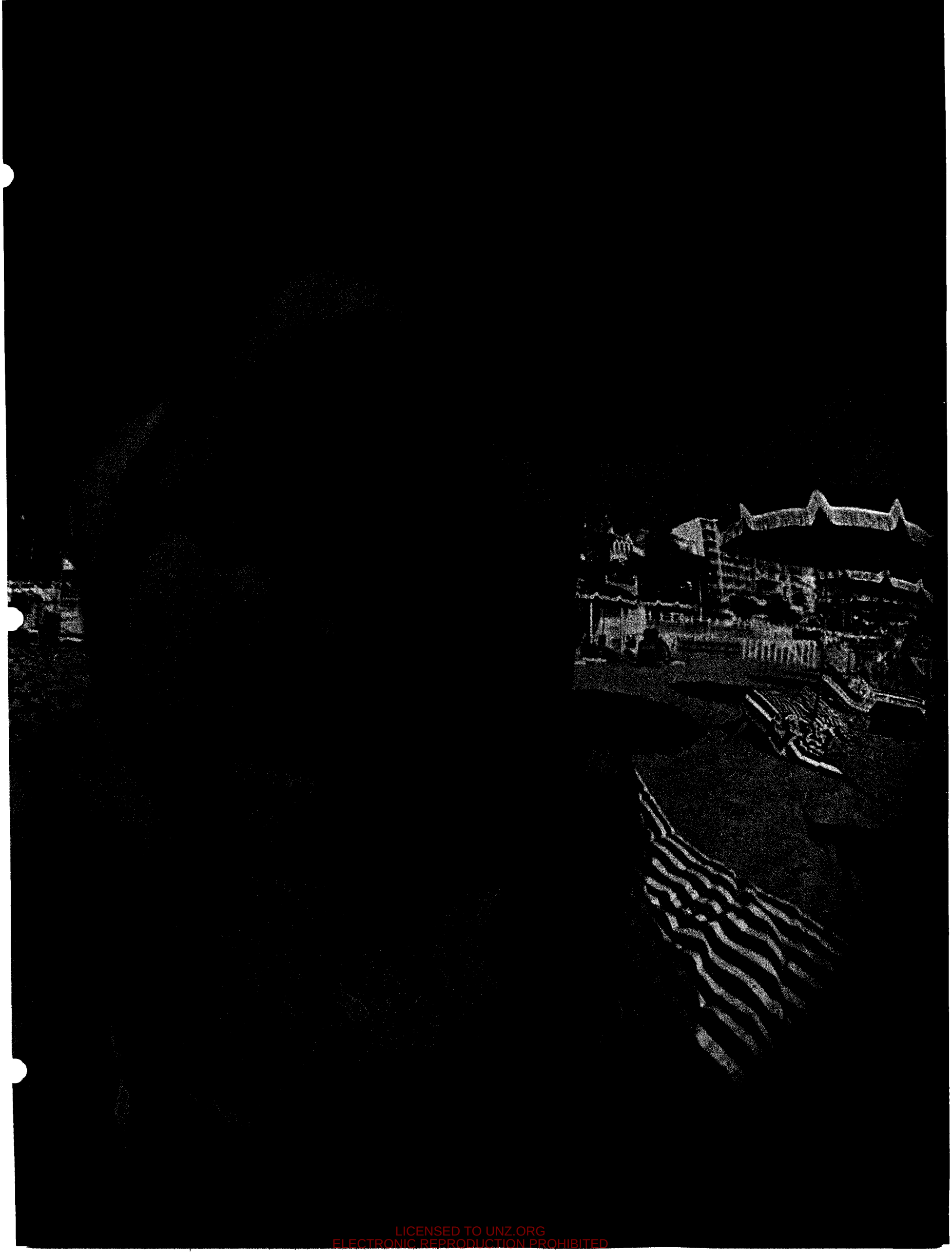

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Boswell of the Jet Set

Columnist Igor Cassini, who has made a career out of keeping people in the public eye, is now attracting the critical eye of the Federal Government.

By PETER MAAS

To many Americans Igor Cassini is a name with a vague but powerful aura of glamour. A small, dapper man with brown, wavy hair, he is not someone you'd recognize immediately on the street. He is another kind of celebrity. Under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker, Cassini writes a society-gossip column which the Hearst Corporation syndicates to 50-odd newspapers and a claimed 20,000,000 readers. Under the corporate name of Martial he controls a public-relations firm with fees estimated last year at nearly $800,000. His brother Oleg is Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite American dress designer, and Igor himself has enjoyed cordial relations with the first family. He named Jacqueline Bouvier as the top debutante of 1948; he attended her wedding to the young Senator from Massachusetts. Cassini's third wife, Charlene, is a daughter of Charles B. Wrightsman, an immensely wealthy oilman and next-door neighbor of the President's father, Joseph P. Kennedy, in Palm Beach, Fla.

This whirl of high-level activity comes naturally to the chronicler of what Cassini proudly named "the jet set." Explaining why he prefers this term to the outmoded "café society," he once told a reporter, "The jet set is people who live fast, move fast, know the latest thing and do the unusual and the unorthodox."

"Unorthodox" is a mild word for some of Igor Cassini's activities, which might surprise the millions of readers who savor Cholly Knickerbocker's tidbits about the jet set. For one thing, there is a strange relationship between Cholly Knickerbocker and the Martial public-relations firm. Martial's clients, and people associated with them, have an astonishing way of turning up repeatedly in Cassini's column. This alone is enough to justify some angry questions from anyone who believes in a free and independent American press.

But Cassini also likes to dabble in American foreign relations on behalf of such interests as the government of Mexico and the Brazilian Trade Bureau. He now has attracted the critical eye of the United States Government. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which is investigating the widespread activities of foreign lobbyists in Washington, has Cassini under close scrutiny. The Department of Justice also is probing Cassini's affairs. Both inquiries center on the question of Cassini's relations with the bloodthirsty dictatorship of the late Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, "El Benefactor" of the Dominican Republic. The glamorous Igor has already testified before a Federal grand jury, and by the time this article appears in print he may well be testifying before the Senate committee.

Cassini claims entry to society through his family and its connections. Born Igor Loiewski in Sevastopol, Russia, in 1915, Cassini lists himself in *Who's Who* as a count, a title authorized by the last czar, but the family fled to Italy to escape the Bolshevik Revolution. When Igor finally emigrated to the United States in 1937 his mother urged him to take her own name of Cassini because it was better known here. Her father, Count de Cassini, had been the czar's ambassador to Washington, and she had been his hostess and a belle around the capital at the turn of the century. "In America remember who you are," she cried to the departing Igor. "Cassini, Cassini!"

For a while Cassini bounced around in a variety of jobs, such as selling cold cream. But things perked up when his mother followed him to the New World a year later. Cashing in on her old Washington acquaintances, she got her son a job on the now-defunct Washington *Times-Herald*. Not long afterward Cassini began writing his first gossip column, called "These Charming People." Among these charming people Cassini included the late Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's confidential aide. He wrote a column describing a lavish party given for Hopkins at the height of wartime austerity in 1943. Cassini still thinks it was an act of revenge that he was drafted the next week.

After the war (he served in psychological warfare, then on the armed-services newspaper *Stars and Stripes*) Hearst executives still remembered the way Cassini had brought a light touch of gossip to the traditionally staid coverage of Washington society, and they gave him a crack at the Cholly Knickerbocker column in the New York *Journal-American*. The column was already an institution, founded in 1919 by Maury Paul, the man who had coined the phrase "café society." Cassini, who had come to the United States barely 10 years earlier, was only 30. But in the strange world of gossip and publicity he was already on top.

As a "newspaperman" Cassini rarely sees the inside of the *Journal-American*. Surrounded by hundreds of czarist tin soldiers, he works instead out of his Park Avenue offices at Martial, where the telephone rings from time to time with an item for the column. (The bulk of it, however, is received by an assistant

Surrounded by a collection of toy soldiers, Cassini writes his column in his public-relations office on Park Avenue.

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Soupsational! 2 Soup-Mates from *Campbell*

Hearty Bean 'n Vegetable
In saucepan, blend 1 can of Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup with 1½ soup cans water. Add 1 can Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Heat; stir now and then. 4 hefty servings.

Beefy Vegetable Noodle
In saucepan, blend 1 can Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup with 1 can Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup and 1½ soup cans water. Heat and serve. It's delicious! 4 good servings.

Campbell's Soup'n Crackers . . . (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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the professional-type lotion that relieves excessive dryness *fast!*
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Name
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City Zone
State

Cassini Cassini has hired, who remains on duty at the newspaper.) His day begins about ten in the morning and usually ends around two A.M. He lunches at a select few Manhattan restaurants, chiefly the Colony. There was a time when he raced to a dozen-odd parties each night. He now sends his assistant, Liz Smith, to the more mundane galas, while he concentrates on private parties and such elaborate shindigs as the April in Paris Ball.

In many ways Cassini's gossip column is much like any other. It is full of fairly unimportant items about who goes with whom to what nightclub. But it also includes an extraordinary number of items about people associated with the clients of Cassini's public-relations firm. The name of Martial despite its warlike sound is actually a sort of anagram made up from the names of Cassini's son and daughter and that of the daughter of brother Oleg. They are, in the order of appearance, Marina, Tina and Alexander. Cassini founded the company in 1955, served as its president and currently is a director and majority stockholder.

Cassini told me he sees no conflict of interest in the situation. "This is a very important point for me," he said. "I want you to be satisfied. I want to dispel the rumors. Go as deep as you want into that subject." I did, and here are some of the things I found:

One Martial client was fashion designer Florence Lustig. In his column Cassini wrote, "The real mystery in Palm Beach is who is wearing the real diamonds and who is wearing the new Lustigems. The latter, created by Florence Lustig, are impossible to tell from the real thing. . . . The Lustig salon will not reveal, even under torture, the names of famous and delighted purchasers."

Another client was a company called Island Development, one of whose interests involved a ski resort at Sugarbush, Vermont. "If you don't want to travel that far for a schuss," Cassini advised his readers, "try Sugarbush, Vermont, where the smart set has discovered its own versions of St. Moritz or 'El Morocco on the Rocks.' Sugarbush boasts a popular new bistro this year. Adjacent to the Inferno Lodge, it is Michael Butler's hot spot, the Seven Deadly Sins."

Butler was one of the organizers of Island Development, which also had interests in a summer resort called Talisman on New York's Fire Island. A typical Cassini bulletin flashed, "Spyros Skouras and Joe Pasternak of the movie elite have joined the smart set's newest venture, the St. Tropez Club at Talisman, Fire Island."

Despite Cassini's denial of any link between Martial and his column, Martial's own records indicate just the opposite. Lanvin Parfums, for example, was a Martial client. In a report to Lanvin from Martial that I obtained, I found under the heading of "publicity placements" numerous plugs credited directly to Cassini. Typically, from his newspaper column, one said, "Knickerbocker: Lanvin party. Lanvin 2 mentions." Another, from a magazine column Cassini wrote, reported, "Lanvin Salon mentioned—also Arpège, My Sin, Crescendo and Spanish Geranium." Still a third, from an article Cassini had bylined, boasted, "Story on Lanvin party. Lanvin, Crescendo and Arpège."

Yet another Martial client is the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach. Martial records disclose that Cassini brought the account to the firm himself. Random glances at his Cholly Knickerbocker column show that it's filled with references to the "chic," "elegant" and "swank" Colony Hotel. Sometimes Cassini hits two birds with one item. One column noted, "Publisher-industrialist Russell Maguire and his Mrs. stopping over at the swanky Colony Hotel in Palm Beach before going on to Jamaica." This may not be of overwhelming interest to Knickerbocker's readers, but it presumably delights the Colony Hotel, and also Maguire, one of whose enterprises Cassini had landed as a Martial client. Similarly, Cassini might report that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gropper "are down at the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach celebrating their wedding anniversary." Readers who have no more interest in Gropper than in Maguire might as well know that Gropper heads a cigar company which retains Martial for its public relations.

Best-Dressed Wives

Cassini doesn't take all his clients to the Colony, however. When he prepared a list of the world's best-dressed women he named Jacqueline Kennedy, Mrs. Henry Ford II and the wives of three men who happened to have signed up with Martial for public relations.

One of them was Mrs. Edward Gilbert, wife of the Wall Street wheeler-dealer who skipped briefly to Brazil last summer after some dubious machinations in the stock market involving funds of his firm, E. L. Bruce Company. Gilbert had hired Martial to oversee public relations for the Bruce company. Cassini also filled his column with social plugs for the Gilberts like "At the party were such other well-known New York faces as Ambassador Aly Khan, Eddie and Rhoda Gilbert . . ."

Cassini took a different tack after Gilbert fled to Brazil. One column, in the form of a memo from Cassini's secretary to him, declared, "I read with amusement where the other papers say that Gilbert was one of the big backers of the swank Le Club. Soon they will say it was he who started Disneyland." The fact is that Gilbert really was a major backer of Le Club, a private-membership New York nightclub that Cassini helped found. Cassini also served as its president and plugged it repeatedly in his column.

And so goes the jet set. Cassini is forever finding fashionable affairs crowded with people who are connected with Martial clients. In one column he managed to work in eight such folk. At a party were not only the Eddie Gilberts but the Basil Goulandrises. Goulandris, a wealthy Greek, heads a Martial client called Orion Shipping and Trading. At a society gala mentioned further along, Cassini reported the presence of the Ed Groppers and "also spotted Harry Winston." Winston, a Fifth Avenue jeweler, is also a public-relations account at Martial.

Aside from his column, there are other curious aspects to Cassini's publicity activities. One Martial client which brought in $30,000 a year was Fiat Motor Company. When Fiat was casting about for someone to mount a new sales campaign, Martial recommended an advertising agency, which won the account. For "special services on the Fiat account" Martial got back from the ad agency a percentage of the gross billing paid to the agency by Fiat. This advertis-

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ing agency also took Martial on to handle *its* public relations. In due time Fiat became dissatisfied with the agency. Despite arguments by Cassini, Fiat decided to drop the advertising agency. The agency, not too surprisingly, promptly dispensed with Martial's public-relations services.

Another curious maneuver began when a number of socially prominent people were suddenly invited to Cassini's home. I later talked to four of them, and each told me that he had the impression they were there simply to pose for a publicity photograph on behalf of a charity called the Tolstoy Foundation. Everyone on arriving signed a release without bothering to look it over. Some months later, to their amazement, they found themselves in a full-page liquor ad which appeared in several national magazines. None of the four people I talked to was aware that Martial received $24,000 a year to handle public relations for the liquor shown in the ad.

One of the people in the photograph was Douglas Fairbanks Jr. He says, "I was completely persuaded that it was all a promotion for the Tolstoy Foundation. A whiskey company was paying a whopping big sum to the charity. I had no idea it was to be used for a commercial advertisement." Colonel Serge Obolensky, a New York hotel man and a director of the Tolstoy Foundation, also appeared in the ad and also feels as Fairbanks does. After a series of stiff letters from Fairbanks and Obolensky, Cassini said it was all a "misunderstanding" and he would see what he could do. I learned from the Tolstoy Foundation, which is hanging on by its financial fingertips, that it finally received two checks. One for $250 arrived December 28, 1961. Another, for $750, came on May 23, 1962.

A former Martial executive describes Cassini's standards of ethics about his column and his public-relations business as "curious."A newspaperman who formerly served as Cassini's assistant on the column told me the column was used to "court" clients for his public-relations firm. But Cassini himself heatedly denies this. He says that he is concerned only with "policy" at Martial, and he blames rumors to the contrary on "competitors." The publisher of the New York *Journal-American*, Joseph Kingsbury Smith, expresses confidence in Cassini: "We have assurances from Mr. Cassini and we rely on his word that no Martial clients are in his column." The same week that I spoke to Kingsbury Smith, however, Cassini's column prominently noted the forthcoming publication of the autobiography of architect Edward Stone. "The book, due off Horizon Press Nov. 19," Cassini wrote in part, "is a handsome thing with more than 400 photographs, plans and drawings." Perhaps nobody would dispute that as an objective judgment, but Martial had contracted to promote the Stone autobiography.

Cassini also writes regularly for a Hearst magazine, *Town and Country*. Not long after I talked to him I read an article he had produced for it. *Escape to Mexico* was the title. Roughly half of the article dealt with the delights an American tourist could find in Mexico. The rest paid homage to former Mexican President Miguel Alemán. Everything Cassini wrote about Mexico may be true. It is certainly true, however, that Martial receives a substantial public-relations fee from Mexico and that $125,000 of it is budgeted to "foster and promote tourist travel." Alemán, as head of the Mexican National Tourist Council, decides who handles the account.

Labors for Trujillo

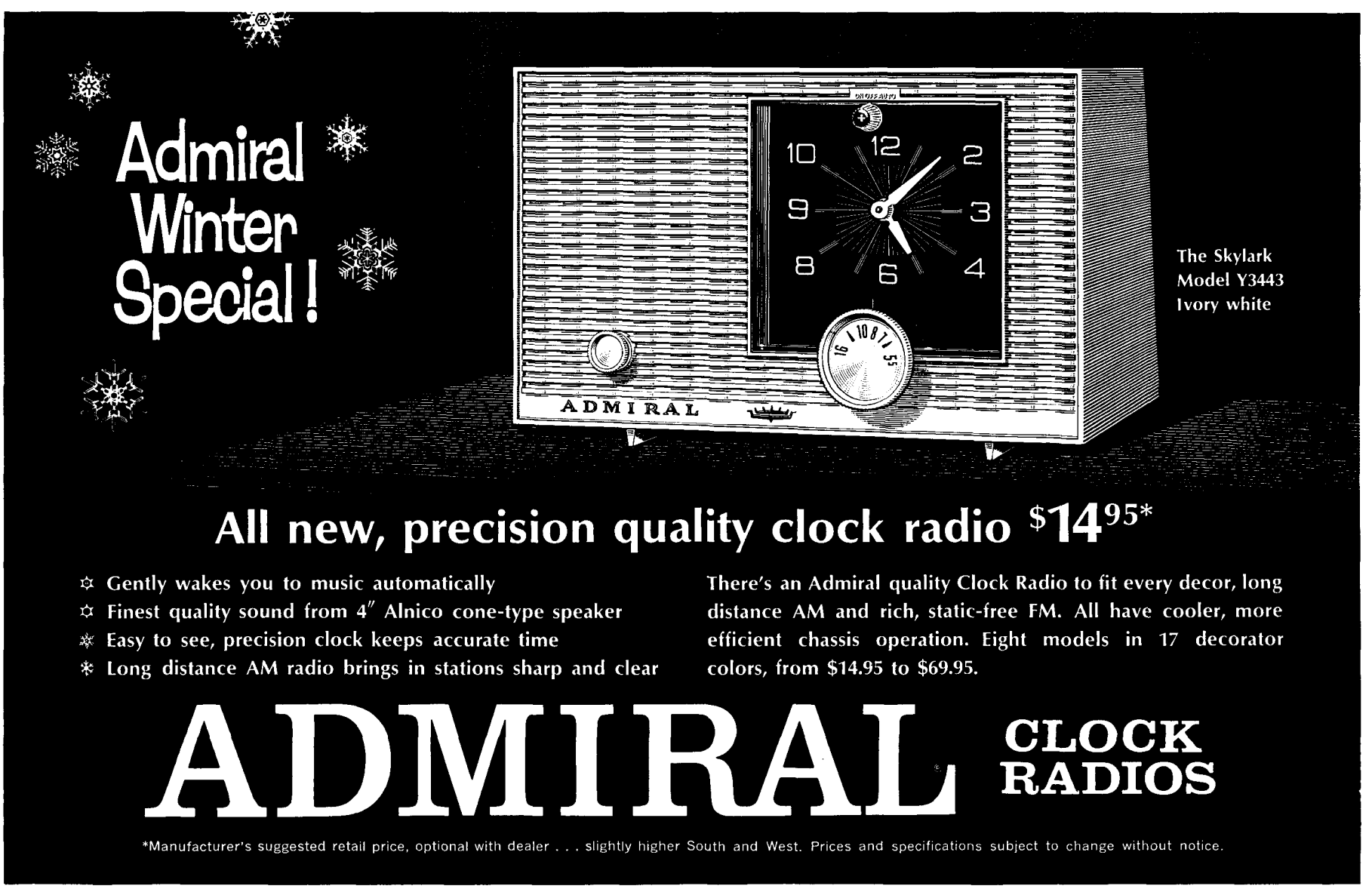
Of all Cassini's activities, none is more curious and more complicated than his labors on behalf of the Dominican Republic's Trujillo regime. Trujillo, who had run his island as a personal fief for a generation, had gone to considerable trouble and expense to convince Americans that he was a good friend. At one time or another he retained such figures as Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and Morris Ernst in hopes they would aid his cause. But Trujillo remained an unpopular figure—despite a flurry of praises from Cholly Knickerbocker. "The Dominican Republic was unexpectedly peaceful after all the stories I'd read and heard in Washington," Cassini once reported. ". . . I was amazed to get a glimpse of the Generalissimo taking a constitutional with a few of his aides. Instead of having people throw bombs at him, an old woman approached him to sell him a flower."

Cassini himself dates his extreme interest in the Dominican Republic from early in 1961. When I asked him about it he told me that he had learned from such experts as Dominican playboy Porfirio Rubirosa that the Communists planned a move to overthrow Trujillo. Cassini says that he brought up the matter during a visit to his father-in-law, Charles Wrightsman, in Palm Beach in February, 1961. He spoke of it not only to neighbor Joseph P. Kennedy but to Allen Dulles, then director of the Central Intelligence Agency, who was a guest at the Wrightsman home. On the basis of Rubirosa's reports of an impending Communist revolt, Cassini "informally" promoted a confidential visit to the Dominican Republic by a member of President Kennedy's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, former Under Secretary of State Robert D. Murphy. In actual fact, the main pressure on Trujillo at the time came not from any Communists but from the State Department, which had joined a number of Latin states in applying sanctions against the Dominican Republic as a result of Trujillo's attempt to assassinate the president of Venezuela.

Cassini went along with Murphy "at his own expense." Whatever conclusions may have been reached by the Murphy mission soon became academic as far as Trujillo was concerned. On May 30 he was assassinated by a band of dissident military men. Cassini describes his role of diplomatic middleman as "modest," but *The New York Times*, which first revealed the Murphy mission, editorialized:

". . . The secret archives of the deposed [Trujillo] regime reveal that Igor Cassini, who retails chichi chatter as Cholly Knickerbocker and whose brother, Oleg, designs dresses for the President's wife, was instrumental in having a special White House representative assigned to report on whether steps should be taken to prop up the tottering dictatorship. Happily no lasting damage was done . . . even though the files indicate that the Trujillo forces were vastly encouraged by the reports they received from Mr. Cassini."

This was not the first time, however, that Cassini had played a "modest" role in Dominican Republic affairs. Just how modest remains to be determined by the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"The jet set is people who live and move fast, know the latest thing and do the unusual and unorthodox."

Cassini with his third wife, Charlene Wrightsman, daughter of a wealthy oilman and neighbor of Joseph P. Kennedy.

At a Russian New Year's ball, the columnist dances with his brother Oleg, Jackie Kennedy's favorite U.S. dress designer.

Cassini Justice Department and Senate investigations. As a result of my own inquiries I can report that Cassini arranged in 1959 for a close friend and business associate to undertake a public-relations program which would portray Trujillo as a "peaceful pro-American" and "anti-Communist." This friend and business associate was Paul Englander, a New York lawyer in his 70's, who at the time was the secretary and treasurer of Martial. (He retired in May of 1961.) Early in 1960 Cassini journeyed to the Dominican Republic, where he met with Englander, a third Martial executive and Trujillo himself to discuss Trujillo's image in the United States.

I first learned of these early links between Cassini and the Trujillo regime last October when I heard that an executive whom Cassini hired to run Martial had resigned in 1959 because of Cassini's effort to land the Dominican account. The executive, a highly regarded public-relations man named Donald Maher, confirmed the reasons for his resignation and said he had tried to convince Cassini to forget about the Dominican Republic. He recalls that Cassini replied, "You don't have to be involved. It will be a separate company, and you won't have anything to do with it."

When I saw Cassini in his office at Martial he said Rubirosa had tried "once or twice" to get him to take the Dominican account but that he had refused. Other than that, he denied to me that he had any dealings with the Dominican Republic or Trujillo before 1961.

The foreign-agents' registry at the Department of Justice seemed to confirm this. Americans representing foreign interests are required to register as well as to explain in detail what they are up to and why. If they do not they are subject to fines of "not more than $10,000" or imprisonment "for not more than five years, or both."

Martial, which regularly carries foreign accounts, was registered. As officers of Martial, so were Cassini and Englander. The Dominican Republic was not listed as a Martial account. Nor were Cassini or Englander, either individually or corporately, registered elsewhere with the Department of Justice in connection with the Trujillo regime. I then received an anonymous telephone call which suggested that it might be "worthwhile" if I combed the foreign agents' registry for the names of any employees Cassini had hired during the past five years.

I found such a person, and this led me into the incredibly complex web of Cassini's Latin American affairs. He was Martin T. Birnbaum, who among other things helped Cassini with his column. On August 3, 1959, he had registered as an agent for the Dominican Republic, giving his employer as Inter-American Public Relations Ltd. Inter-American, according to the form Birnbaum filled out, had its home office in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Birnbaum was the only U.S. citizen listed with the Justice Department as having any connection with Inter-American.

Further investigation led nowhere at first. Inter-American had not been incorporated in either Brazil or the United States. But I subsequently discovered that the company had been incorporated in Nassau, Bahamas, British West Indies. Records in Nassau listed Inter-American's president as one João de Rezende, who resides in Brazil and is a society-gossip columnist there. Cassini is a close enough friend of de Rezende to have attended his wedding. Although he was listed as president, I discovered that de Rezende was a figurehead for Cassini's business associate, Paul Englander.

Englander Got the Bills

Birnbaum, as required by law, had itemized a number of expenses he had incurred while working for Inter-American. Since New York telephone and post-office records had no listing for Inter-American as such, I asked several firms who had done business with Inter-American where they sent their bills. They were forwarded, I learned, to the office of a New York lawyer—Paul Englander.

Birnbaum, in his foreign-registration forms, had given his home address as his place of business. When I questioned him about this, however, he said he had worked primarily out of an apartment across the street from Martial. This apartment had been leased by Cassini's brother Oleg.

One of Birnbaum's functions for Inter-American was the apparently modest task of collecting newspaper and magazine articles in the United States that contained favorable references to Trujillo. Birnbaum would then translate them into Spanish and forward them to the Dominican Republic via the Trujillo consulate in New York. In this task Birnbaum had to be assisted by a Martial executive whose native language was Spanish. This executive told me that he had been "requested" by Cassini to help Birnbaum. He added, "I did this editing because it was not in my opinion involving me in any policy matters."

Birnbaum, after some hesitation, told me, "The Dominican account was in my hands for more than a year. Englander was the man I worked for. He paid me. To the best of my knowledge Igor never got anything for this deal." I asked Birnbaum if he knew how representatives of Trujillo got together with Englander. He replied, "Oh, that was Cassini. No question about it."

Next I learned that it was Paul Englander who actually signed the public-relations contract with the Trujillo regime. He signed as president of Inter-American. He himself acknowledged this in a recent conversation I had with him. "I have nothing to hide," he told me. He said that he had got the Dominican account because Cassini "just tossed it my way" and that "I had done a damn good public-relations job for them."

In this respect, Englander added that the Dominican consul in New York at the time, Luis Mercado, was "tickled to death that I was friendly to Cassini."

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"Sometimes I get a little bored by all this. What I've always wanted to do is to write a political column."

But when I spoke to Mercado, who has taken refuge in suburban Long Island since Trujillo's downfall, he said that it was only "in recent months" that he had any idea that Englander even knew Cassini, much less that he had been a business associate until May, 1961.

There is another peculiar inconsistency in Englander's remarks to me. On the one hand he defiantly declared, "You can't find the slightest connection between Cassini and Inter-American. I hit the ceiling when I found out what kind of questions you were asking. You're not acting like a reporter; you're more like a private detective or a member of the FBI or worse." On the other hand he said, "If Cassini did anything for Inter-American, it was only at my request." One point is clear. Paul Englander did not, as the law requires, register as a foreign agent acting on behalf of the Trujillo regime.

Despite his complex roles in diplomacy and public relations, Cassini likes to refer to himself as a "newspaperman," and he takes a certain pride in his achievements.

"My function is really that of an observer who comments on the passing parade," he told me. "If there were an atom bomb dropped and, let's say, in a thousand years survivors found the columns, they would get sort of an impression of how life—a certain part of life—was in the United States. I'm not trying to imply that every citizen lives like the people in the column. It describes the activities of celebrities and people with money, not only here but all over the world."

Cassini is especially proud of his various news beats. He related the details of one of them to me:

"This was an amusing scoop. Somebody called from Washington one night that they heard Rubirosa was going to marry Barbara Hutton. It seemed fantastic because he was going with Zsa Zsa [Gabor]. Nobody had heard about Barbara Hutton. I wanted to check it but didn't know how to reach Rubirosa or Hutton. This was in the middle of the night, and I knew I had to break it that night or somebody else would get it if it were true. I tried to trace Zsa Zsa. I called her and got her on the phone and asked to speak to Rubirosa. I caught her unprepared. She said, 'He doesn't want to come to the phone.' I asked her to ask him if he was going to marry Barbara Hutton. Then she said in French that he didn't want to answer. I knew if he didn't answer it was true. I had enough facts and I broke the story."

Such is the world of Igor Cassini. Not long ago a scanner of his columns observed, "If you took a year's supply of them and put them on a pair of old-fashioned scales against a piece of tissue paper, the tissue paper would weigh more." To a Cassini adherent, any criticism is motivated by "jealousy." He tends to agree with this. But occasionally a touch of ennui envelops him. "Sometimes I get a little bored by all this," he told me. "What I've always wanted to do is write a political column." **THE END**

Dressed in a fancy western outfit, Cassini acts as a master of ceremonies at a New York charity ball.

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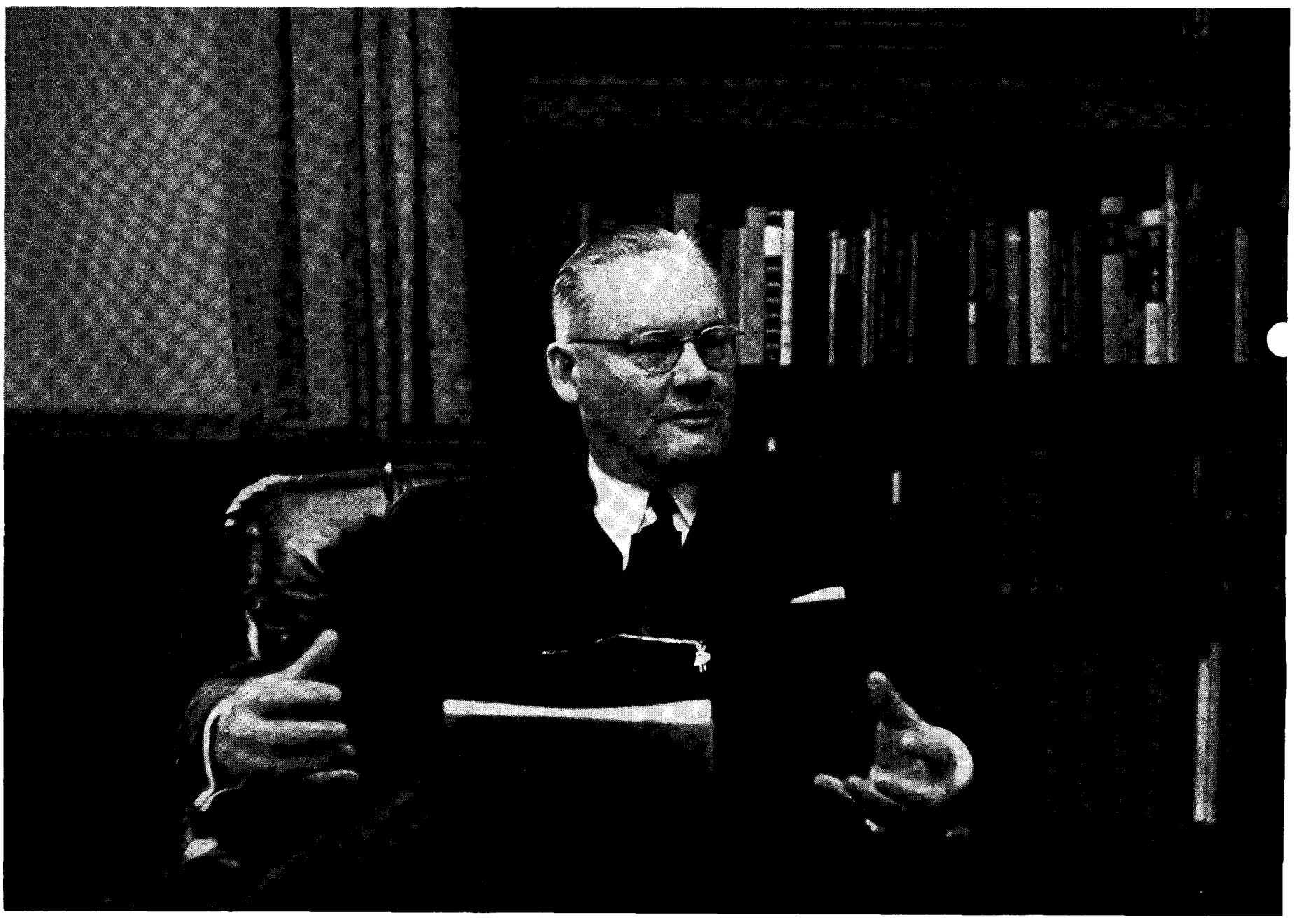

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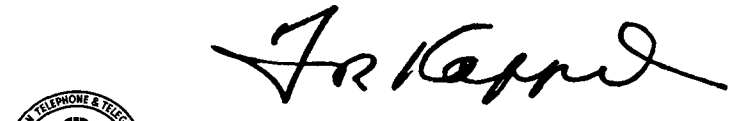
We go forward in this new year with a renewed resolve to serve the public and the nation in every possible way.



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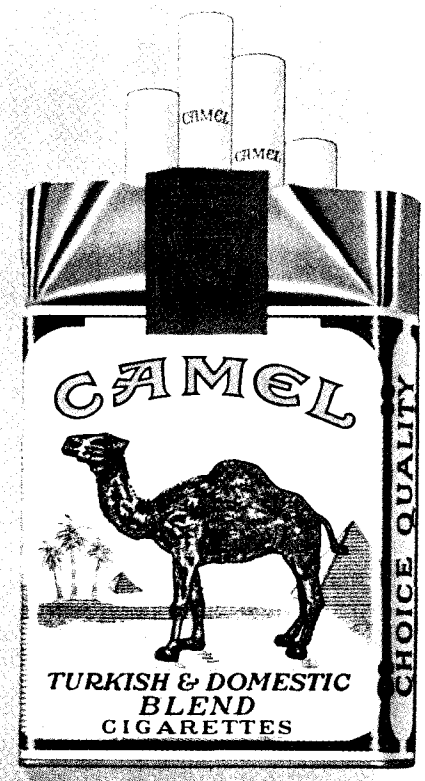

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JIM ARENDER — World's Champion Parachutist. His cigarette? Camel.

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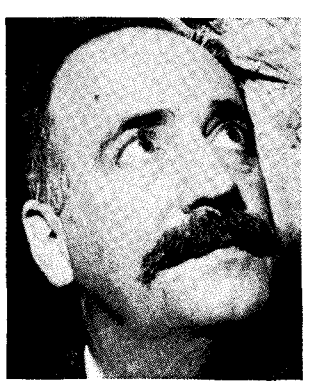
POST / FICTION

This week: 3 new Short Stories by these world famous authors

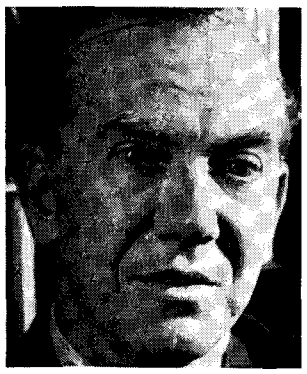
William Saroyan



William Saroyan has been a dominant figure on the literary scene ever since the publication, in 1934, of The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze. His most celebrated novel is The Human Comedy and he has also written Broadway hits. In March, Harcourt, Brace and World will publish a new Saroyan novel, Boys and Girls Together, from which the following story is taken.

Boys and Girls Together 38

Graham Greene



Graham Greene, the great British writer, built his reputation with The Power and the Glory, The Heart of the Matter and The Third Man. These successes, and his more recent novels—The Quiet American, Our Man in Havana—and such plays as The Potting Shed have made him a favorite of readers and playgoers all over the world. Many of his stories have been made into movies.

Dream of a Strange Land 44

Joan Williams

Joan Williams, 34, burst into fame last year when The Morning and the Evening, her tale of a Mississippi town, won the $10,000 John P. Marquand First Novel Award and the acclaim of critics. The novel's title was suggested by William Faulkner after Miss Williams had sent him a chapter for his appraisal. No Love for the Lonely is the first story she has published since the Marquand Award.

No Love for the Lonely 48

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If he could earn the money . . . or win it on the horses . . . everything might straighten out.

BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER

by William Saroyan

They were four and a family—the man, the woman, the small boy, the small girl, and [as with all families] there was something wrong with the whole thing, only now it was too late. In each of them there seemed to be a secret anguish about the struggle it was, every day, to understand the others. By turns they were enchanted and perplexed, delighted and outraged, entertained and bored; and yet most of the time in the most unaccountable manner *all* of it was fun of one kind or another, or at any rate could become pleasantly memorable, as when after the stupidest fight imaginable the man and woman began to move about in the house in silence, as if in memory of chances lost from long before they had met, and suddenly they looked at one another and each saw a total stranger but loved the stranger because now they were tangled in time and held captive by the two kids, and therefore laughed softly about it all, or hummed or sang or said strange words.

The man was 39, the woman 24, the boy five, the girl three. They lived in a square two-flat house tightly packed among identical houses on a fog-enveloped street in the Sunset district of San Francisco, less than a mile from the ocean, more than three miles from Nob Hill, more than three *thousand* miles from Times Square.

They lived in the bottom flat; the man worked in the top one. His work was to write, as it had been for 15 years. His stories and plays had earned him a name and more money than he had had in mind at the outset or had known how to manage, money which had in fact made him uncomfortable because it had put him with the successful and secure, but now after three years in the Army he was broke, in debt, bored with his name, with writing, and with art in general, because to the real people, the people in the real trouble, what good did art do? All the same, every morning he went upstairs to his work, hoping for something miraculous to come in the mail.

He saw the mail carrier coming down the street, so he went down to the garage, where the mail was dropped. The shelves along the entire far wall were loaded with books and magazines, and the baby-grand Pianola was there beside the gas furnace—the Pianola that had been in his last play on Broadway, the flop, the third flop in a row. The car was there, and all the junk from New York: the baby carriages and other things with wheels that small children are pushed around in; the cribs and canvas bathing tubs for infants, the toys, the tricycles and the boy's bicycle that he couldn't ride yet from the seat but could somehow ride, that he loved so much but could only have when someone was there to help and see that he didn't hurt himself. The garden tools, the pruning shears for the rose trees and bushes, the shovel and rake, the lawn mower.

Lord, he thought, *I ought to get up at seven and be at work in an office in town somewhere by nine and come home at six, and live the way everybody else around here does.*

One day when he was cutting the lawn and letting Johnny help—it was sundown then, about seven in the evening—a man came out onto the service porch of the top flat of the house just like his house, across the way, and called out to him, "What are you writing?"

The mail was good-for-nothing.

A woman in Richmond, Virginia, wrote to say that he had twice described someone as being cultured when the correct term was "cultivated." The woman asked if he had done this on purpose, as part of his style, or because he didn't know any better.

The lecture-bureau man who had been writing him for 15 years wrote again saying that he could arrange for a very profitable series of lectures at a moment's notice, in almost any part of the country, including the Far West.

There was a royalty statement from his publisher in New York which only reminded him that he was still in debt, even though his books had sold fairly well over a period of six months.

There was an invitation from a cousin who lived four or five miles across town to go to the races at Bay Meadows and make a killing.

There was a check for $27.81, which represented his share of the royalties from an anthology of one-act plays.

There was a letter from a girl who had been 11 years old when she had appeared in one of his plays on Broadway and was now 18, and there was a snapshot

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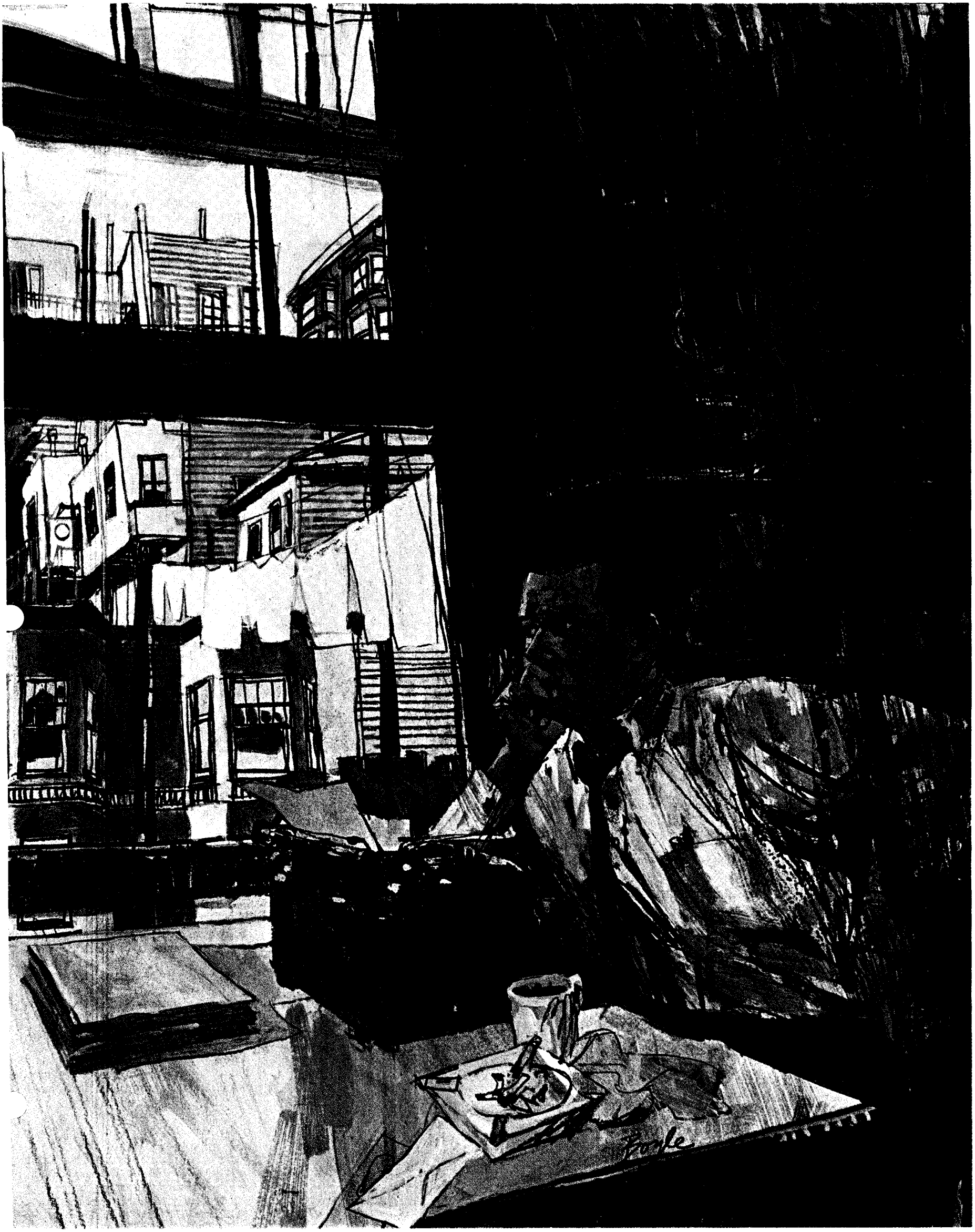

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BOYS & GIRLS

of her with the letter. She wore a low-cut evening dress so that he could see how nicely she had grown, and she said she would never forget him for picking her out of all the others and giving her a start in the theater. She was in Hollywood now, and when was he coming there to show them how to make moving pictures? She said her mother sent him her love and hoped he would visit them in their nice apartment when he got to Hollywood.

And there was a letter for his wife from her friend Lucretia in New York.

He put the letter with the small check in it, and the one with the snapshot in it, into the back pocket of his trousers, and then went up to the lower flat and let himself in with a key, calling out to the woman first so that she wouldn't be frightened. He handed her the mail, as she liked to look at everything.

"Is this all?"

"What's Lucretia say?"

"Are you sure you haven't kept some of the mail?"

"Go ahead. Open it and see what she's up to."

The woman tore open the fine envelope with the fancy writing all over it and glanced quickly at the first of the five or six pages of very thin paper, and then she said, "They're coming out to pay us a visit."

"The hell they are."

"They can stay upstairs."

"The hell they can. That's where I work. Now listen, I don't want any trouble about your friends. Things are tough enough around here without a couple of phonies from New York."

"They have to go to Hollywood. They only want to stop and say hello."

"Hello for a week? Write and tell her I'm working. I've *got* to work, and you know I'll never be able to with them around. It takes time even to *get ready* to work, and you're always arranging for something to happen that stops me from getting ready."

"Can't they come for just a *little* visit? She's my best friend, and he's such a great man."

"She's a bore and he's a bore."

"I never see anybody out here. Just the people you know. None of my people."

"Your people stink. Your sister was here for ten days a month ago. Two months before that your mother was here. Now don't try to make me put up with these two, too."

"OK. I'll write and tell her the kids are sick, but I think you're mean."

"The kids aren't sick. Tell her I'm working. She'll understand."

"I can't be rude."

"It's not rude to tell the truth. I *am* working. We're broke. I've got to see about getting hold of some money."

"OK, I'll tell her you're working."

"Don't have her drop in on us and then give me a long explanation about how you must have misdirected the letter telling her not to come because she hadn't received it, and now as long as she was here we couldn't turn her away. Don't do anything like that again. That was a dirty trick."

"She didn't get the letter."

"If she didn't, you didn't write a letter."

"You saw me mail it yourself."

"Then you didn't tell her not to come. You told her something else. Maybe you told her to pretend that she hadn't got the letter. All I know is that we agreed that you would write and tell her not to come because I was working, and then a taxi came up to the house and there she was with six suitcases all the way from New York. No more of that."

"OK."

"Just take care of your kids and let me see if I can start writing again."

"I miss my people."

"Your kids are your people now."

He went up the stairs and back to his worktable, but it was no use; he had no heart for the work, for the novel he was writing; he had been fighting the idea of abandoning it for days, and now he knew it was abandoned. He'd worked eight days for nothing. It was the tenth or eleventh job he had abandoned in 10 or 11 weeks. Well, he would have to start again and this time see that it was not a false start. But when he tried to think what would not be a false start, he could think of nothing that wouldn't; everything would be a false start; anything anybody might do would be a false start; there was no such thing as a true start.

He took the envelope with the snapshot in it, put a match to it and tossed it into the fireplace. Then he got the check out of the other envelope and put it in his wallet to have when he went to the bank.

The way things were, he wished his profession weren't writing, but that was silly. Writing *was* his profession; it had always been his profession, only now he didn't want to write, didn't want to try to write, never reached his worktable eager to see what he had written the previous day, the way it had been in the old days. All he wanted was money because he always needed money; maybe if he had enough of it once and for all—enough to pay his debts and buy a house somewhere where she could feel more at home, in Manhattan maybe, or Long Island, or Connecticut—maybe then she would feel at home and be able to get along with herself and the kids and him.

Maybe then he'd be able to get along with her, maybe help her over the hard times a little better, maybe find out why she had to bite her fingernails and be in despair so often; maybe if he could get hold of enough money all of a sudden, that would be how he would be able to forget all about money and be free to think about her only, and the kids, and the work, and she wouldn't be forever discontented, wanting a better house, better clothes, better times, and all the other things she seemed to be dreaming about all the time. Maybe then she wouldn't feel she was losing her youth and beauty for nothing; she'd calm down and see that what she had was just about as much as any woman could ever get, and maybe she'd be thankful for it and make the most of it and not go off by herself in her head dreaming up desperate ways to make up for the loss of her youth and beauty, writing to her friends as if she were writing from a penitentiary, asking them to visit her, for God's sake come and see her, telegraphing them, screaming at them at the top of her voice on the telephone and then, after talking about hats and shoes and dresses and who'd cheated on whom and why, hanging up on a bill for $36.75 and wandering around in despair, unable to fix a simple supper for the kids, or make a sandwich for herself, or think of anything to do.

If he could get hold of $30,000 straight off and be out of debt and have enough left over for a down payment on a new house and $500 to go in her pocketbook for anything she felt like buying, everything might straighten out and he might be able to get ready to work and then actually write again.

He couldn't get to work, the way things were, because he couldn't get ready to. He was willing to believe that it was just as important to work for the family, for the kids and for her, as it was to work at his profession, but the way things were he just couldn't afford not to try to work at his profession, too. If he were rich he'd be glad to help her all the time and let his work go.

There's the typewriter, he thought. *Sit down and write.*

He put paper into the machine and began to work, but after an hour he knew it wouldn't do. He wasn't ready.

He had always believed he could write under any circumstances, any set of circumstances, but now he knew he couldn't

He could still read a little, but he was finding a lot of fault with everything he was reading too.

He was trying to think of an entire work, something that would turn out to be full, that he could do in two or three months, when she let herself in and said, "What you doing?"

"I'm trying to think of something to write in two or three months in short daily installments."

"I wish you knew how much he admires you."

"Who?"

"Leander."

"They can't come, and I don't want to hear any more about it."

"He told me you're the greatest writer in America."

"For your own sake, stop lying, will you?"

"It's not a lie. He told me at a party, when you were overseas."

"Well, I don't want them here; that's all. If they come to town you can take a taxi and spend an afternoon and evening with them."

"Can I? You said I could. Don't take it back."

"OK."

"And you'll let me buy a new dress so I won't look like a dog when I see them? Nothing expensive, just something new, something under fifty dollars."

"OK."

"And you'll come downstairs and stay with the kids so I can go to the beauty parlor?"

"OK."

"I mean now. My appointment's for eleven, and it's already ten after."

"When did you make it?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Why? You've got to get the kids their lunch and get them in bed for their naps."

"Oh, won't you do it for me, just this once?"

"Why not make the appointment for tomorrow when they're napping, the way you always do once a week when you go to the beauty parlor?"

"Well, after I'm finished at the beauty parlor I thought I'd buy the dress. I don't have to have cash for it. I'll charge it."

"OK., let's have it. What are you trying to tell me?"

"They'll be here tomorrow morning. I telephoned and told them to go to the Fairmont because ——"

"The kids are sick?"

"I just *couldn't* tell them you were working. They'd never understand. And Rosey *has* a running nose."

"OK."

They went downstairs to the lower flat.

"Could you let me have some money for the taxi and beauty parlor?"

"OK."

He gave her two tens and a five, but she wanted more, so he gave her another ten. The doorbell rang, and when he opened it he saw that it was a taxi driver. The woman kissed him and said, "About five, I guess, but maybe a little later."

"OK."

He went to the kitchen and looked into the refrigerator to see what might be possible for their lunch, and then into the cupboard, the vegetable bin and everywhere else that food was kept. There wasn't much, but there was enough. He'd give them breakfast again, or some soup out of a can, and mashed potatoes. The back door was open, but he couldn't hear them fighting, so he went out onto the steps and saw that they were lying under an army blanket talking quietly and looking up, either at the sky or at the top of their house or at the houses all around or at nothing. The neighbor on the left, Turandi Turanda, was working quietly in his vegetable garden. Either they had already had their fun with him or they hadn't noticed that he had stepped out of his house, for they always talked

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mother, may I borrow the wig tonight?"

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with him, the boy climbing the fence and hanging on to see over it, the girl getting up on an apple box to look over and watch and talk too.

He stepped back into the kitchen and began to peel the potatoes. By the time the water was boiling he heard the three of them talking. The man was a plasterer by trade, more or less retired, so he spent a lot of time in his garden, and he either liked the kids or put up with them because they were always there and there was nothing he could do about it. Sometimes he lifted the little girl and walked around with her in his garden, and the boy would hoist himself over the fence and let himself down, falling part of the way and skinning his hands a little.

They seemed to be friends, the three of them, and the man's wife (whenever she came out into the yard) talked with them and admired the girl and teased the boy about putting him in a hole in the ground. But it was all play, and the boy only hollered at her because he knew she would never put him in a hole in the ground.

Their voices grew louder, so he stepped to the door to see what it was all about. Turandi Turanda was standing at the fence, looking down at them and talking. The boy was holding a tennis ball, and the girl wanted it, but he wouldn't let her have it.

"You be a good boy, Johnny," Turanda said. "You give her the ball. You got other things."

The boy handed the ball to the girl. "OK, I'm a good boy," he said.

Turanda smiled and looked around to see if anybody had heard, and then he said, "There, Rosey, see? Johnny's a good boy. Tell him thanks."

"Yes, he is a good boy," the girl said. She said it softly and sweetly. "Thanks, Johnny, my little brother."

The neighbor went back to his garden, and the man thought, *He's a fine man, that Turandi Turanda.*

He got them their lunch and took off their clothes and put them in their beds and went to the living room and tuned the radio to the station that gave the race results.

He got the morning paper and turned to the sports section and studied the entries at all of the tracks and picked a horse in the fifth at Laurel. He telephoned the bookie where his credit was good and bet the horse six hundred across the board and began to wait for the results, chain-smoking and feeling sick because all he had in the bank was $140.

The horse wasn't in the money, so he made the same bet on a horse in the seventh, but that horse ran third, so he owed the bookie $820 instead of $1,200, which is what he would have owed if the horse had run out of the money. But that wasn't winning—that wasn't even getting out of debt to the bookie—so he bet a horse in the last race at one of the eastern tracks, but that horse wasn't in the money either, so now he owed the bookie $1,420.

He bet $900 across the board on a horse in the first race at Bay Meadows, post position one, Longden up, maiden three-year-olds, six furlongs.

If it didn't get in the money he would owe the bookie $2,320, which meant that he would have to borrow $2,500 from somebody, only there wasn't anybody to borrow from. But the horse won and paid a pretty good price.

He sat down and tried to think, and then got up and walked around, even though he hadn't figured his winnings yet. When he figured them he was astonished to discover that they came to so much: $1,880, net. Well, he couldn't pay his debts with it, but at least he *had* it, and it was better than needing to go out and try to borrow $2,500.

He got into the shower, put on fresh clothes and felt a little easier. Now, instead of having only $140, he had a little better than $2,000. He could bet another horse and maybe win again, but the hell with it. All he'd wanted was to get something, and he had, he'd gotten more than he had expected to get, so it was enough. Maybe if he could have a little luck like that every day he could get hold of enough money to pay the debts and have something left over for the other things.

He dressed the kids and put the girl in her chair in the car and drove to town. He put the car in the garage a block and a half from the bookie's and asked the man to fill the tank and check the oil and water and tires. He told the kids he was going to get a package of cigarettes and would be back in a minute, and not to move. He went up to the bookie's and chatted with the boys a few minutes, and then Leo looked into his book and said, "Eighteen-eighty, right?" And counted the money out and thanked him, as he always did.

He took the money and put it in his pocket and chatted with the boys some more, and then went back to the car.

The kids were laughing together about something.

He drove out Geary to the ocean, along the ocean four or five miles, and then he stopped where some new houses were being built, and he and the boy piled scraps of lumber in the back of the car for the fireplace, because doing that made the boy happier than anything else he knew how to do. He drove home and left the car out front and took the kids for a walk to a drugstore and got them each, and himself, an ice-cream soda.

It wouldn't be so bad if he could get hold of money that way any time he needed it.

He was clean and calm sitting with the kids in the booth in the ice-cream-parlor part of the drugstore, and that's what a man wanted, that's what he always wanted, to be clean and calm, his kids across a table from him with their new eyes, new voices, hands and fingers, hair and lips, teeth and nostrils and ears, moisture and skin, their new beating hearts and working lungs; that's all any man ever wanted, just to be decently at peace with himself and his woman and to have his kids around and happy about vanilla and chocolate and soda, the long spoon and the straws, and the drama of other people around, the druggist, the girl who brought the stuff, the boy who made it, and the other people having other stuff.

All any man ever wanted was peace, and the only way he could have it was to have money, and now he had a little. Betting the races was the best way to get money if you had to get it that way at all. You never hurt anybody by winning on the races because whatever you got you got anonymously and whoever lost because he had picked another horse in the same race was unknown to you. It was a dirty business, but if you won, it certainly made a difference.

He asked the kids if they would like to go to the notion store across the street and have a look at the junk, and they said they would, so they went there and he let them have one thing each because having too much, or being free to have too much, made them unhappy, confused them, so the girl had a blown-up red balloon on a stick, and the boy had a gyroscope in a square pasteboard box. They stepped out into the street and began to walk home, but the man noticed that the old North Carolina barber whose shop had only one chair had nobody in the chair so he asked the kids if they would sit nicely while he got a haircut, and they said they would, so he got a haircut.

Then he stepped into the Safeway, to the butcher's counter, and bought four thick sirloins and six French lamb chops, but didn't buy anything else because you had to stand in line to pay and have your stuff wrapped everywhere except at the butcher's. In the delicatessen next door, owned by the lady who loved her big ugly cat and was always making rugs out of rags and listening to the radio, he bought six cans of chili with beans, and that was enough to carry, so they walked home. He and the boy unloaded the pieces of lumber from the car to the basement. He took up an armful, put them in the fireplace and lighted the fire, because they all liked to see a fire.

The red balloon popped, and the little girl looked astonished, as she always did when a balloon popped.

"It was *my* balloon," the girl said. "I want my balloon."

She held what was left of it, the thin, limp, absurd-looking rubber and the skinny stick, and she didn't like it. The man examined the wreckage, got a piece of string and tied some of the rubber together. He undid the neck from the stick to which it was attached and blew into it, and the little girl saw the balloon again, lopsided, even the color different, tied ends hanging loose, but she laughed and liked it. When she had her balloon again she squeezed it and let it fall and bounce, but the boy just sat and watched the fire.

"What is fire?" he said.

"What we see there."

"But what is it?"

"What it really is I don't know," the man said. "But I know that the sun in the sky is fire."

"It's my balloon," the girl said. "Johnny can't have it."

"I got this," the boy said. He lifted the square pasteboard box containing the gyroscope. "Whatever it is."

"It's a gyroscope."

"What does it do?"

"It turns."

"What's it for?"

"To look at when it turns. It's beautiful then."

The boy lifted the top off the square pasteboard box and turned the box over so that the gyroscope would slide out into his hand. He held it up and looked at it.

The girl squeezed the lopsided balloon, rubbed it against her face, tossed it up, watched it fall. The boy looked at the gyroscope and then let it rest on the floor and looked back at the fire. He had been sitting on the floor. Now he stretched out full-length on his belly, resting his chin in the palm of his right hand. The man poked the fire and put more wood on it, squares and angles of house lumber, all kinds of shapes piled together.

"It looks like a church burning," the boy said.

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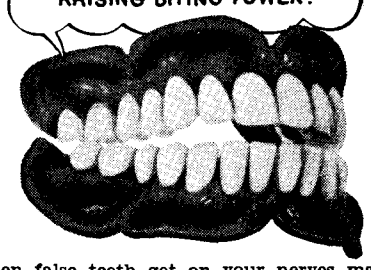

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BOYS & GIRLS

The man looked to see if this was so, and it *did* look like a church burning.

"But nobody's in it," the boy said. "They never burn churches with people in them. They always get the people out and then burn them, so the people can see the fires. Do they ring the bells when they burn churches?"

"I don't believe they do," the man said. "But when the bells fall they make quite a lot of noise."

"Did you see a church burn?"

"Yes, I did. I was a little older than you are now. It was at night, and everybody ran. You couldn't go close because the fire made so much heat. You could hear the fire cracking the wood, and things falling inside the church, and then at last the bells fell and rang. We went home then, and the next day it was all black there, like the ashes after a fire burns in a fireplace."

"I don't like it when it's black in the fireplace," the boy said.

They sat and talked quietly for an hour, and then he heard a taxi out front and in a moment the woman let herself in. The taxi driver carried half a dozen packages. The little girl ran, and the woman hugged her and kissed her and talked to her, and then she told the taxi driver where to put the packages, on her bed. She handed him some money, and the man tipped his hat and thanked her and went out. The woman closed the door and stood hushed with excitement and happiness.

"Wait till you see the things I've bought."

She picked up the boy and danced around with him and put him down again "Do you like my hair?"

She removed the scarf wrapped over her hair, and the red fell down, new and bright.

"It's beautiful, Mamma," the boy said.

"Oh, Johnny. Wait till you see mamma's new dress. Shall I put it on now?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"Shall I?" the woman said to the man.

"Sure. Let's have a look at it. You look fine."

The woman hugged the man, ran off to the bedroom and closed the door, but the little girl opened the door and went on in, and then the boy went in too. The man heard them talking in there, and then the woman came out.

"It cost a hundred, but we've got so many debts anyway I thought you wouldn't care. Do you like it?"

"Yes. You look fine."

"I bought some other things too. I'll show them to you afterwards."

"OK."

"They cost about a hundred, too, but they're things I need, shoes and stockings and brassieres and perfume. You won't make me send them back, will you? It's so humiliating. Just this once more. I've got everything now."

"No. You can keep them."

"Some women spend a thousand for one dress."

"*You look fine in this one.*"

"I thought you'd be angry."

"No, it's OK. I'm glad you got the stuff."

"Really? How come?"

"Take it off now and get supper for the kids. We'll eat after they're in bed. I've bought lamb chops for them and sirloins for us."

"All right," the woman said. . . . "Johnny, Rosey, go to your room and play until mamma gets supper."

The children went down the hall to their room. The woman closed the door behind them, then came to the man and put her arms around him and said, "I love you so much. I love our life together so much. I love Johnny and Rosey so much."

The man held her gently, then tightly.

"Wait till you see me tonight."

She was happy because she had new things to wear and she'd been to the beauty parlor and her friends from New York would be in town tomorrow and she would get all dressed up and go and see them and let them see her.

The woman made the kids a good supper of broiled lamb chops, boiled spinach, stewed fruit out of a can, and milk. They didn't finish everything, but they did pretty well. She gave them each two teaspoonfuls of the thick brown syrup that was supposed to have everything in it, that they seemed to like to take, that she had been giving them every night after supper for more than a month. It had a name that made it sound like it ought to be something somebody had figured out carefully. The doctor said it was a good thing. He gave it to his own kids, he said. It looked like molasses, but didn't smell as good. It didn't smell fishy, but it didn't smell like candy, either.

"Can I have a bath tonight?" the boy said.

"Ask papa."

The boy went into the living room and said, "Can I have a bath tonight, Papa?"

"Ask mamma."

The boy's face winked. "Papa," he said, "I *asked* mamma. She said, 'Ask papa.' I'll ask Rosey."

He ran back to the kitchen, to keep up with the joke. "Rosey," he said, "can I have a bath tonight?"

The little girl looked at him sideways, knowing it was a joke. "Not tonight," she said. "because I'm too tired."

The boy watched her.

"Because you was a bad boy," she said.

He watched some more.

"Because you hit your little sister," she said.

He just had to watch a little longer.

"Because there's no water," she said.

Would there be more?

"Because you're a poopoo," she said.

More?

"Pohpoh," she said.

She ran into the living room with the fun. "Isn't Johnny a pohpoh, Papa?"

"Is he?"

"I saw him. He's a pohpoh and a poopoo and a piepie. That's why he can't have a bath tonight. He's a paypay. He's a peepee," she said and laughed.

"Peepee?" the boy said. "I'll peepee you if you say I'm a peepee."

"Shall I give him a bath?" the woman said. "Shall I give them both a bath? I bathed them both night before last."

"Bathe them," the man said. "I'll straighten out the kitchen."

"What about their sheets? I haven't changed them in days. It must be a week at least."

"Change them. I'll get supper too."

"All right. If they're going to get clean, they might as well get into clean beds too. Will you make a green salad, with the wine vinegar from Vanessi's?"

"Sure."

"Yum, yum," the woman said, "if you know what I mean."

She's happy, all right. She'd be happy all the time if nobody ever had to do anything but have fun and never had to think about anything else. She's right too. She's got a perfect system if it would work. I'd go for that system any day if it would work.

They were eating. It might have been the thousandth time.

"What did you write today?"

"When?"

"This morning, when you went upstairs."

"I've forgotten the precise words, but they were words."

"What did you expect them to be?"

"That's all they were."

"That's all any writing is, isn't it?"

"No, that's precisely what writing isn't."

"Well, what were the words about, then?"

"Nothing. If writing were words, writing would be easy. Writing is stuff that happens in spite of words. There's no other way for writing to happen than with words, but at the same time it's got to happen in spite of them. The thing that gets you in writing is the story the words themselves don't tell but make you know. It's something like that."

"Well, what did you think about, then?"

"I thought about money. It's the only thing I think about. Most people forget it. I can't. I think about it all the time."

"We need an awful lot, don't we?"

"We need thirty thousand. To start, I mean."

"Would that pay the debts and everything?"

"Yes. I figured it out on a piece of paper, and thirty thousand would pay the debts and leave a little."

"How much?"

"About seven thousand."

"What could we do with that?"

"Take it and run. Sit on it. Look at it. Smell it. Put it in silver dollars and stack them up in piles in the living room. I was thinking of paving the hall with them. It wouldn't take more than two thousand, and it would make quite an impression on visitors."

"On me too. What else did you think?"

"I thought if I changed a thousand dollars into dimes—just a measly thousand—this would be a rather petty and annoying thing because they're such small coins."

"What else?"

"I thought if I had a nickel for every dollar I've spent in my life I'd still be rich because twenty nickels makes a dollar and there ought to be at least two hundred thousand of them."

"How did you spend two hundred thousand dollars?"

"You tell me."

"You spent most of it before you met me."

"I spent a little after I met you."

"How much?"

"Thirty thousand a year, I suppose."

"Six years. What's that come to?"

"A hundred and eighty thousand."

"Is that all?"

"Maybe it was forty thousand a year. That would make it two hundred and forty thousand."

"You spent something the year we weren't married too."

"I would have spent that anyway."

"You would have spent the two hundred and forty thousand anyway, too, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, maybe it's not the spending that makes the difference; maybe it's whether or not you're earning it to spend, and now I'm not. I haven't written anything that has earned anything since I got out of the Army."

"Or since you got in. How many years is that?"

"Three in, three out. Six."

"That's how long we've been married too."

"Yes, it is."

"Have you written anything that has made any money since we met?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't. The money all came from stuff I wrote before we met."

"I'm hurt. Aren't I inspiring?"

"Awe-inspiring."

"I thought a wife always inspired her husband."

"To think about money, perhaps."

"Do I spend as much as all that?"

"You don't spend much. I just don't write anything. All I do is think about money."

"Do you love money?"

"I *need* money. I don't hate money, but I hate to need it so badly."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"Be poor, I suppose. Wear out our clothes. Make the most of everything we have. Enjoy the things that don't cost anything or cost only a little. Improve our health. Be happy. Forget money and remember everything else."

"How are we going to pay the debts?"

"Maybe we aren't. At least not for a while. Not until we've forgotten about money for so long that all of a sudden we find that I've written a few things that are worth something."

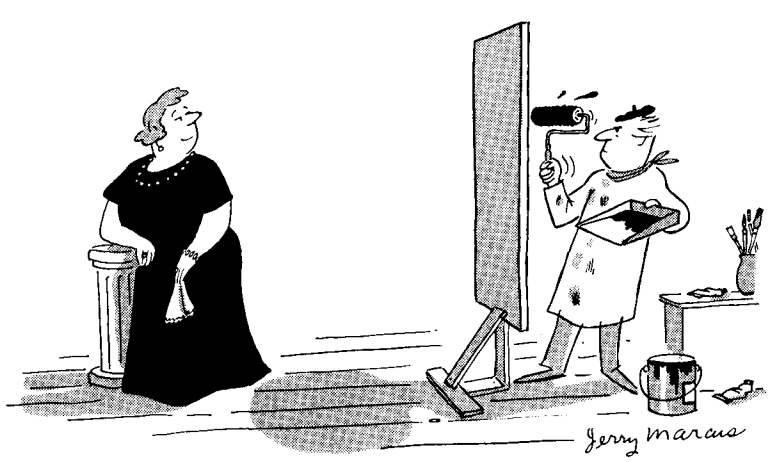
"Will that happen?"

"It *could* happen; it used to happen all the time."

"I don't like to be poor."

"I know you don't. But it's not nearly as bad as you think."

"I hate being poor."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It's not so bad. It makes people more alive. Even when I used to get money, I never stopped being poor."

"That's silly."

"What happens is that if you let yourself get rich in money you get poor in living."

"No, you don't. The richer you get in money the richer you get in living and everything else."

"You get poor in living. You get poverty-stricken. The more money you get, the more like a beggar you become. A man who doesn't think about money is a lord. A man who does is a cripple with his hand held out. I think about money all the time. It's humiliating."

"Don't you sometimes think about something else too?"

"No. Everything else I think about turns out to be money too."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"I think about money a lot, too," the woman said, "but I think more about other things too."

"It's all money you think about," the man said. "You think you think about other things, too, but you don't. You never do. If you did, you'd be a different person."

"Don't you like the person I am?"

"The person you are isn't an easy person to like."

"Well, you can get a divorce, then."

"No, I can't."

"You can get a divorce anytime you feel like it. Get it tomorrow. I don't want to be married to a man who doesn't love me. I don't want a man to make love to me who doesn't love me. Get a divorce tomorrow. Why can't you get a divorce tomorrow?"

"I can't afford it."

"Get a divorce tomorrow."

"I can't leave the kids, either."

"You can leave me, but you can't leave the kids. Get your lousy divorce tomorrow."

"I can't, and shut up."

He left the table, walked around in the living room, poked the fire and put some more wood on it.

"I don't want a man to love me who doesn't love me," the woman screamed.

He went into the kitchen. The woman got up from her chair and ran to the other side of the table, away from him.

"If you don't love me, get out!"

"I told you I don't want the kids to hear that screaming."

"Get out!" the woman screamed, then fell to the floor, sobbing the way that made him think of money all the time and wouldn't let him think of anything else.

He lifted the woman and held her in his arms.

"You mustn't let yourself scream that way. I want to love you. Why don't you let me? It's easy to let me. You don't have to do anything but be on the level and love Johnny and Rosey and not talk about it."

When she had stopped sobbing he walked with her to the living room and sat with her there, looking at the fire. It was a small fire now, barely a fire at all. The door of the bedroom opened and the little girl wandered out into the hall, sobbing the lonely, inconsolable way her mother had just sobbed, naked and sobbing.

The woman ran to the girl and took her in her arms.

"Did you have a bad dream? It's all gone now. You don't have to cry any more. You sit on the toddy, and mamma'll give you some water, and then you go right back to sleep."

He heard the girl stop crying, and then he heard the woman and the girl talking softly.

When the woman came back, she said, "I'm afraid she heard us. I'm so ashamed."

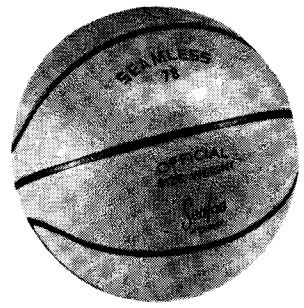
The man was about to say, "What good is it to be ashamed, to *say* you're ashamed, to *talk* your life, and therefore mine, and theirs? *Live* the damned thing, and *don't* be ashamed. Don't give yourself reason to be ashamed. Just stop pretending to be the richest girl in America, and the most beautiful girl in the world, and the wittiest girl since the beginning of time, and just stop being the cleverest, the silliest, the most pathetic psychopathic liar and phony outside any loonybin in the world, and you won't need to scream every other day like a tortured soul in hell," but he remembered that he had said it all before, and it was useless.

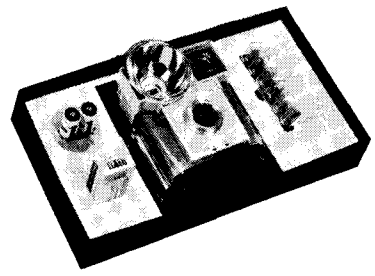
He was a writer, but he was also stupid; he knew nothing, he understood nothing, so why should he holler at her again? *If she is in fact mad, be glad she's mad; make being mad a form of genius, the truest superiority, the only royalty.* And so he said nothing, only smiled until she smiled, and then turned away and walked around the house in silence, in memory of chances lost, children never met, churches burning, and the broken tolling of the falling bells, but in the end again he thought, *If I had $30,000 I could straighten this out.* **THE END**

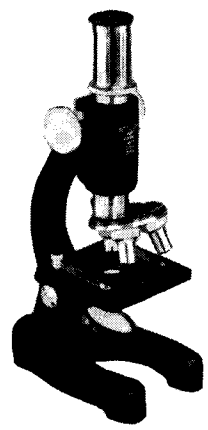
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, here's one nice guy that finished first."

BOYS! EARN MONEY AND PRIZES







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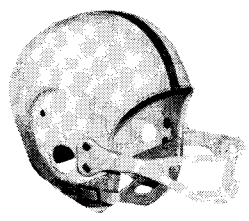

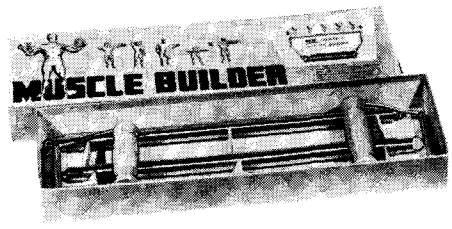

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There was one

DREAM OF A STRANGE LAND

By Graham Greene

The house of the Herr Professor was screened on every side by the plantation of fir trees which grew among great gray rocks. Although it was only 20 minutes' ride from the capital, and then a few minutes from the main road to the north, a visitor had the impression that he was in deep country; he felt himself to be hundreds of miles away from the cafés, the kiosks, the opera house and the theaters.

The Herr Professor had virtually retired two years ago when he reached the age of 65. His place at the hospital had been filled, he had closed his office in the capital, and if he continued to work, it was only for a few favored patients who were compelled to drive out to see him, or if they were poor (for he had not clung to a few rich patients only) to take a bus which landed them a 10-minute walk away at the edge of the trees and the rocks.

It was one of these poorer patients who stood now in the doctor's study hearing his doom pronounced. The study had folding pitch-pine doors leading to the living room, which the patient had never seen. A heavy dark bookcase stood against a wall, full of heavy dark books, all obviously medical in character. (No one had ever seen the Herr Professor with any lighter literature, nor heard him give an opinion of even the most respected classic. Once, questioned on Madame Bovary's poisoning, he had professed complete ignorance of the book, and another time he had shown himself to be equally ignorant of Ibsen's treatment of syphilis in *Ghosts*.) The desk was as heavy and dark as the bookcase; only a desk that heavy could have borne without creaking the massive bronze paperweight more than a foot high that represented Prometheus chained to his rock with a hovering eagle thrusting its beak into his liver. (Sometimes, breaking the news to a patient with cirrhosis, the professor referred to his paperweight with dry humor.)

The patient wore a shabby, genteel suit of dark cloth; the cuffs had frayed and been repaired. He wore stout boots which had seen just as long a service. In the hall behind him, visible through the open door, hung an overcoat and an umbrella, and a pair of galoshes stood in the steel trough under the umbrella, the snow not yet melted from their uppers. He was a man past 50 who had spent all his adult years behind the counter of a bank in the capital, and by patient labor and courtesy he had risen to the position of second cashier. He would never be first cashier, for the first cashier was at least five years younger.

The Herr Professor had a short gray beard, and he wore old-fashioned glasses, steel-rimmed, for his short sight. His rather hairy hands were scattered with grave-marks. As he seldom smiled, one had very little opportunity to see his strong and perfect teeth. He said firmly, caressing Prometheus as he spoke, "I warned you when you first came that my treatment might have started too late to arrest the disease. Now the smear test shows ——"

"But, Herr Professor, you have been treating me all these months. No one knows about it. I can go on working at the bank. Can't you continue to treat me a little longer?"

"I would be breaking the law," the Herr Professor explained, making a motion as though his thumb and forefinger clutched a chalk. "Contagious cases must always go to the hospital."

"But you yourself, Professor, have said that it is one of the most difficult of all diseases to catch."

"And yet you caught it."

"How? How?" the patient asked with the weariness of a man who has confronted the same question time and again.

"Perhaps it was when you were working on the coast. There are many contacts in a port."

"Contacts?"

"I assume that you are a man like other men."

"But that was seven years ago."

"One has known the disease to take ten years to develop."

"It will be the end of my work, Herr Professor. The bank will never take me back. My pension will be very small."

"You take an exaggerated view. After a certain period, Hansen's disease is quite curable."

"Why don't you call it by its proper name?"

"The International Congress decided ten years ago to change the name."

"The world hasn't changed the name, Herr Professor. If you send me to that hospital, everyone will know that I am a leper."

"I have no choice. But I assure you, you will find it very comfortable. There is television, I believe, in every room, and a golf course."

The Herr Professor showed no impatience at all, unless the fact that he did not ask the patient to sit and stood himself, stiff and straight-backed behind Prometheus and the eagle, was a sign of it.

"Herr Professor, I implore you. I will not breathe a word to a soul. You can treat me just as well as the hospital can. You've said yourself that the risk of contagion is very small, Herr Professor. I have my savings—they are not very great, but I will give them all ——"

"My dear sir, you must not try to bribe me. It is not only insulting; it is a gross error of taste. I am sorry. I must ask you to go now. My time is very much occupied."

"Herr Professor, you have no idea what it means to me. I lead a very simple life, but if a man is alone in the world, he grows to love his habits. I go to a café by the lake every day at seven o'clock and stay there till eight. They all know me in the café. Sometimes I play a game of checkers. On Sunday I take the lake steamer to ——"

"Your habits will have to be interrupted for a year or two," the Herr Professor said sharply.

"Interrupted? You say interrupted? But I can never go back. Never. Leprosy is a word—it isn't a disease. They'll never believe leprosy can be cured. You can't cure a word."

"You will be getting a certificate signed by the hospital authorities," the Herr Professor said.

"A certificate? I might just as well carry a bell."

He moved to the door, the hall, his umbrella and the galoshes; the Herr Professor, with a sigh of relief which was almost inaudible, seated himself at his desk. But the patient had turned back. "Is it that you don't trust me to keep quiet, Herr Professor?"

"I have every belief, I assure you, that you would keep quiet—for your own sake. But you cannot expect a doctor of my standing to break the

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And when the

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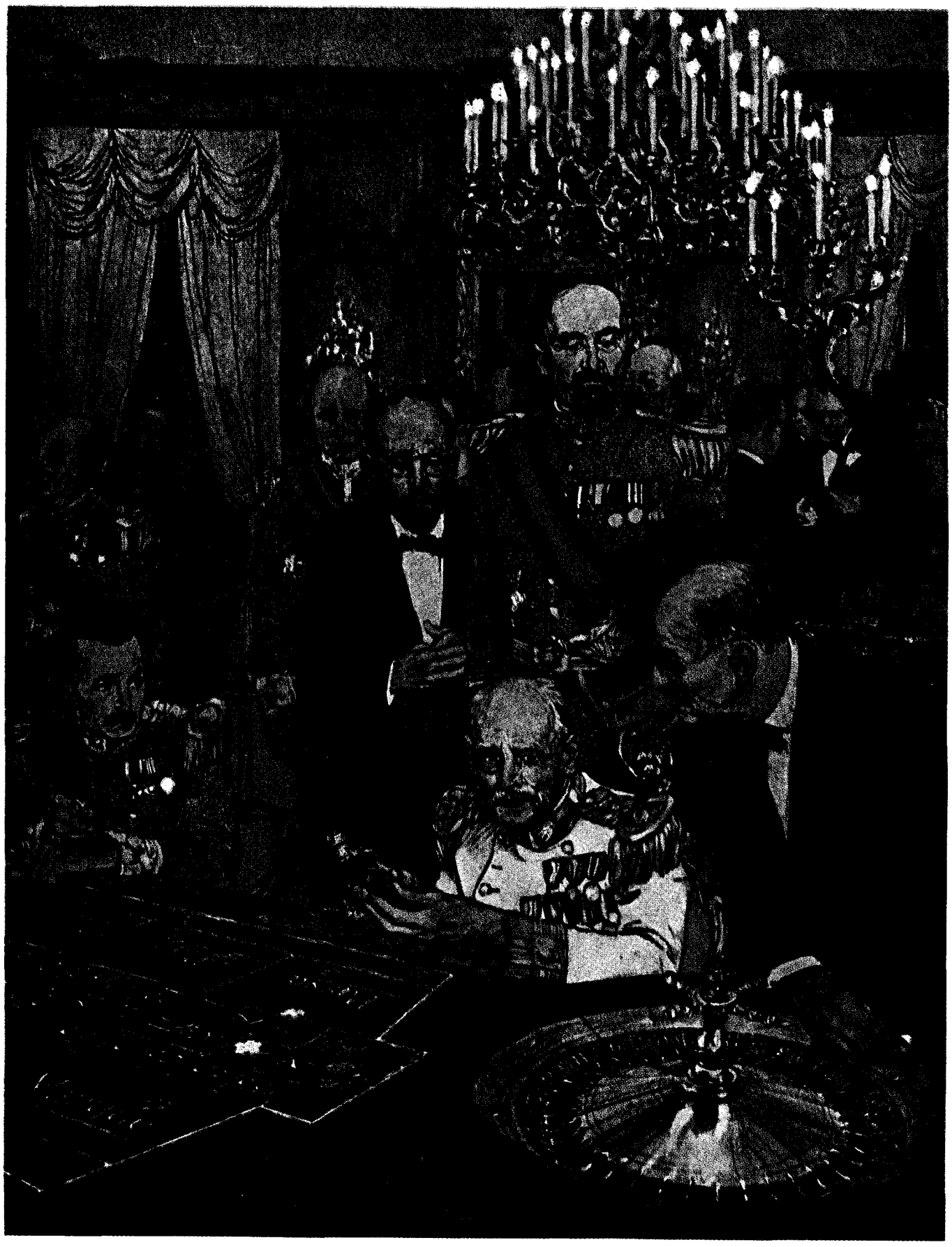
law for the patient and another law for the doctor.

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY DEEL



general decided to gamble, there was no law at all!

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DREAM law—a sensible and necessary law. If it had not been infringed somewhere by someone you would not be standing here today. Good-bye, Herr ——" But the patient had already closed the outer door and had begun to walk back amongst the rocks and firs toward the road, the bus stop and the capital. The Herr Professor went to the window to make sure that he was truly gone and saw him among the snowflakes which drifted lightly among the trees: The patient paused once and gesticulated with his hands as though a new argument had occurred to him which he was practicing on a rock. Then he padded on and disappeared from sight.

The Herr Professor opened the sliding doors of the dining room and made his way to the sideboard, which was as heavy as his desk. Instead of the Prometheus, there stood on it a large silver flagon inscribed with the Herr Professor's name and a date more than 40 years past—an award for fencing. Beside the flagon lay a large silver *epergne*, also inscribed, a present from the staff of the hospital on his retirement. The Herr Professor took a hard green apple and walked back to his study. He sat down at his desk again, and his teeth went "crunch, crunch, crunch."

Later that morning the Herr Professor received another caller, but this one arrived at the house in a Mercedes-Benz car, and the Herr Professor himself went to the door to show him in.

"Herr Colonel," he said, pulling forward the only chair of any comfort to be found in his study, "this, I hope, is only a friendly call and not a professional one."

"I am never ill," the colonel said with a look of irritated amusement at the very idea. "My blood pressure is normal, my weight is what it should be, and my heart's sound. I function like a machine. Indeed I find it difficult to believe that this machine need ever wear out. I have no worries; my nervous system is perfectly adjusted ——"

"Then I'm relieved to know, Herr Colonel, that this is a social call."

"The army," the colonel went on, crossing his long slim legs encased in English tweed, "is the most healthy profession possible—naturally I mean in a neutral country like ours. The annual maneuvers do one a world of good, brace the system, clean the blood ——"

"I wish I could recommend them to my patients."

"Oh, we can't have sick men in the army." The colonel added with a dry laugh, "We leave that to the warring nations. They can never have our efficiency."

The Herr Professor offered the colonel a cigar. The colonel took a cutter from a little leather case and prepared the cigar. "You have met the Herr General?" he asked.

"On one or two occasions."

"He is celebrating his seventieth birthday tonight."

"Really? A very well-preserved man."

"Naturally. Now his friends—of whom I count myself the chief—have been arranging a very special occasion for him. You know, of course, his favorite hobby?"

"I can't say ——"

"The tables. For the last fifty years he has spent most of his leaves at Monte Carlo."

"He too must have a good nervous system."

"Of course. Now it occurred to his friends, since he cannot spend his birthday at Monte Carlo because of a quite temporary indisposition, to bring, as it were, the tables to him."

"How can that be possible?"

"Everything was satisfactorily arranged. A croupier from Cannes and two assistants. All the necessary equipment. One of my friends was to have lent us his house in the country. You understand that everything has to be very discreet because of our absurd laws. You would think the police on such an occasion would turn a blind eye, but among the higher officials there is a great jealousy of the army. I once heard the commissioner remark—at a party to which I was surprised to see that he had been invited—that the only wars in which our country had ever been engaged were fought by *his* men."

"I don't follow."

"Oh, he was referring to crime. An absurd comparison. What has crime to do with war?"

The Herr Professor said, "You were telling me that everything had been satisfactorily arranged?"

"With the Herr General Director of the National Bank. But suddenly today he telephoned to say that a child—a girl as one might expect—has developed scarlet fever. The household therefore is in quarantine."

"The Herr General will be disappointed."

"The Herr General knows nothing of all this. He understands that a party is being given in his honor in the country—that is all."

"And you come to me," the Herr Professor said, trying to hide his mystification, which he regarded as a professional weakness, "hoping I can suggest ——?"

"I come to you, Herr Professor, quite simply to borrow your house for this evening. The problem can be reduced to very simple terms. The house has to be in the country—I have explained to you why. It must have a salon of a certain size—to receive the tables. We can hardly have less than three, since the guests will number about a hundred. And the owner of the house must naturally be acceptable to the Herr General. There are houses a great deal larger than yours that the general could not be expected to enter as a guest. We could hardly, in this case, requisition."

"I am honored, of course, Herr Colonel, but ——"

"These doors slide back, I suppose, and can form a room sufficiently large?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Pardon me. You were saying?"

"I had the impression that the party was tonight?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how there could be time ——"

"A matter of logistics, Herr Professor. Leave logistics to the army." He took a notebook from his pocket and wrote down "Lights." He explained to the Herr Professor, "We shall have to hang chandeliers. A casino is unthinkable without chandeliers. May I see the other room?"

He paced it with his long, tweed-clad legs. "It will make a fine *salle privée* with the doors folded back and the chandeliers substituted for these—forgive me for saying so—rather commonplace center lights. Your furniture we can store upstairs? Of course we will bring our own chairs. This sideboard, however, can serve as a bar. I see you were a fencer in your time, Herr Professor."

"Yes."

"The Herr General used to be very keen on fencing. Now tell me where you think we might put the orchestra."

"Orchestra?"

"My regiment will supply the musicians. If the worst came to the worst I suppose they could play on the stairs." He stood at the window of the salon looking out at the wintry garden bounded by the dark wood of fir trees. "Is that a summerhouse?"

"Yes."

"The Oriental touch is very suitable. If they played there, and if we left a window a little open, the music will surely carry faintly."

"The cold ——"

"You have a fine stove, and the curtains are heavy."

"The summerhouse is altogether unheated."

"The men can wear their military overcoats. And then for a fiddler, you know, the exercise ——"

"And all this for tonight?"

"For tonight."

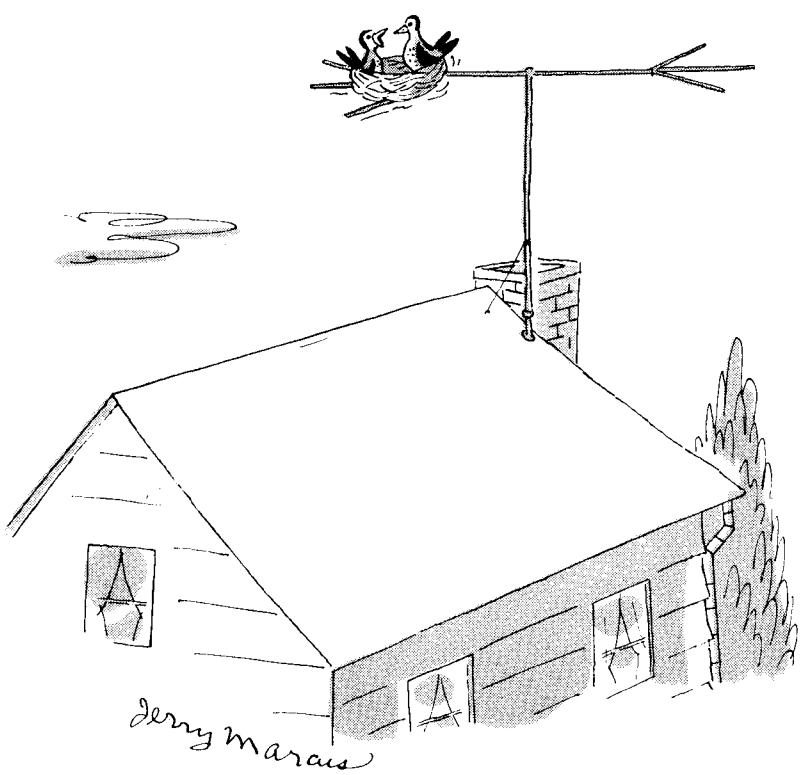
The Herr Professor said, "I have never before violated the law." He smiled a quick false smile to cover his failure of nerve.

"You could hardly do so in a better cause," the Herr Colonel replied.

Long before dark the furniture vans began to arrive. The chandeliers came first, with the wineglasses, and remained crated in the hall until the electricians drove up, and then the waiters, who arrived simultaneously with the van containing 74 small gilt chairs. The mover's men had beer in the kitchen with the Herr Professor's housekeeper, waiting for a lorry to turn up with the three roulette tables. The roulette wheels, the cloths and the boxes of plastic tokens, of varying colors and shapes according to value, were brought later in a smart private car with the three croupiers, serious men in black suits. The Herr Professor had never seen so many cars parked before his house. He felt like a stranger, a guest, and lingered at his bedroom window, afraid to go out on the stairs and meet the workmen. The long passage outside his room became littered with the furniture from below.

As the red winter sun sank in early afternoon below the black firs, the cars multiplied upon the drive. First a fleet of taxis, all bright yellow, arrived one behind the other, like an amber chain, and out of these scrambled many burly men in military overcoats carrying musical instruments which too often stuck in the doors and had to be extricated with care and difficulty. It was hard indeed to understand how the cello had ever fitted in. The men in overcoats stood about holding violin bows like rifles at the ready, and a small man with a triangle shouted advice. Presently they all disappeared from the front of the house, and discordant sounds of tuning soon came across the snow from the summerhouse built in Oriental taste. Something broke in the passage outside his room, and the Herr Professor saw that it was one of the central lamps, criticized by the Herr Colonel, which had fallen off the occasional table on which it had been propped. The passage was nearly blocked by the heavy desk from the study, the glass-fronted bookcase and his three filing cabinets. The Herr Professor salvaged Prometheus and carried the bronze into his bedroom for safety, though it was the least fragile thing in all the house. There was a sound of hammers below, and the Herr Colonel's voice could be heard giving orders. The Herr Professor went back into his bedroom. He sat on the bed and read a little Schopenhauer to soothe himself.

It was three quarters of an hour later that the Herr Colonel found him there. He came briskly in, wearing regimental evening dress, which made his legs thinner and longer than ever. "Zero hour approaches," he said, "and we are all but ready. You would not recognize your house, Herr Professor. It is quite transformed. The Herr General will feel himself in a sunnier and more liberal clime. The musicians will play a potpourri of Strauss and Offenbach with a little of Lehár, which the Herr General finds more easy to recognize. I've seen to it that suitable paintings hang on the walls. You will realize when you come down and see the *salle privée* that this has been



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Feels more like *The Untouchables* to me."

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no ordinary military exercise. A care for details marks a good soldier. Tonight, Herr Professor, your house has become a casino by the Mediterranean. I had thought of masking the trees in some way, but there was no way of getting rid of the snow which continues to fall."

"Astonishing," the Herr Professor said. "Quite astonishing." From the distant summerhouse he could hear a melody from *La Belle Hélène*, and on the drive outside cars continually braked. He felt far from home, as though he were living in a strange country.

"If you will excuse me," he said, "I will leave everything tonight in your hands. I hardly know the Herr General. I will have a sandwich quietly in my room."

"Quite impossible," the Herr Colonel said. "You are the host. By this time the Herr General knows your name, although of course he hardly expects the sight which will greet —— Ah, the guests are now beginning to arrive. I asked them to come early so that by the time the Herr General puts in his appearance everything will be in full swing, the wheels turning, the stakes laid, the croupiers calling; the field of battle stretched before him, *rouge et noir*. Come, Herr Professor—a little flutter at the tables. It is time for us to open the ball."

The road was treacherous under the thin and new-fallen snow; the bus from the capital proceeded at a pace no smarter than that of a practice runner unwilling to strain a muscle before the great race. The patient's feet were chilled even through his galoshes, or perhaps it was the cold of his errand, a fool's errand. There was a lot of traffic on the road that night: yellow taxis frequently passed the bus, and small sports cars, full of young men in uniform or evening dress, laughing and singing, and once at a particularly imperious siren—which might have been that of a police car or an ambulance—the bus slithered awkwardly to a stop beside heaps of snow on the margin, and a big Mercedes-Benz went by. In it the patient saw, sitting stiffly upright, an old man with a long gray moustache which might have dated from the neutrality of 1914, wearing an old-fashioned uniform and a fur hat pulled down over his ears.

The patient alighted at a halt beside the road. The moon was nearly full, but he still required a pocket torch to show the way through the woods, for no headlights helped him now on the private drive to the Herr Professor's house. As he walked through the loose snow at the edge of the road he practiced his final appeal. If that failed there was nothing for him but the hospital, unless he could summon enough courage to enter the icy water of the lake, never to return. He felt very little hope, and, for some reason that he could not understand, when he tried to visualize the Herr Professor at his desk—angry and impatient at this late and unforeseen visit—he could see only the half-spread wings of the bronze eagle and the jutting beak fastened in the intestines of the prisoner.

He pleaded in an undertone beneath the trees, "There would be no danger to anyone at all, Herr Professor. I have always been a lonely man. I have no parents. My only sister died last year. I see no one, speak to no one except the clients in the bank. An occasional game of checkers in the café perhaps—that is all. I would cut myself off even further, Herr Professor, if you thought it wiser. As for the bank, I have always been in the habit of wearing gloves when I handle the notes—so many are filthy. I will take any precaution you suggest if you will go on treating me in private, Herr Professor. I am a law-abiding man, but surely the spirit is more important than the letter. I will abide by the spirit."

The eagle gripped Prometheus with its unrelenting beak, and the patient said sadly as though to prevent the repetition of a phrase he could not bear to hear again, "I don't like television, Herr Professor—it makes my eyes water. And I have never played golf."

He halted under the trees, and a lump of snow from a burdened branch fell with a "plomp" upon his umbrella. It seemed very unlikely, but he thought that he heard strains of distant music borne on a gust of wind and borne away again. He even thought he recognized the melody, something from *La Vie Parisienne*, a waltz sounding for a moment from where the darkness and the snow lay all about. He had seen this place before only in daylight; the snow touched his face, and the stars crackled overhead between the firs; he felt as though he must have missed his path and entered a strange estate where perhaps a dance was in progress.

But when he reached the circular drive before the house, he recognized the portico, the shape of the windows, the steep slope of the roof from which at intervals the snow slid with a crunch like the sound of a man eating apples. It was all that he did recognize, for he had never seen the house like this, ablaze with light and noisy. Perhaps two neighboring estates had been built by the same architect, and somehow in the wood he had taken the wrong turning. To make sure, he approached the windows, the hard snow breaking like biscuits under his galoshes.

Two young officers, obviously the worse for drink, staggered out through the open doorway. "I have been betrayed by nineteen," one of them said, "that confounded nineteen."

"And I by zero. I have been faithful to zero for an hour, but not once ——"

The first young man took a revolver from the holster at his side and waved it in the moonlight. "All that is required now," he said, "is a suicide. The atmosphere is imperfect without one."

"Be careful. It might be loaded."

"It *is* loaded. Who is that man?"

"I don't know. The gardener probably. Don't fool about with that thing."

"More bubbly is required," the first man said. He tried to put his revolver back into the holster, but it slid down into the snow. He carefully secured the empty holster. "More bubbly," he repeated, "before the dream fades." They moved erratically back into the house.

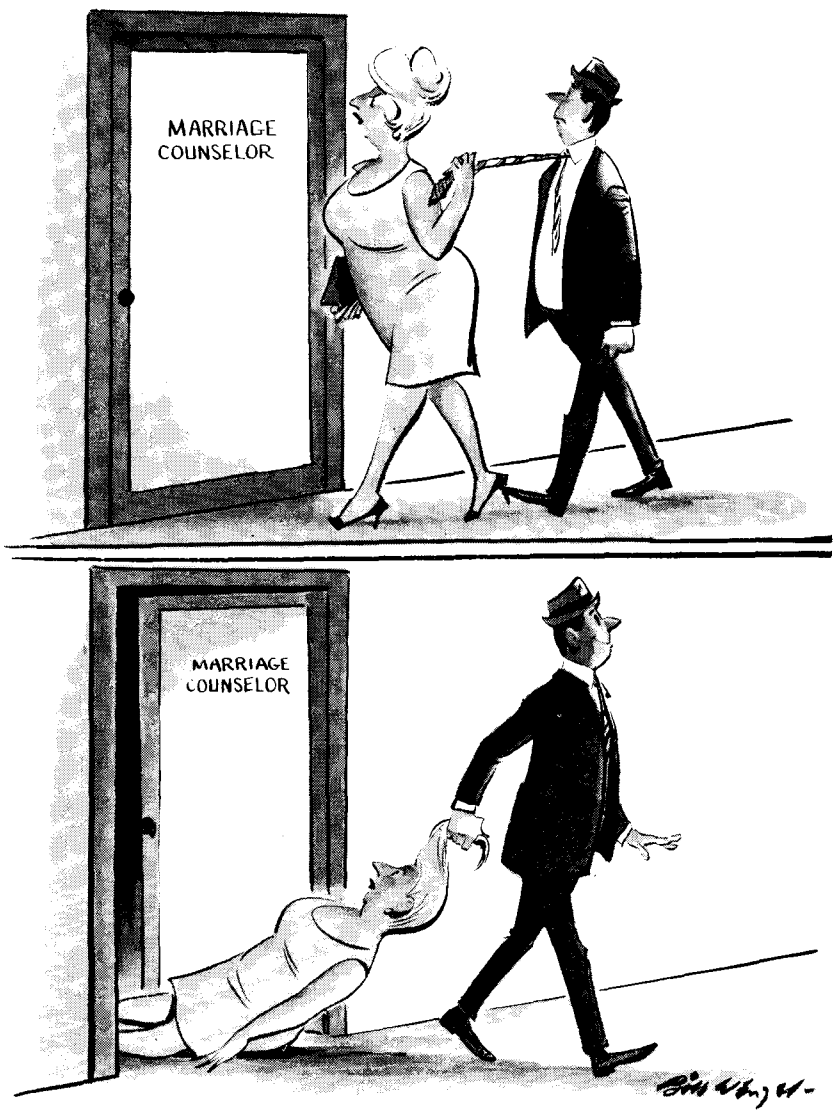
The dark object made a pocket in the snow.

The patient went up to the window which should, if he had taken the right path, have been the window of the Herr Professor's study, but now he was certain that in the darkness he had come to the wrong house. Instead of a small square room with heavy desk and heavy bookcase and steel filing cabinets, there was a long room lighted brilliantly with chandeliers, the walls hung with pictures in dubious taste—young women in diaphanous nightgowns leaning over waterfalls or paddling among water lilies in a stooping position. A crowd of men wearing uniforms and evening dress swarmed around three roulette tables, and the croupiers' cries came thinly out into the night, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs. Faites vos jeux*," while somewhere in the black garden an orchestra was playing *The Blue Danube*. The patient stood motionless in the snow with his face pressed to the glass, and he thought, *The wrong house? But this is not the wrong house; it is the wrong country*. He felt that he could never find his way home from here—it was too far away.

At one of the tables, on the right of the croupier, sat the old man whom he had seen pass in the Mercedes-Benz. One hand was playing with his moustache, the other with a pile of tokens before him, counting and rearranging them while the ball spun and jumped and spun, and his foot beat in time to the tune, now one from *The Merry Widow*. A champagne cork from the bar shot diagonally up and struck the chandelier while the croupiers cried again, "*Faites vos jeux. Faites vos jeux, messieurs*," and the stem of a glass cracked in somebody's fingers.

Then the patient saw the Herr Professor facing him from the other end of the great room, beyond the second chandelier, and they regarded each other, with the laughter and cries and glitter of light between them.

The Herr Professor could not properly see the patient—only the outline of a face pressed to the exterior of the pane—but the patient could see the Herr Professor very clearly between the tables, in the light of the chandelier. He could even see the expression on his face, the lost look of one who has come to the wrong party. The patient raised his hand, as though to indicate to the other that he was lost too, but of course the Herr Professor could not see the gesture in the dark. The patient realized clearly that, though they had once been well known to each other, it was quite impossible for them to meet in this house to which they had both strayed by some strange accident. There was no consulting room here, no file on his case, no desk, no Prometheus, no doctor even to whom he could appeal. "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs*," the croupiers cried. "*Faites vos jeux*."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Herr Colonel said, "My dear Herr Professor, after all, you are the host. You should at least lay one stake upon the table." He took the Herr Professor by his sleeve and led him to the board where the Herr General sat, beating tip-tap-tip to the music of Lehár.

"The Herr Professor wishes to follow your fortune, Herr General."

"I have little luck tonight, but let him." And the General's fingers wove a design over the cloth. "At the same time guard yourself with the zero."

The ball spun and jumped and spun and came to rest. "Zero," the croupier announced and began to rake in the other stakes.

"At least you have not lost, Herr Professor," the Herr General said. Somewhere far away behind the voices there was a faint explosion.

"The corks are popping," the Herr Colonel said. "Another glass of champagne, Herr General?"

"I had hoped it was a shot," the Herr General said with a rather freezing smile. "Ah, the old days. . . . I remember once in Monte ——"

The Herr Professor looked at the window where a moment ago he had thought someone as lost as himself looked in, but no one was there. **THE END**

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No Love For The

By JOAN WILLIAMS

"You sure that clock isn't slow?" Cotter said, laying down his cards.

"I am," his sister said. "It's twenty after seven all over town. You just got to wait to hear your precious Ranch Boys."

It was after supper, and they were playing honeymoon bridge. Cotter sighed and picked up his hand again. "I bid two clubs."

"Clubs?" she said. "I don't see how you're bidding clubs."

Looking down, he saw he had meant to say spades; he was too busy thinking about the program. "You bid your hand, I'll bid mine," he said.

"How can I," she said, "when you're taking my bid?"

"I'm going to turn on the radio," he said.

"Well, turn it low," she said. "I can't listen to the radio and play cards too."

He got up and went over and began fiddling with the dials. Just then she said, "Well, I never."

Something about the way she said it made him turn around. She was sitting straight up, foaming at the mouth a little. "Ruth Edna?" he said and at that moment saw life so obviously leave her it was like something he could touch. "Ruth Edna," he said again, all he could think of to say.

In the silence following, he heard his own difficult breathing. He sank onto the bed beside her chair and took her hand, wondering if she did not feel cheated too; he had always been the sick one. Her hand lying in his was large, rough, age-spotted; if he could have cried over anything, it would have been over the defenseless way it lay in his. He patted it reassuringly, knowing if he had only done that in life sometime, things might have been different between him and Ruth Edna. With her not yapping at him and so helpless-looking, her mouth hanging open that way, he felt the hard knot of dislike he had held so long begin to unloosen.

He got up and crossed to the window. Maybe everything hadn't been her fault; maybe he'd been some to blame, he thought, and rubbed the pane clear of his breath to look out. Daylight was taking its time to die, had burned the sky brilliantly red and yellow, all the various shades of roses. At the window an oak bent and scratched the pane, freed itself of two leaves, and they skidded off into the early September evening. He'd need a sweater to go for help; the house had no phone.

Turning to the room, he avoided the chair where she sat and caught sight of the radio, warmed up but soundless. He was sorry to do it but crossed over and turned up the sound. He had waited eight weeks for the Ranch Boys to play his request, to read his name out over the air.

His winter clothes were still packed away. He went about the house searching for his old green cardigan in the tops of closets, in the drawers of rickety chiffoniers, staying always within range of the Boys' nasal voices and the relentless twang of their guitars. He was on tiptoe, his fingertips walking a box off a high shelf, when the announcer said at last, "*Hand Me Down My Walking Cane*, for Cotter May!" In a frenzy the Boys tore into their music.

The box dropped onto his head, spilling clothes and mothballs in a circle about him. Pride soared like a balloon, and he ran toward the front room, about to call, having forgotten until he saw her. Then he sank into the nearest chair, his arms hanging like weights over the sides, his knuckles as white as marrow on his clenched hands. Looking at her once, he wished for the first time in his life that she would say something.

In the silence he heard all there was left him to hear, a clock ticking and some fool blabbing on the radio. To have his name read out without even Ruth Edna was nothing. To hear sound at all was nothing compared to the profound silence opposite. He had to leave, found his sweater, and was all the way to the road before he got it on.

An odor of mothballs obscured the smell of evening. Sorrow rose as he thought of the spring afternoon when Ruth Edna had laid the sweater away. He had come into the room as she was stooping, flush-faced, over a box of old clothes he thought were for throwing away—turned out they were the ones she was keeping. Taking a startled look at himself in the mirror, he had seen that was the way he looked, worn out. No doubt about it. He had tried to pull in his stomach but found it past help. He had studied only his near-baldness without surprise. He had been studying that a good many years, day and night, brushing and arranging the hair that was left. Each night Ruth Edna had raved on about its being the silliest thing she ever heard, any man fixing his hair before going to bed. He'd always meant to ask what difference it made to her. He had been surprised that night to find himself so splay-footed and dumpy, had taken his hands from his pockets, given himself a final going-over and at that moment abandoned himself to old age. From then on he seemed always in his own way; he had shuffled, and his feet stumbled into each other. No matter how carefully he dressed, his clothes disarranged themselves. He took on, to himself at least, a certain smell—not of uncleanliness or anything like that; musty-smelling, he described it.

Turning from the mirror, he had seen Ruth Edna take his sweater and throw it into the box. "There's that old thing," she had said, madder than usual for no reason he could see. "Oh, I wish I could buy a whole new suitcase full of pretty clothes and go off on a wonderful trip. Go off on one of those great big boats across the ocean."

"Whew, you'd be scared to cross all that water," he had said, and she half screamed, "I would not! I'd go anywhere to get away from here and you."

"Why don't you throw some of those ol clothes away?" he had said. It didn't look as though he'd get another year's wear out of much but the sweater anyway.

"Oh," she had said. "Get out!" And when he did, she had followed him all the way down the breezeway to call, "Baggy pants!"

He had looked over his shoulder into a mirror in his own room and had seen he had lost so much weight from the sickness in his chest, his pants did bag.

Tonight, stopping in the near dark, he gazed beyond an outline of giant trees up to a little house set way off the road: Hattie McGaha's. She and Ruth Edna were all the friends each one had; he knew he ought to go tell her. But Hattie would weep and wail, and at the moment he felt he couldn't take it. She would recount how Ruth Edna's whole life had been so sad, and he felt danged if he hadn't heard it recently enough from the horse's mouth. He went on, but near the end of the walk stopped to look back at the shack, as he called it. One weak light burned at the rear, like a hermit's place. It was then something caught him in the stomach, and he realized he was alone now too.

He was on his way to Wilroy's, his closest friend's, and it seemed suddenly a long way. He left the unsteady wooden walk and made his way in the road; he kept his mind on the sounds of his feet on the gravel and on the wind through th shedding trees. As he approached the house, the lights went off, except for one in Wilroy and Mary Margaret's bedroom. He stood where the light spilled out the window and lay like a yellow blanket across the dark ground. Mary Margaret passed by the window, turning down the bed for

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Lonely

Once a man rejects love, he seldom finds it again.

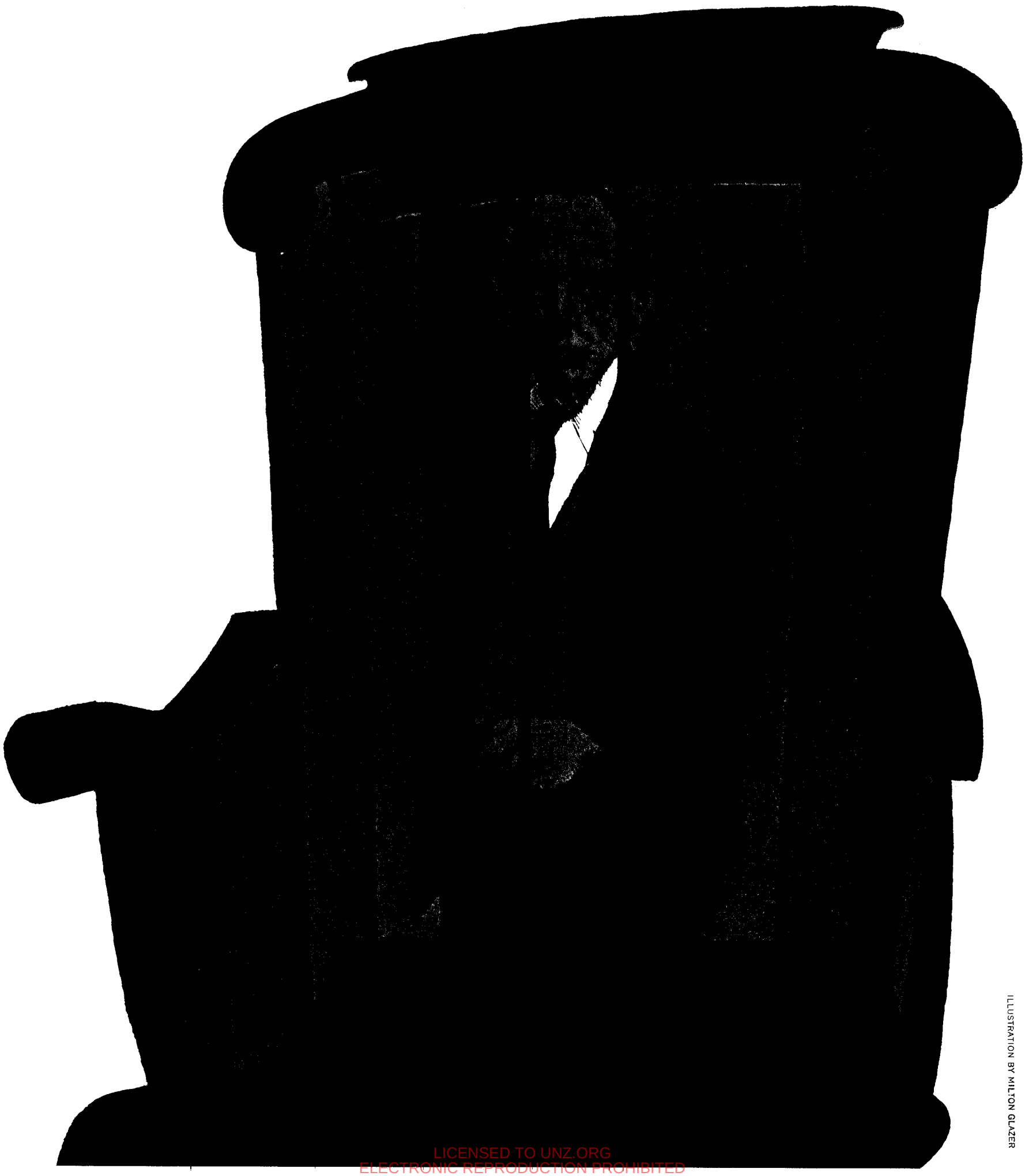

ILLUSTRATION BY MILTON GLAZER

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No Love For The Lonely

the night. He shut his eyes, lulled by the thought of sleep on sheets that were clean and white. When he opened them, it was to the thought of Ruth Edna's frequent and ungentle reminder: "Mary Margaret don't want you dropping in on them unexpectedly all the time; married folks got their own things to themselves." He felt, even with his important news, that he oughtn't to knock now that Mary Margaret had on her nightgown. Even though he had known them all their lives, had been there when they married and when their boy was born, he felt himself a stranger, always looking on.

He moved from the light and toward the house, the night huge around him. The smell of the countryside where he had lived all his life seemed different, the trees near him so gigantic as to be frightening; the dark roads beyond had all been trod by him before, but now they went places he had no need to go, and the yellowed windows of the town's houses framed scenes in which he had no part. If he had had the courage of his desire, he would have run home through the dark, flung his arms about Ruth Edna, and asked forgiveness for all their life together. Surely she was not dead. Not gone! The only thing in the world he had to love. He crouched against the dark, afraid of an insect calling near him, the sorrow so heavy in his chest there was no way he could present it to them.

Wilroy opened the door hurrying his striped pajama top into the bottoms. "What're you doing here this time of evening?" he said, and when he heard, he shouted, "Woman! Ge. in here."

Mary Margaret was like a huge white hen running full-breasted through the door in a white flannel gown. When she heard, she took Cotter to her and released him only when Wilroy said, "Get the man a drink of whiskey."

Cotter sat in the hall, the whiskey burning away the lining of his stomach, and told how it happened. But all the time he spoke, he wanted to interrupt himself to ask, "Who did that? Who died?" because never in his wildest thoughts had he considered outliving Ruth Edna. When he finished, they sat back, silenced by the enormity of what could happen in only a minute. He thought of the way she had looked foaming at the mouth and said, "Whatever else you want to say about it, there isn't any dignity in death."

Shock deepened in Mary Margaret's face, and he thought, *She's gone fifty-five years thinking life is pretty*. He paid his first respects to his dead sister, who had known it was not. Looking at Mary Margaret, he was surprised to see she was no longer the young girl he had seen married; she was a middle-aged woman. It didn't seem fair for Ruth Edna to be dead, knowing what she did, and for this woman to be alive, thinking life was a way it was not. He thought of telling how selfish a man could be, of how he had turned up the radio. He would have if she had not looked across at him with pity just then; he was afraid of losing that.

He allowed Wilroy to pour him another drink he shouldn't take, suddenly envying Ruth Edna's not having to decide things any more: what she wanted or did not want, what was right or wrong. He fought the whiskey into a stomach that did not want it, knowing how wrong it had been for him to turn up the program. He put away in his mind the fact that he had, thinking he would forget it.

Wilroy telephoned the doctor in Whitehill. "Well, sir," he said after he hung up, "everything's taken care of," and he slapped Cotter on the shoulder.

Mary Margaret said, "You got to spend the night here now, you hear?" and he was lulled again by the thought of the clean sheets. He could see their bed, an impression on it where someone had sat. It seemed he had gazed at it in some other life, misted over by darkness. He squinted against the hall light, elbows on his thighs, his hands hanging between them, a drink clutched in one. He looked at the buxom woman standing over him, and raising his glass, he said, "Won't you join us, Miss Ma' Margaret?"

"Why, Cotter May!" she said, not knowing whether to laugh or not.

Wilroy did laugh. "Get the man another drink of whiskey, woman. What's the matter with you?"

"She want us to die of thirst?" Cotter said, drinking elaborately and laughing with Wilroy. He saw in Wilroy's eyes a message that he had seen there before; because of a certain dizziness, he could not remember where and surprised himself by saying, "That was a long time ago."

"It's been a long time," Wilroy said. And then Cotter left him, was taken away on the most wonderful waves of sleep he had known since he was a boy. In sleep he remembered that the umbrella he had looked for all summer was in Wilroy's hall closet. Ruth Edna appeared, saying, "Where's the umbrella? You lost it! I've never seen anybody like you in my life. You *always* lose umbrellas." And he said, "Hush up, woman." And she did.

The town reacted to Ruth Edna's death much as he had expected: surprised, solicitous. The funeral went off without his doing hardly anything. And everyone came, whether they cared about Ruth Edna or not. When he looked into the casket, he could not get over it; she was real as life. The undertaker had even left the tiny lines of dissatisfaction around her mouth, and he wished those had been taken away—as if, at last, she had found a place she wanted to be.

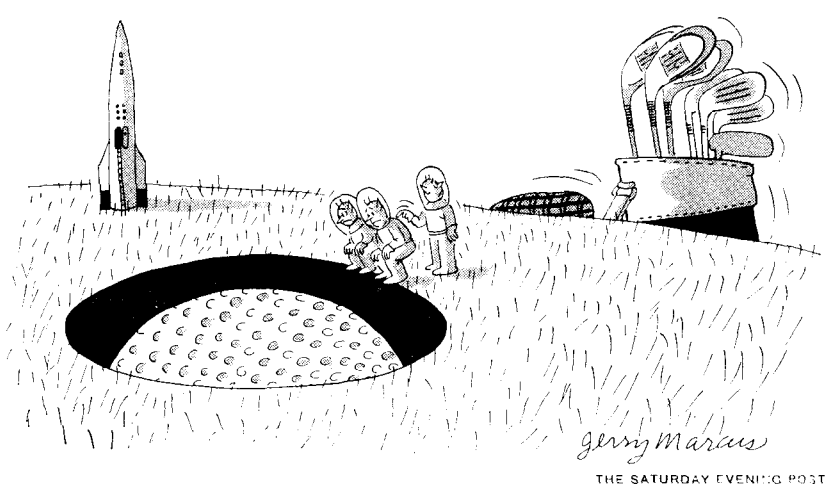
When everyone had had a look and taken their seats, he stood alone before the casket, shielded from view by the pallbearers. He lifted the netting and gingerly touched her face, then jumped back, shocked by her coldness—though, of course, he had known she would be cold. He took his seat but did not hear a single word of the whole burial service. All he could think of was the tip of his finger almost burning a hole in his pants with its coldness, as if he had just touched hot ice. His throat burned with the salty taste of withheld tears.

For the rest of his life, at the mention of her name, his whole being was flooded with this sense of burning and with the overly sweet, sickroom smell of too many day lilies; the ladies of the church had picked their yards clean.

During the first weeks after his bereavement, life was a whirl such as it had never been before. Somebody invited him to supper every night. The preacher had him at noontime, except on Sundays when Mary Margaret never failed him. Between eating engagements he developed the habit of dropping in to see her and Wilroy. He began to associate the three of them together in his mind. When he said "we," he assumed that whoever he was talking to knew whom he meant. He thought of himself as a familiar figure in town passing along the walk between their house and his. It had got so he could stop Hattie's many invitations by a mere nod of his head toward Wilroy's. She did not even come down to the road any more, just sat rocking on her porch, watching him pass.

The fifth Sunday after his loss it occurred to him Mary Margaret had not spoken about dinner. Hesitating, he decided it was taken for granted and set off happily through the chilly noon, glad he had on a suit coat over the green cardigan, only briefly embarrassed when church let out as he passed. As long as Brother Patrick was having him to meals, he had attended regularly. Possessed by the devil, he greeted elaborately Miss Maudie Mae Boone, who tottered toward him, Bible tucked under her arm. Coming behind her, Hattie shot her eyebrows up and her hat slid over them. Cotter smiled, passing, thinking it must have been one of the things of Ruth Edna's she'd come for, and too big.

He approached Wilroy's bursting with greetings; then something cold as death clutched his heart. A Memphis car stood in the drive. Wilroy's boy and his family down for the day! Dodging behind shrubbery, he watched as they rounded a corner of the house and went inside. Over the young mother's shoulder a baby's tiny white face dangled like a broken flower; the lump in Cotter's throat felt as large. He did not know how long he hid there feeling like some dumb animal before he lifted his nose to the smell of chicken frying, imagining he could smell even the biscuits in the oven. He thought of the big old dining room with its centered table in shadows, though the noon sun was at every window. The crystal centerpiece would be full of roses, and the starched white tablecloth would shine at the places where so many elbows had worn it thin. He thought of lemon pie, heavily meringued.



The quiet was broken by a sound like the tinkling of many small bells. Grace having been said, everyone at once stirred sugar into his iced tea. Without having to look, Cotter knew it was exactly 12:15. He hadn't been asked; all it meant was he wasn't wanted. Something more disturbed him. He walked away, thinking it would come to him.

His nose was tickled by the smell of the tiny rambler roses growing over Hattie's fence. He broke off a branch and went up to her porch. She was not in sight, and he sat down, hoping she had not eaten yet. Presently she appeared, puffing up the hill from the privy. When he presented the flowers, she said, "Looks like the late-blooming rambler down by my gate, don't it?" and tucked the branch into a milk bottle already full of them.

"Well, Hattie," he said, rocking back reflectively, noting when she sat down that her little black-clad feet barely reached the floor. "How're you?"

She scootched, one hip after the other, to the back of her chair; then her feet hung without touching anything, toes down. "I'm doing all right, Cotter," she said, watching her hands press out the lap of her dress.

"Well," he said. He rocked, sucking at an empty space between his teeth.

They watched cars pass in the road. Clouds were forming just beyond the heavy pink arch of roses; there was a sound in the sky, the first hint of thunder. "Looks like rain," Hattie said.

"Looks like it," Cotter said.

"Cotton got burned all summer," she said. "Farmers sure need it."

"Sure do." He rocked on silently until his stomach conveniently rumbled.

"You eat?" she said.

"As a matter of fact, I ain't," he said. "You?"

"Law, I hardly fix meals any more," she said. "Eatin' by myself all the time. I just pick here and there. Had me a cup of tea a little while ago." She slid from the chair and went off to the kitchen. He rocked on, watching the Sunday-afternoon riders pass on the road. Soon he began to feel sort of comfortable and at home smelling dinner in the kitchen; his hurt from Wilroy had eased, and he tried to look at the matter straight. What had really bothered him was their not even thinking of him, just going ahead with their own plans. When Hattie called him to the table and they sat down, she said, "This always happens, Cotter."

"What's that?" he said.

She said, "Folks crowd around after trouble when you don't know your head from your hind end. Then about the time you get yourself straightened out and ready to see them, they're off busy with their own selves again."

It was on his tongue to say he wasn't finding that so at all, that he was as busy as could be. But suddenly he saw the two of them sitting there in that falling-down kitchen with their poor worn-out bodies in poor worn-out clothes and their old eyes watering and squinting at each other across their plates of canned meat, and he knew the moment called for truth. He acknowledged it by remaining silent.

They digested the rest of the afternoon, rocking. By evening he felt regretful about having to go. He walked slowly, dreading the empty house and the rooms still as Ruth Edna had left them. Dust blew across the floor when he opened the front door. He tried to hear in the silence that welcomed him an echo, a voice from the past, tried to make his memories bring the house alive, but he could not.

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He came farther into the room, as cluttered and filthy as the kinds of places police found strange old people dead in, with fortunes hidden in stacks of newspapers. Only they weren't going to find one in this mess, he thought, kicking aside yesterday's clothes. And that was the whole point. They weren't going to find anything at all.

He passed the hours in his room, rocking, the wick of the lamp turned sky high, the house about him dark and silent, with Ruth Edna's idle things and her smell still about it. He was remorseful, wishing he had asked once in her life what now seemed so easy: "What'n the world you want, Ruth Edna? To get married?"

He was sitting too close to the high lamplight. His forehead and the sparse gray hairs of his chest were beaded with sweat. He pressed his hand against the hollow that was his chest, able to feel his lungs searching for air. His body had long ago sagged with the hopelessness of recovering its lost strength, but now a latent manly thought stirred him: He had missed the best of life.

Deep in the night he woke to hear a rising wind heavy in the branches of the oak, to smell dust blowing in from the road. As a child, at the heralding of rain, he would kneel in the road excitedly, awaiting the first pockings in the soft yellow dust. He was fond of storm smell and could bring it to mind any time he wanted, the way he could the undone things of his past. Excitement swelled in him, and he lay, gripped by a desire to taste, before it was altogether too late, what life was all about.

He remembered Wilroy asking him once if he was ever going to marry. They had been in a bottom, cutting wood. He had looked around at the lush greenness, terrified at the thought, and passed the remark off lightly. "Who'd have a old bachelor like me?" he had said.

"Hattie would," Wilroy had said. "With pleasure."

"Hattie?" he had said, surprised.

"Are you blind as well as dumb, boy?" Wilroy had said, and that had been the end of it till now, twenty years later when, waking in the night, he wondered if she still would.

Wilroy had said, "You ought to marry and get free."

"Free?" he had said. "Married *and* free?"

"Yes," Wilroy had said. "Free."

Cotter had turned away then, suddenly loyal to Ruth Edna. Despite their friendship, his silence had remained between him and Wilroy all these years, and now he sat up, knowing that the message in Wilroy's eyes the night Ruth Edna died had been "Free at last."

Early in the morning he got out the old lawn mower. He was already cutting the grass when Wilroy came by on his way to town for the mail. "What'n the name of Holy are you doing, Cotter?" he said, leaning against the fence.

"Trying to get this place in some kind of shape," Cotter said, and Wilroy had to catch him and half carry him up to the porch. He pushed him into a chair.

"Cotter May, you take the cake," he said. "I never seen you cut grass before."

"Before I got on my deathbed," Cotter said and had to draw in deeply to find the breath to say it.

"Naw, boy," Wilroy said.

"It's a booger, Wilroy." He tried to sit so that he could breathe easier. "I believe it's trying to kill me. I sure do."

"Pshaw, young man like you?" Wilroy said. "I wish I was five years younger like you." He winked toward several young girls passing by in short socks and even shorter skirts, heading uptown.

Embarrassed, Cotter could not look after their slim waists and little round behinds. He thought of Hattie, raillike, safe in her long black skirt. He tried to take Wilroy's mind back to that day in the bottom and was surprised Wilroy did not remember it. He had to plunge ahead then, tomato-red, and explain his new philosophy. He ended by saying, "You reckon Hattie would still have me?"

Wilroy looked as if Cotter had suddenly punched him in the stomach. Openmouthed, he said, "Why, boy, we'll sure get Miss Mary Margaret to find out." He said good-bye, and he'd be seeing him, and it sure wasn't true you couldn't teach an old dog new tricks, and they laughed and shook hands. Cotter felt Wilroy had a new respect for him, that a warmness flowed between them that never had been there before. He went to bed with qualms that Hattie would not have him. It gave him the same feeling of excited anticipation that waiting for his name on the radio had.

But before he had had his coffee next morning, Hattie was there with her answer. "Oh, Cotter," she said, hands trembling toward her hair. "Who'd have thought it after all these years?" Her withered cheeks bloomed like fall apples. Unmoved, Cotter looked at her, thinking it was too bad he had cheated her of love when she was young. She looked silly now, and as he sipped the coffee she had made too strong, he thought maybe it was too late after all.

Mary Margaret came, crying happily, "Cotter May, I declare to my soul!" before she and Hattie tore into Ruth Edna's house, glad to have their hands on it at last.

Cotter got a pain in his chest and retired to the shadows of his room. Over his rocker's squeakings he could hear them thumping and bumping and twittering all over the house. He wished they would go home. And the terrible thought occurred that if he married Hattie, this was home; she would never leave.

At noon Hattie brought him food on a tray and stood timidly, then fled at the thunderous look on his face. He pushed away the one thin sandwich on the tray, deciding to sulk, and stared at himself in a gold-framed photograph on the dresser; he was young, broad-shouldered, and was kneeling with his arms around the necks of Old Dan and Mag, his hounds. For a week he had cried secretly, completely broken, after each of their deaths. If he were still that man, he thought, with a brief hand wave toward the picture, they wouldn't dare bring him a dinner looking like a ladies' tea party. His spirit rose, walked through the house and told them, *I want something hot! Meat and potatoes and gravy. What's the matter with you?* but his body had no intention of moving out of the impression it had worn into the old down pillow on the rocker.

Later Mary Margaret appeared in the doorway, dusting herself off, and said, "Cotter, you're not going to even recognize this place. I got to go get Wilroy's supper now, but I'll see you tomorrow."

He had smelled cabbage cooking for some time; now he smelled chops frying, and presently Hattie called him. He followed the smells resentfully, carrying the empty tray, resenting that too; he had got so hungry in the afternoon that he had eaten the sandwich.

Sooty and frail, Hattie set a plate before him and tried to smile. Somehow she could not seem to manage to get everything on the table, and he had almost finished eating before she sat down. But it gave him a chance to look closely at the house he was not going to recognize. And he didn't. His own house. Everything was changed. The hearth he thought was black had been scrubbed until it was, surprisingly, an old red brick. On the mantel were no longer arranged the few souvenirs of life Ruth Edna had cared about: a toy elephant with a trunk long enough to say GREETINGS FROM GREAT SMOKY MTS. NAT'L. PARK, a celluloid doll with hair of silver sprinkles and a skirt of green feathers, and artificial flowers—so real you couldn't tell the difference—bought in Rock City, near Chattanooga. In their place was his collection of African violets in white pots he had particularly wanted ranged along the floor in the front room to catch the morning sun. The late-afternoon light was different in the kitchen too; he had to squint to look around. The dark green shades he and Ruth Edna had favored were gone. Everything of hers was gone, and he thought it must all be packed in the boxes lined along the breezeway.

It was pitch-dark before Hattie finished washing dishes and joined him in the front room. He had a little fire going and was sitting in a rocker brought up before it. She almost sat in the other one, Ruth Edna's, and they both started. She drew it aside and brought up a small cane chair from against the wall.

Cotter was disappointed in himself for not saying what he knew she expected. He had not even answered when she said, "Wilroy told me what you told him to say about you trying to fix up the yard. I declare, Cotter, it was mighty sweet."

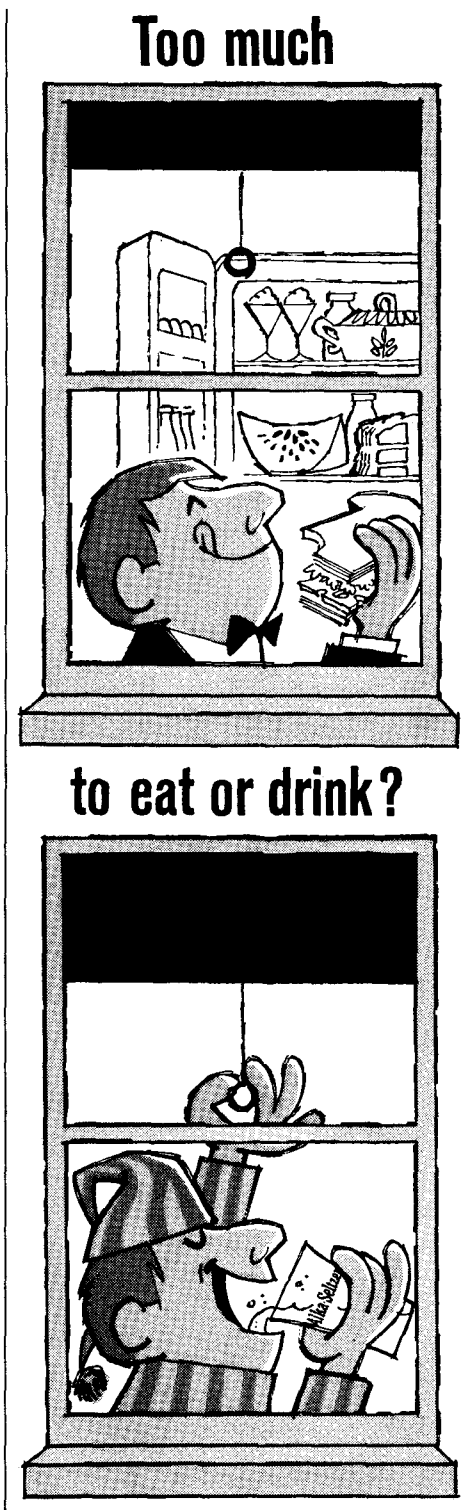
He watched out of the corner of his eye as she stretched her worn shoes toward the fire. And he knew it was never going to work. He didn't have enough time left to have his violets and his whole life rearranged. He was old, and he was cold, and he wanted a comforter across his knees without having to tell anybody. Hattie, he saw, had let the fire go out. In short, he wanted Ruth Edna back after spending almost his whole life wanting her gone. None of this would have happened if Wilroy hadn't badgered him that time, in the bottom, about getting married.

He was startled, waking, to find that he had slept. Hattie stood before him, feeling for her flashlight in the embroidered knitting bag she always carried. He saw by her face that she understood life was withholding this last promise, as it had withheld so many others: that it had all been too good to be true.

When she had gone, he thought of her bent figure walking through the night, alone from now on with nothing to look forward to, in that shack every night eating cold supper, saving kerosene by using one lamp; him, the same. It was too bad they would have to sit half a mile apart, suffering their loneliness, but he could not come out of himself after all these years. He huddled into himself even more after almost emerging, regretting it had been for one day only that he had almost been a man.

Looking around the shadowed room, his eyes came to the radio. He went over and turned it on. Then he sat down again and pulled the other rocker to him. When it was in place, he turned to it and said, "You know what I think I'm going to do, Ruth Edna? I'm going to write the Ranch Boys again."

THE END



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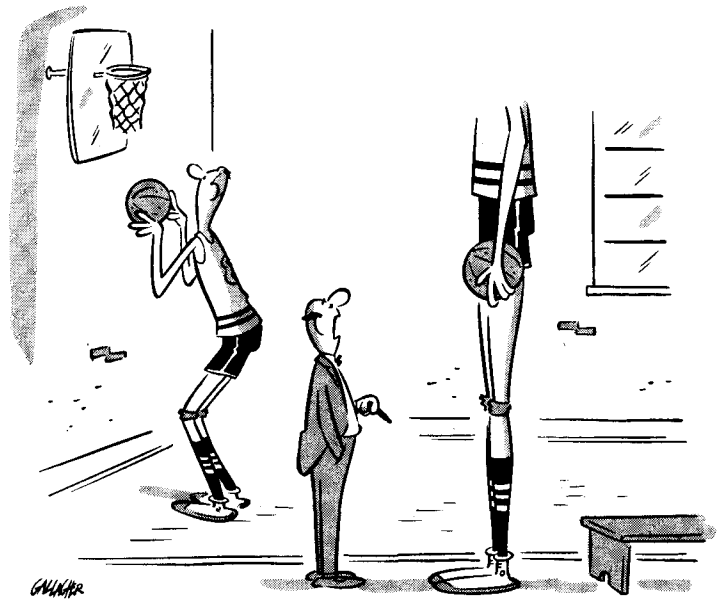
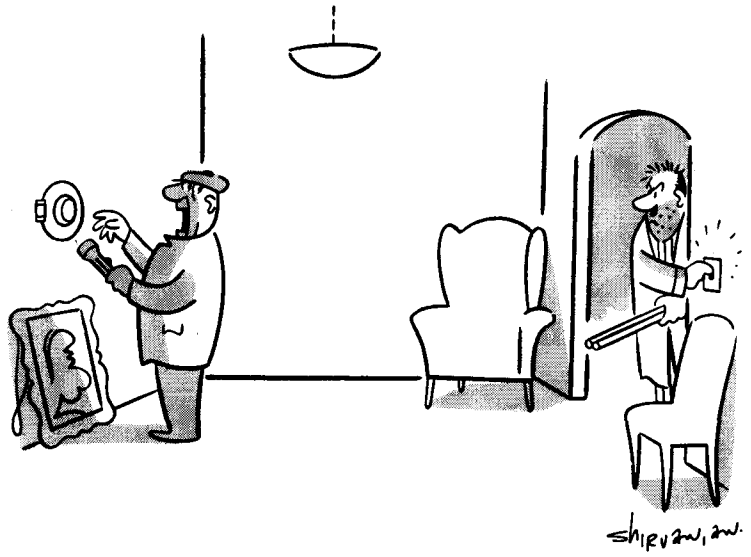


"I hate to do it, but I have to drop you from the squad, Alice."

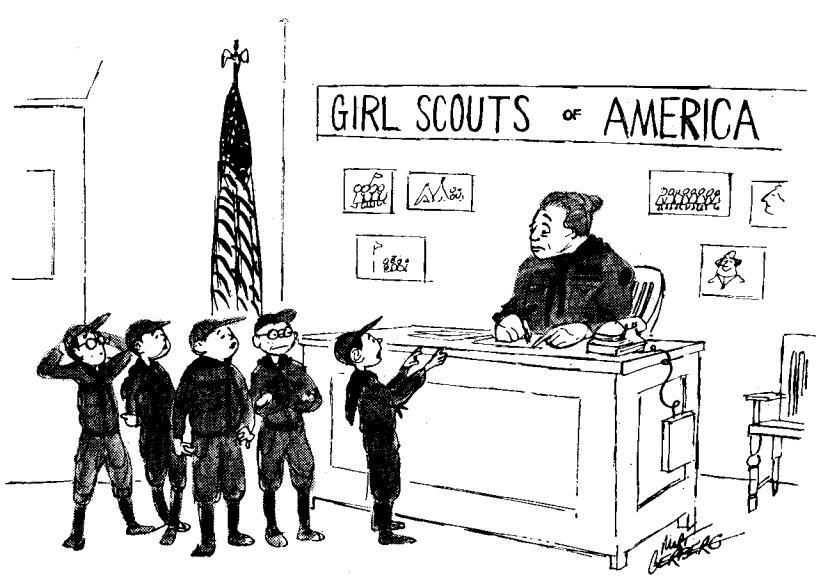
Fringe Benefits

My wife kept telling me the wig
Would be, this winter, very big,
That if she lacked brunette and red
To cap her blondness she'd be dead;
I have, therefore, gone into debt
To make of her a triple threat—
On wife's night out, when she's not there,
I'll run my fingers through her hair.

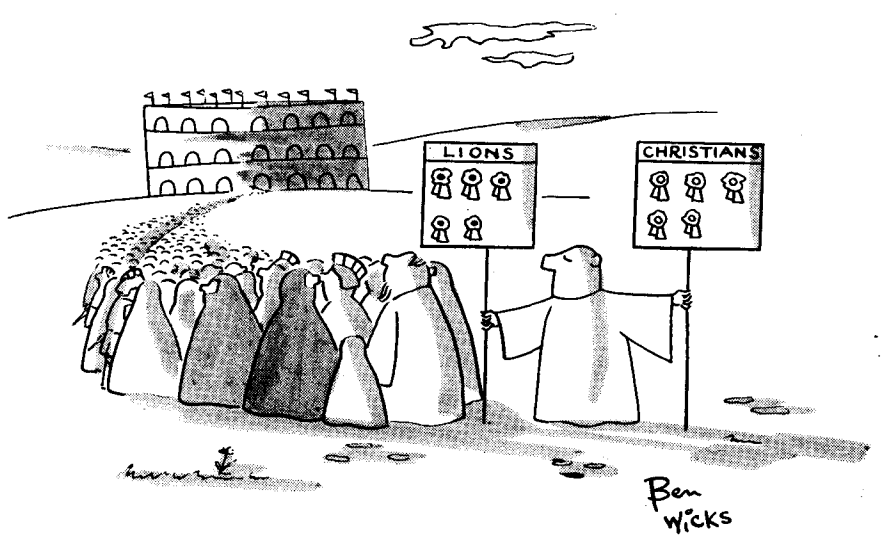
LOYD ROSENFIELD



"Meter man!"



"Five Brownies to go, please."



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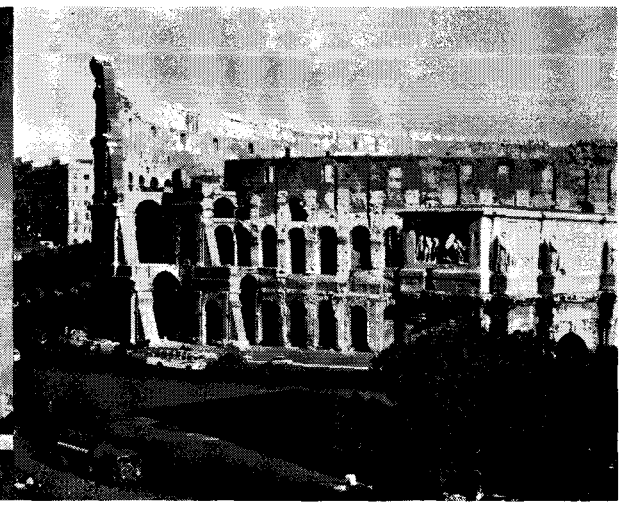

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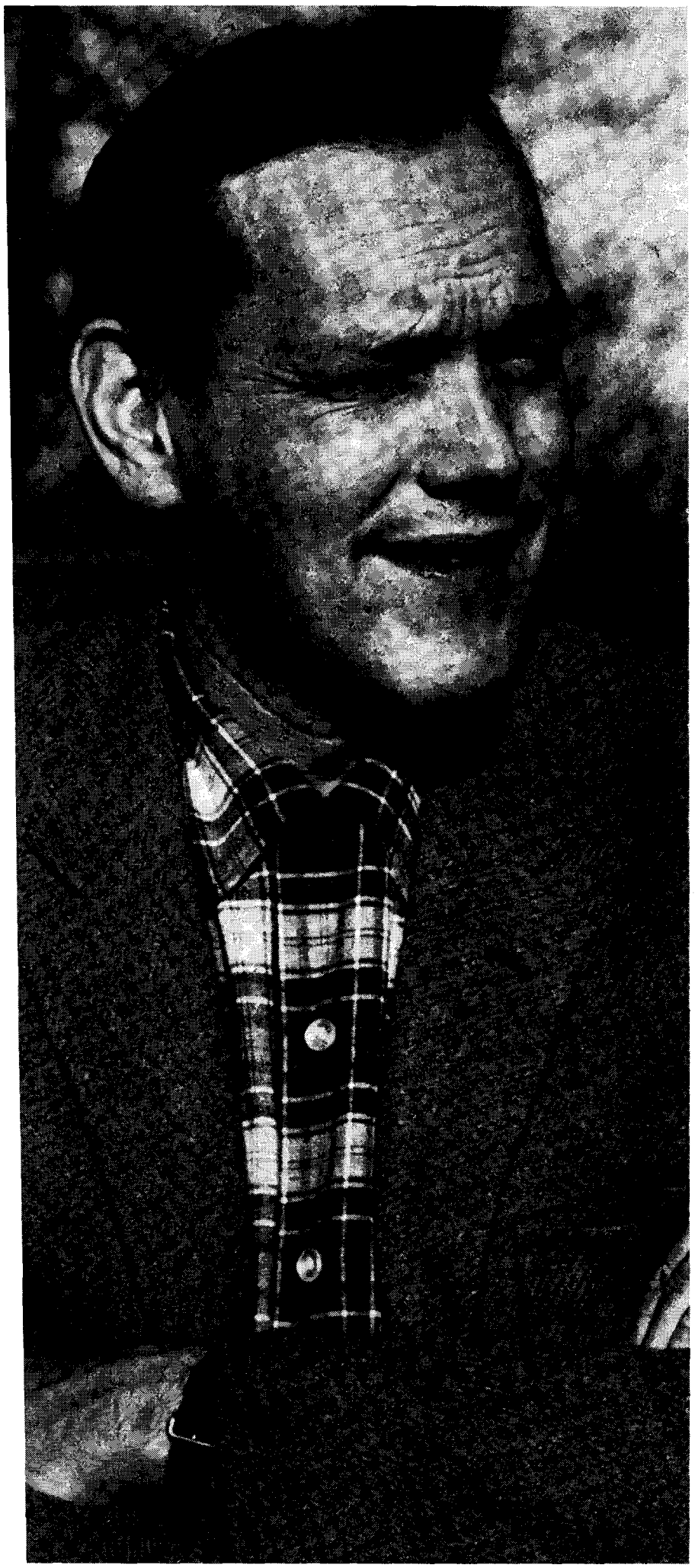
A New Taft and a Young

After eight years' preparation Mr. Republican's son moves up. • By RICHARD ARMSTRONG



Taft, veteran of Ohio Legislature, may make a Senate race in 1964.

Robert Taft Jr.

Like many other Republican candidates last fall, Robert Taft Jr. of Ohio made some nasty remarks about the "Kennedy dynasty" and its "power grab" in Washington. It was a tactic which still reduces the Democrats of his state to sputtering rage. "Let me tell you about a real dynasty," one of them says. "The Taft dynasty in Ohio dates all the way back to William Howard Taft, who was President before I was even born."

Robert Taft Jr. swept into the office of Ohio Congressman-at-large last fall by a vote of 1,786,018 to 1,164,628 for Richard D. Kennedy of Cleveland, no kin at all to the President. The only prominent Democrat to survive the Republican sweep of Ohio was Senator Frank Lausche, who is such a deep-dyed conservative that his victory gave no comfort at all to the New Frontier. The Republicans won the governorship and 18 out of 24 seats in Congress. "It was murder," a Cincinnati Democrat recalls. "I turned off the TV after about thirty minutes. There wasn't a head left sticking up on the prairie."

One of the dimensions of the Republican victory in the state is that Robert Taft Jr. was catapulted from the Ohio Legislature to the top rank of Republican comers, those bright new faces that appeared last fall in such a promising crop. He is already being talked about as a running mate for Nelson Rockefeller in 1964. A likelier prospect is that he will go for the Senate in '64 against the liberal Democratic incumbent Stephen Young. Given the present disarray of the Democratic Party in Ohio, Taft should be a hard man to beat.

His friends seem puzzled and he is visibly embarrassed when he is compared with Teddy, the youngest of the Kennedys. "I don't think the situations are comparable at all," he says. When he was urged to run for the Senate on name alone back in 1953 he spurned the idea and went off to the State Legislature to begin his political homework.

Like most of the bright new young men in Congress, he has charm. "He knocked the broads dead," says an Ohio reporter who covered the campaign. "He's not handsome, but he's a big rangy guy, bigger than his father, and he's got this big grin."

Taft is just over six feet tall and weighs around 200 pounds. His grin crinkles his face and lights up his eyes. He was a mediocre college athlete, but he shoots a remarkably good game of golf—in the high 70's or low 80's. When a network-television cameraman tells him, "Now just walk naturally, Bob," he becomes as self-conscious as the lead in a bad high-school play. But when he starts to talk about issues dear to his heart he comes naturally alive. He does not smoke but likes a bourbon before dinner. He idolizes the memory of his conservative father, U.S. Senator Robert A. Taft, and all he stood for, but his own political views sound very much like the middle-road Republican platform of 1960, which he helped to write.

"I suppose my approach is a little different from my father's," he says. "I'm a bit more of an internationalist. I saw the world at the taxpayers' expense, and I went through the Naval War College in 1943. I guess it's true when they say I meet people more easily. It's not that my father was not a warm person—he was. But he was preoccupied and a little shy."

Taft is married to Blanca Noel, the daughter of a partner in the Manhattan investment-banking firm of Laidlaw and Company. Good though he is at golf, she occasionally beats him at it. Until the police cleaned up Newport, Kentucky, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, she also enjoyed an occasional ladylike game of craps at a nightclub called the Beverly Hills. Blanca is newly fascinated with politics but detests publicity and shows no signs of becoming the kind of ally that Bob's mother, Martha, was to his father.

Recently, when a television crew descended on the handsome, white-columned home and 50-acre spread that the late Senator established outside Cincinnati in the now-exclusive community of Indian Hill, Blanca disappeared first into the kitchen and then into the remoter reaches of the upstairs bedrooms and adamantly refused to pose. A Taft friend worries that "some reporter is going to write her off as a snob from Indian Hill, when she isn't that at all. She's just a bit cantankerous."

Bob and Blanca have a son at Yale, a daughter at Radcliffe, another daughter at Concord Academy in Massachusetts and an eight-year-old son just enrolled at the Beauvoir School in Washington. The Tafts will keep the family place in Indian Hill and have rented a handsome town house in the Cleveland Park section of Washington. But despite his comfortable mode of life Taft is not a wealthy man. A family friend estimates that "that whole branch of the Taft family is worth less than a million, maybe only a half a million." Taft himself says that giving up his law practice for the $22,500-a-year salary of a Congressman will probably mean "a slight sacrifice," but then he adds, "It's a pretty good salary."

Cincinnati, which calls itself the "Queen City" and "the Athens" of the Midwest, is a town where old and moneyed families have sat for generations on the ring of hills overlooking the town and the Ohio River, passing power on to their sons. One good name to have in Cincinnati is Procter and another is Gamble, since the soap company was founded there. But the most solid Cincinnati name of all is Taft, and Cincinnatians can chart Tafts the way their neighbors in Kentucky can chart horses.

It's a fairly impressive family tree, with two main branches. Their common forebear was Alphonso Taft, a Yale graduate and member of the bar who came to Cincinnati from his native Vermont in 1838. Alphonso prospered, later becoming Secretary of War and then Attorney General under President Ulysses S. Grant. His son, Charles Phelps Taft, married Annie Sinton, the daughter

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Kennedy Go to Washington

By ROBERT MASSIE • *After a conspicuous triumph Teddy wants to avoid publicity.*

Teddy Kennedy

As the 88th Congress convened, interest in the upper house centered on the new junior Senator from Massachusetts. Teddy Kennedy, 30, occupies a unique position in the annals of American government: He is the only brother of an incumbent President ever to sit in the United States Senate. Under the circumstances, it is safe to predict that, this winter, not only his fellow Senators but all the hostesses, newspapermen and tourists in Washington are going to want to see Teddy for themselves.

Actually young Edward Moore Kennedy would much prefer to avoid the limelight while he settles into his back-row Senate seat and begins learning the ropes. Since he beat Republican George Cabot Lodge in the election November 6 Teddy has discouraged all stories about himself, including this one. But like his brothers, the President and the Attorney General, he is a realist: He accepts the fact that he can scarcely hope to pass himself off, in the nation's capital, as plain Edward Moore.

For one thing, Teddy looks like a Kennedy. He has the same thick brown hair, the same intense, sometimes bleak look of the eyes and the same dazzling white smile as his brothers, although he is taller and heavier than either of them and his face is rounder.

Teddy not only resembles his brothers, he works like a Kennedy. During the two months between his election and last week's swearing-in ceremony he stayed in Boston, tending his political garden. Rising each morning at seven, he breakfasted with his wife Joan, 26, and his children Kara, nearly 3, and Edward Jr., 16 months, then walked across Boston Common to his rattletrap campaign headquarters on the second floor of an old building at 160 Tremont Street.

Here Teddy worked all day in a primitive office furnished only with a desk, three chairs and a coatrack. On the desk a sign with raised wooden letters bore the name EDWARD M. KENNED—the Y had disappeared; no one knew where. A tan bullwhip lay coiled around the base of the coatrack—"some kind of joke," explained an aide. When campaign lieutenants and well-wishers arrived in the outer office, the Senator's closed door opened and he emerged with a "Put her there, buddy." At five he went home and ate scrambled eggs. From seven to nine he was back in the office, telephoning his thanks to people all over the state who had helped him in the campaign. "Most of them are home between seven and nine," he explained.

There were breaks in the routine. The Kennedys spent the long Thanksgiving weekend on Squaw Island at Hyannis Port, where Teddy has his own home across a causeway from the main Kennedy compound. For 10 days in the middle of December the couple soaked up sun in the Virgin Islands. But for the most part Teddy devoted himself to the task of preparing to deliver on one of the briefest, bluntest and most effective campaign slogans in American politics: "He Can Do More for Massachusetts."

Teddy had posted the slogan on an enormous sign across the façade of 160 Tremont Street, and he repeated it throughout his campaign. His opponents charged, with outrage, that he was brazenly boasting he could get more from the Washington pork barrel because he has relatives in the capital. In public Teddy always denied that he meant anything of the kind. Yet he never left any of his campaign audiences in any doubt about who his brothers were. If he was not introduced as the brother of the President he always said, "I'm certainly glad that your chairman did not introduce me as the brother of the President."

Teddy's plans for Massachusetts fall into two categories: First, he hopes to help stimulate the state's lagging economy, and second, he plans to centralize and modernize the Massachusetts Democratic Party.

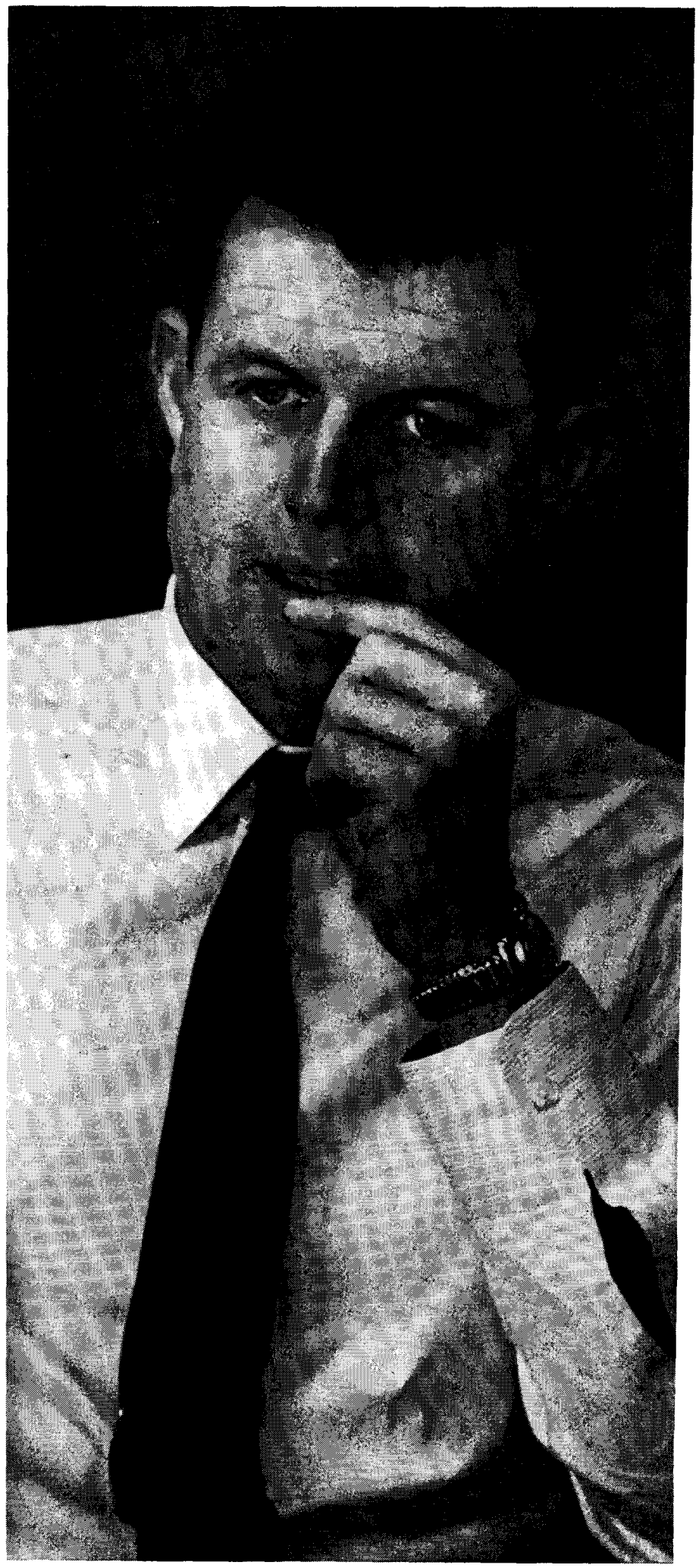
Massachusetts is one of the nation's most heavily industrial and urban states, but high labor and transportation costs, high taxes and a shady political morality have undermined the commonwealth's economic health. Teddy plans to attack the problem on both public and private fronts. Already he has begun exploring the possibility of qualifying the state's northeast and southeast sections, where unemployment is highest, for Federal area-redevelopment funds. To attract new private industry to Massachusetts he plans a series of visits to major American corporations. One such visit in December took him to Bethpage, Long Island, to talk to the executives of the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation.

Teddy's opponents regard his programs with skepticism. They think his attempt to bring in Federal money is filled with political pitfalls, and they regard his proposed visits to corporate executives as schoolboyish.

"Getting Federal money is one area where it pays not to advertise," said Republican Senator Kenneth B. Keating of New York. "Every other Senator will be watching to see what Massachusetts gets in Federal contracts. If any defense installations are moved out of another state into Massachusetts there will be a terrific row." Last month, in fact, Keating publicly threatened reprisal raids on Massachusetts.

Teddy's critics are equally certain that his effort to bring in nondefense industry will backfire. Said one, "Can you imagine a corporation president saying to his board of directors, 'Look, fellows, Massachusetts has high costs and high taxes, but I got this nice visit from Teddy Kennedy, so I thought we'd put our new plant there'? Hell, most of these management people are Republicans. They're not going to lift a finger to help Teddy."

Teddy is just as sincere—and his opponents are just as skeptical—about the other half of his program: the reform of the state Democratic Party. Massachusetts Democrats outnumber Republicans 900,000 to 600,000, but most candidates for national office, both Democratic and



Kennedy remains busy devising ways to "Do More for Massachusetts."

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"Taft doesn't have what it takes to stand up to pressure," says a Democratic critic.

Bob gives his son Jonathan golf pointers at the Tafts' Cincinnati home.

Robert Taft Jr.

of one of the pioneer families of Cincinnati, thereby founding the wealthy branch of the Taft family. Charles Phelps acquired a newspaper, downtown real estate and warehouse holdings along the Ohio River docks.

Upon the death of his first wife, Alphonso wrote home to New England for a second wife. Their son, William Howard Taft, became the 27th President and founded the "poor" or public service branch of the family. Robert Alphonso Taft, the President's son, led his class at Yale and again at Harvard Law School, and went on to become "Mr. Republican" in the Senate.

Young Robert Taft was born on February 26, 1917, the year his father purchased a hilltop house and 50 wooded acres on Indian Hill, overlooking the Miami and Ohio Rivers and downtown Cincinnati. "Nobody much had moved to Indian Hill back then," says Blanca. "Mrs. Taft used to say later that it was the only fashionable thing she ever did."

The Tafts helped found the Cincinnati Country Day School nearby, and here young Bob Taft made some lifelong friends. They remember him as slightly chubby and a bit on the shy side. He never had any great trouble with his grades, but neither was he the brilliant scholar his father had been. At 14 he went off to The Taft School at Watertown, Connecticut, where his great-uncle Horace was headmaster, and then on to Yale. He went out for crew his freshman year—and put his foot through the bottom of a shell on the big day of the Harvard races. He slogged away at football for four years but never got further than the junior varsity. "The varsity ballcarriers ran down my backbone every day," he recalls, "but I loved football. I really loved that game."

"Bob seemed a lot less sophisticated than the average Yale man," one of his classmates recalls. "I think all of us from Cincinnati felt that way. Bob was no party boy, no ladies' man." On campus with him were McGeorge Bundy, now a top Kennedy aide, and William Scranton, the new Republican governor of Pennsylvania. "Bundy was a big man on campus. Everybody realized that this character was going to go someplace. Bill Scranton was always a cool customer, a very sophisticated guy. I guess what I'm talking about is the rate of maturity, and in my mind Bob didn't really blossom out until after the war." War for Bob Taft was a maturing experience. As a naval officer on an attack transport he took part in the landings at Guadalcanal, Sicily, Salerno, Normandy and Okinawa.

After the war Taft settled his family into a small house on the Taft acres and himself into the family law firm of Taft, Stettinius and Hollister. He quietly built up a reputation as one of the ablest young corporation lawyers in town. "I've been up against him," says a Cincinnati attorney, "and, believe me, he's damned good." He suffered with his father through two defeats at Republican national conventions—by Dewey in 1948 and Eisenhower in 1952. But young Bob rises hotly to the suggestion that defeat reduced his father to bitterness and despair: "That's a lot of baloney. My father didn't like Dewey, and he thought Dewey dropped the ball. My father was disillusioned with some elements of the party. But he never thought he could win the 1948 nomination. He knew Dewey had put together what he needed to win." As for 1952, "There were signs even before the convention began that we were in trouble." Any thought of avenging his father's defeats is not part of Robert Taft Jr.'s political drive.

After the Senator died of cancer in 1953, young Taft resisted strong pressure to run for his father's seat. "He had to find out whether or not he was cut out for politics," says a friend, "and he did not think the United States Senate was the proper place to find that out." Taft ran for the State Legislature in 1954 and won easily—as he did again for the next three terms.

Dissension Among Democrats

Last spring party workers urged him to run for governor against the vastly unpopular Democratic incumbent, Mike DiSalle. Taft demurred, choosing instead to run for Congressman-at-large. To run against him the White House handpicked a brilliant young Cincinnati city councilman named John Joyce Gilligan. "Gilligan's been elected five times in Cincinnati, where they used to hunt Democrats with dogs," an Ohio politician explains. "And guys with Irish or Polish names run like burglars up in Cleveland."

Gilligan faced two main problems. First, Ohio Democrats do not have a state organization. They have what one politician calls "a federation of Chinese warlords" who could not unite behind any single candidate; there were 11 men in the Democratic primary. Second, one of the entrants happened to be named Richard Kennedy. He was not related to the President and had no visible qualifications for the job. One of the reasons he gave for running was that he thought "the Washington climate will be better for my health than Cleveland." But the name was enough. "I was beating all the men I was supposed to beat," Gilligan ruefully recalls, "and then this guy I wasn't even worried about comes up out of nowhere and hits me in the back of the head with an apple."

After Kennedy had won the nomination, Ohio Democrats learned to their horror that he was not only a complete nobody but something of a segregationist as well.

What kind of Republican will the son of "Mr. Republican" turn out to be? "He'll talk Rockefeller," says a Cincinnati Democrat, "but he'll vote Goldwater and Halleck. He doesn't have what it takes to stand up to pressure. When the boys in the back room put the screws on, he'll go along." Taft is definitely a party regular and indeed plans to "go along" with the conservative GOP leadership on the makeup of the House Rules Committee. "I'm not about to buck the

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"All you know," says a Republican, "is he likes to go swimming with his clothes on."

Teddy Kennedy

Republican, run independently of the local party organizations. The result is that victorious candidates have few real links with the party machinery which elects local officials and runs the state. Under this system, and thanks partly to an obsolete constitution, Massachusetts politics has produced some gaudy blooms of corruption. There are highway frauds, tunnel frauds, parking-garage frauds. Graft is a way of life, and the election of jailbirds to high office is not unknown.

In the opinion of Harvard Professor Samuel Beer, who supported Teddy throughout the campaign, the new Senator is "superbly equipped" to clean up this lamentable political mess in Massachusetts. "For the first time in generations," says Beer, "we have someone in office who will lead us out of this swamp. Teddy was elected because most of the people of Massachusetts are decent, middle-class people who see in the Kennedy family a group of attractive men who will give them a chance for clean government."

Fortunately for Teddy's plans, the voters of Massachusetts also, although narrowly, elected a Democratic governor, Endicott (Chub) Peabody, a former All-American football player at Harvard. Peabody is under no illusion concerning the reason for his victory: During the last 10 days of the campaign, when Teddy realized that his own election was certain and that Peabody's was possible, they began making joint appearances. Enough of Teddy's magic rubbed off, and Peabody squeaked in by about 5,000 votes. Now Peabody uses phrases like "Ted and I will work together" and "We both feel strongly. . . ." To consummate their alliance they mutually approved the appointment of Gerard F. Doherty, Teddy's campaign assistant, as chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

Kennedy, Peabody and Doherty plan to centralize the state organization's fund-raising activities and, above all, to make effective use of the power of patronage. If they succeed, it will be a major political achievement, one that John F. Kennedy himself never managed in Massachusetts. It could give Teddy Kennedy the substantial national reputation which he now conspicuously lacks.

While Teddy and Gerry Doherty tinkered with their new state machine, other members of Teddy's staff began shifting to Washington in early December. Packing crates were hefted into the suite of Senate offices across the hall from Senator Maurine Neuberger of Oregon and scattered across the green carpet and black leather chairs of the Senator's new quarters. In the center of a new desk sat the old sign reading EDWARD M. KENNED. The bullwhip was nowhere to be seen.

Joan Kennedy made a three-day trip to the capital and rented a furnished, four-bedroom brick house at 1336 31st Street NW in Georgetown. "Both Jackie and Ethel told me that if I wanted to see anything of my husband and have him see our children, we had to be in Georgetown," she says.

Twenty-six years old, with blue eyes and lemon-blond hair, Joan can compete with any of the dazzling Kennedy ladies. For the past two years she has devoted herself to pouring coffee and handing out cake and glorious smiles for her husband in Massachusetts. As a campaigner and political partner she makes an almost perfect wife for Teddy. Behind a shy exterior, she conceals a refreshing directness and optimism. Furthermore, she is philosophical about the strain which politics puts on their private life. "Like any young wife, I'd like to see more of my husband," she says, "but I recognize that this is the most important year of his life. It isn't often that a man's most important year comes when he's only thirty years old."

Despite her dedication to Teddy's career, Joan looked forward to her arrival in the capital with vague apprehension. "I don't really know anyone in Washington," she said. The fact is that she can stop worrying about that right now. Anybody she wants to know will gallop to be introduced. And the boisterous clique of junior New Frontier courtiers can scarcely wait to welcome the new young prince and his wife to their frolics.

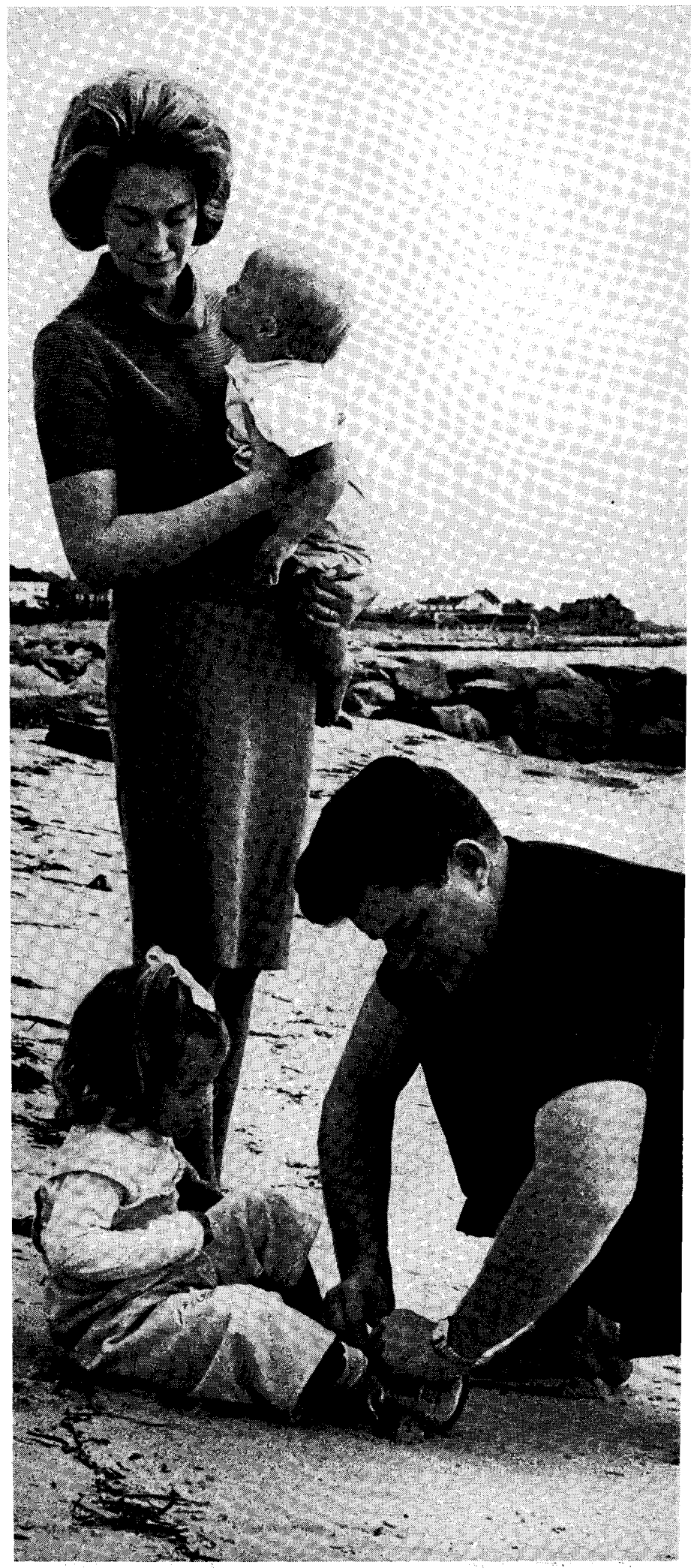
How Teddy and Joan will react to this social onslaught remains to be seen. A gay social life is not exactly compatible with the kind of impression Teddy Kennedy is determined to make in Washington—that of a humble, hardworking and sober-minded freshman Senator.

To be blunt about it, Teddy Kennedy has a lot to live down in Washington. Until he was elected to the Senate, the capital's sharpest image of him was that of a young man who had jumped into his brother Bobby's swimming pool, fully dressed, one summer night. "It's kind of hard to predict what a Senator will do when all you know about him is that he likes to go swimming with his clothes on," said one Republican Senator. In addition, Teddy cannot help but attract some of the bitterness that has grown up among older Washingtonians toward the self-important New Frontier social set.

Teddy's Next Big Splash

If Teddy wants to impress his colleagues in the Senate, he will not want to turn up red-eyed at the Capitol on Monday mornings to find other Senators reading about his weekend exploits in the gossip columns. And it is here on the lonely eminence of Capitol Hill, rather than in the drawing rooms—or swimming pools—of Washington that Teddy Kennedy wants to make his next big splash.

Most Senators predict that, at first, Senator Kennedy will be placed in a kind of subtle Coventry, with many things going on behind his back and over his head. Most of the serious business of the Senate is done in committee meetings, where Senators like to speak freely about proposed legislation, including that sent up from the White House. Hereafter, a Senator who feels like shouting, "Why don't those S.O.B.'s ever understand anything about the problems in my state?" may be somewhat inhibited when he looks



At Hyannis Port Teddy solves Kara's knotty problem; Joan holds Edward Jr.

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Robert Taft Jr.

leadership on an issue as old and as complicated as that one," he says.

He is conservative by instinct. He plans to oppose any tax cut not accompanied by a cut in federal spending: "I think that the effect of a red-ink tax cut is just as likely to be depressing as stimulating. This is still a free-enterprise economy, despite the incursions of government. You can't make people do things they don't want to do. They have to want to do them. The key factor is confidence."

Young Taft came out on September 11 for a blockade of Cuba—more than five weeks before it was imposed: "Cuba, like any other country, has the right to buy arms. What made the difference, in my mind, was the *active* Soviet participation in the buildup. I felt that we were going to have to face up to the possibility of nuclear war over this question. I thought we should do it sooner rather than later."

The three basic issues on which Taft finds the Republican Party united are "a stronger foreign policy in the face of the Communist threat, fiscal responsibility, and checking the buildup of federal power and bureaucracy."

The only Republican presidential possibility he knows at all well is his Yale classmate, William Scranton of Pennsylvania. "I think that Goldwater has some real difficulties," Taft says, "because I don't think he represents a consensus of the party. I don't think Rockefeller does, either, but between the two of them he comes a lot closer."

The Taft position defies easy classification. In the Legislature he bucked powerful financial interests to help repeal a law which required that local school boards keep spare funds in special bank accounts from which the boards could draw no more than one percent interest—an obvious bonanza for the Ohio banks. He went against the party leadership in pushing through a bill that raised the maximum income permitted to families eligible for public housing from $2,500 to $3,000 a year. "I'm a liberal on civil rights," he says, and a friend adds, "He's tough as nails on that."

Taft is suspicious of the United Nations: "I haven't given up hope, not by a long shot. My father voted for it, and he supported the League of Nations. It's a valuable forum, but I don't think it should be the determining factor in the formation of American policy. Many of these countries have just come to independence and have come to it with what does not look to me like a responsible view of world affairs."

Whatever he says or does will have impact beyond that normal to a first-term Congressman, simply because his name is Robert Taft. He admits with no embarrassment that the name is a "definite advantage."

How far will his name and ability take him? Into the 1964 Senate race, almost certainly. For one thing, his at-large seat in Congress will vanish when Ohio's Republican Legislature and governor reapportion the state. Taft will not commit himself, but a key member of his 1962 organization, Cincinnati lawyer Stan Aronoff, declares, "If we have anything to say about it, he'll run."

One central fact is that Taft has been soundly bitten by the political bug. "His eyes used to light up every time the State Legislature convened," says Aronoff. "They lit up the same way in this campaign. He got to be almost addicted to meeting people." One of Taft's old friends from an enormously wealthy Cincinnati family agrees: "Bob grew up in what would have to be called sheltered surroundings. What amazes me, in the light of his background, is how well he mingles and how well he enjoys it. In fact, I think Bob relaxes and enjoys himself more with his political colleagues than he does with anybody else."

Among young Bob's friends, ambition for him reaches all the way to the White House—one of these days. "He's got the brains and the name, and he's getting the training," says an aide. "The Taft that came out of this race was very different from the Taft who started. He's the kind of guy who has to find out he can do it before he believes it himself."

For a man of his lineage, Taft's own aims are disarmingly modest: "The main thing in any new job is to get to know the people and get to know the rules." But a few weeks ago, rummaging for a newspaper clipping in his habitually cluttered desk at his law office, Taft called out to his secretary, Virginia McKay, "Look for it in the 1964 convention folder. . . . Yes," he admitted with a grin, "I've already started a folder on that."

But then he added: "I've got a strong feeling about politics, particularly elective politics, and it's this: You should have some other developed interest in life before you start. If I had jumped off into the Senate race in 1953 as I was urged to do, I wouldn't be as good a lawyer as I am today. If you have another life outside of politics and somebody comes to you and says you have to stand for this or that or you're through—well, you can just tell them to go to hell.

"Don't misunderstand me," he says. "I don't want to lose an election. It's damned important to win if you believe in the things you campaign for."

Democrats are still waiting to see how deeply he does believe—and how hard he can fight. "He just doesn't care enough," says one. "He doesn't have that all-consuming drive that possessed his father. He's never been in a real campaign, and he'd make mistakes under pressure. Hell, this wasn't a campaign, it was a triumphal tour of Ohio." **THE END**

Teddy Kennedy

across the table into the interested face of Senator Kennedy.

The Senators think they will know by the end of this first session of Congress just how independent a Senator Teddy will be. "By then, we will have had around two hundred votes on the record," said a Democratic Senator and strong supporter of the President, who asked not to be named. "On most of these the President's views will be known. So we'll add up Teddy's score. Of course, we expect that, as a liberal Democrat, he will support the President in the majority of cases. But how will he vote on the Administration Farm Bill, with its high price supports for corn and wheat? That bill does nothing for Massachusetts, except to raise prices for Massachusetts consumers. If he's free, Senator Kennedy will vote against it, along with Senator Saltonstall. How will Teddy vote on the President's Aid to Education Bill without an aid-to-parochial-schools clause? That's a gut issue with Massachusetts Catholics; it's also a key plank in the President's domestic legislative program. Teddy will have to squirm on that one."

To succeed in the Senate Teddy must heed four cardinal rules for beginners. The first rule is that All Beginners are Equal. No matter how mighty a man may have been before he entered the Senate, Senators will judge him solely on his performance in their presence.

Rule Two is that All Beginners Must Keep Quiet. Freshmen Senators are expected to remain obscure for at least two years. They must join one good committee, make themselves expert on one subject, and always vote with the party leadership. Teddy has already indicated his fervent intention of following this rule. When rumors got out that he might seek a place on the prestigious Foreign Relations or Appropriations committees, he killed them quickly, knowing he didn't have a prayer of making either committee. He would be happy, he said, to serve on the humbler Labor and Public Welfare Committee, which is not a bad place for a Senator from an eastern industrial state to be.

Rule Three is that Primary Loyalty Belongs to the Senate. Teddy, in other words, must not get a reputation as an inside listening post for the White House or a talebearer for the Capitol Hill branch of the Irish Mafia. "Obviously the President's going to get some inside information from Ted," said New York Senator Jacob Javits. "The point is how much, how often and how it's used." All Senators agree that Teddy will have to show some very fancy footwork in this area.

Finally, the Senate's Rule Number Four—slightly tattered these days—is that Senators Should Not Aspire to Higher Office. Understandably, senatorial patriarchs do not look kindly on young men who sail into the Senate, letting it be known that they plan to move upward as soon as they can make the necessary arrangements. That happened recently, and many members of this august body will be watching closely for any signs that the Senate is again being used primarily as a political launching pad.

Teddy's friends and relatives naturally look for great things from him. An Irish politician who has known all the Kennedys pronounces Teddy "the best of the lot," adding, "I knew Jack Kennedy when he was thirty and a Congressman, and he was nothin'. But Teddy's already way ahead. He is the Kennedy they're going to put in the history books."

Even the most partisan Republicans in Washington have decided to wait and see before jumping on Teddy. Congressman William Miller, chairman of the Republican National Party, who called Teddy's candidacy a "joke" and "ridiculous" before the election, now declares, "We are no more interested in Senator Kennedy than in any other Democratic Senator." Despite this disclaimer, Mille is still somewhat troubled by visions of a Kennedy dynasty. "There is talk about Bobby running for governor of Massachusetts," he says, "and Sargent Shriver running for governor of Illinois so that, with Teddy in the Senate, they'd be in a good position when John steps out of the White House. If this is all part of a long-range plan, I think that the American people will revolt."

Teddy himself scoffs at talk of a Kennedy political dynasty. "If the Republicans have nothing to say about me except that my name is Kennedy, their own program will seem pretty thin," he said recently. "Most people realize that my brothers and I have separate identities and separate responsibilities. Mine are to the people of Massachusetts. The President's are to the people of all fifty states. I'm sorry this isn't clear to everybody yet, but I think it will become clear after I move to Washington."

Perhaps. The fact remains that Teddy's election will prove an embarrassment to his two older brothers, either now or in future political endeavors, if enough people decide that he is just one Kennedy too many. A number of legislators of both political parties fear—or hope—that this will be the case.

One man who has reason to doubt it is Harvard history professor H. Stuart Hughes, who ran against both Teddy ar George Lodge on an independent bai the-bomb ticket in the November election. "The country is moved now by television, glamour and blandness," he says ironically. "The Kennedys understand all this. They've already managed to pass Bobby off on the country, to convert Jackie into an asset and transform a rocking chair into a virility symbol. Teddy will be easy." **THE END**

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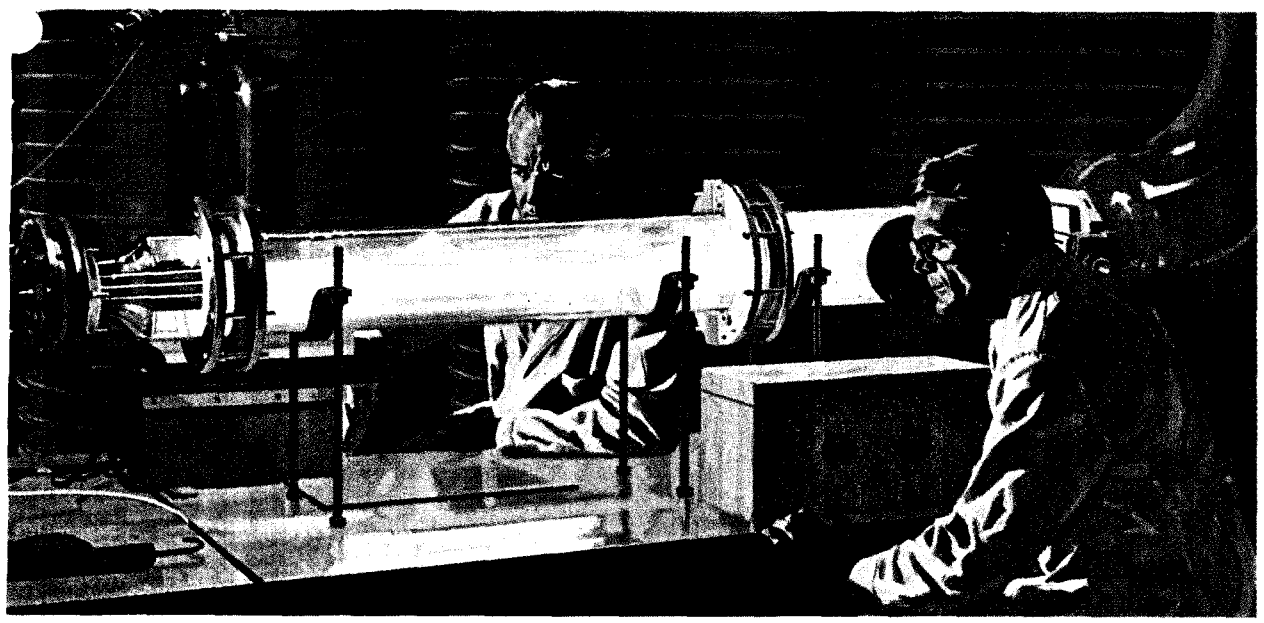

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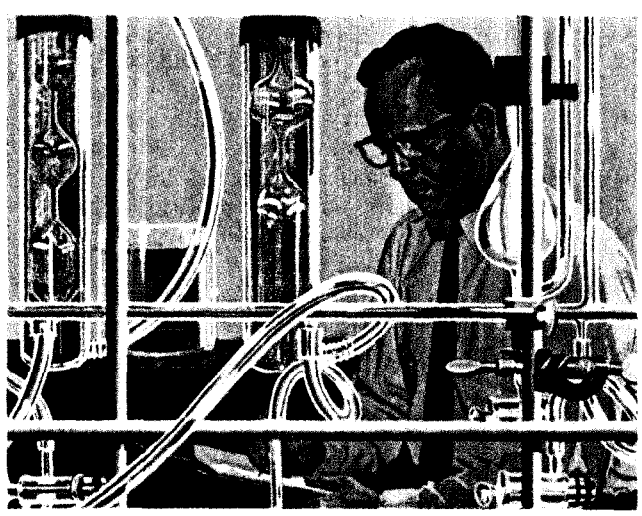

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In the epochal struggle between China and India, which engages a third of mankind, the U.S. is rearming Nehru's once-neutral India. To assess this momentous change, Post *Editor Sherrod (with Nehru, above) flew to New Delhi for exclusive interviews with India's embattled leader.*

NEHRU:

The Great Awakening

By ROBERT SHERROD, *Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

NEW DELHI.

The United States military uniform means many things to many people in all those far corners of the earth where it may be encountered. The presence of several hundred blue U.S. Air Force uniforms in India has for Jawaharlal Nehru a special meaning indeed, and it can be put into one word. The word is "failure."

Prime Minister Nehru gambled and lost on the premise that if he were nice to the Chinese Communists they would reciprocate his friendliness. He failed to modernize his armed forces, which would have meant accepting up-to-date weapons from foreigners and veering from his neutral course. When the Chinese struck last October, and again in November, the Indian Army, equipped with ancient British .303 rifles, reeled and scattered in humiliating defeat. That was when Mr. Nehru finally had to seek help from the outside. The Americans and the British rushed to the rescue by flying in some arms and supplies, the rivulets of what will become a torrent if the Indian army makes up for the neglect of 15 years.

Only a little more than a decade had elapsed since Mr. Nehru began to take a dim view of American foreign policy, particularly as it was personified by our men in uniform. He ardently wooed the Chinese, clamoring for their admission to the UN and refusing to join the vote in branding them as aggressors in Korea. Through the years he continued to tolerate and advocate the Peking regime despite its insistent claims to 50,000 square miles of Himalayan borderland territory that had been traditionally India's.

One can only imagine Mr. Nehru's emotional turmoil before he asked for the U.S. Air Force to haul Indian soldiers and supplies to the Himalayan battlefronts, but one can assume that his feeling would approximate John F. Kennedy's in case the President, through some enormity of circumstance, found himself obliged to endorse Barry Goldwater for President. This does not mean that Mr. Nehru dislikes Americans. He numbers many Americans among his friends and supporters, and when Mrs. Kennedy made her famous visit to India last March he all but knocked off work for 10 days.

The collapse of his nonalignment policy removed the central plank in India's foreign policy, although Mr. Nehru still vows that he can remain detached from the big power blocs. This collapse also means that Mr. Nehru's cherished economic program must suffer. But as the reader will see, the prime minister hopes to turn this sow's ear into a silk purse.

The visitor is tempted to throw up his hands when he views India's plight. In this benighted land of 440,000,000 souls the average income crept from $55 in 1951 to $65 in 1961 (U.S. figure: $2400), and the production of food grains rose from 52,000,000 tons to 75,000,000—enough, with foreign supplements, to give the average Indian 2,100 calories per day. But this gain in grain is largely nullified by the dismaying increase in population: every year, despite some government effort at birth control, India has 9,000,000 more mouths to feed.

Since India gained its independence in 1947, Mr. Nehru has tried nobly to lift his countrymen's standard of living, and he has won the sympathy and help of much of the civilized world, including loans and grants from the United States amounting to nearly $4,000,000,000. Britain paid in about $3,000,000,000 owed from World War II and built a steel plant at Durgapur.

Girls at New Delhi's Lady Shri Ram College get emergency rifle training from army instructor.

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War might last "four or five years...

New Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan received sword as war contribution.

U.S. Sgt. Charles B. Korf checks on American arms bound for front.

Claiming 50,000 square miles of traditionally Indian lands, the Chinese struck simultaneously against India's Northeast Frontier Agency and Ladakh at the western end of the 2,500-mile Sino-Indian border.

West Germany constructed the steel complex at Rourkela, and the Russians loaned $800,000,000 in rubles to finance several industrial enterprises, including the ultramodern steel mill at Bhilai. As a result, India's steel capacity has doubled, to a total of 3,500,000 tons (the U.S. capacity is 100,000,000 tons). Fortunately, India is blessed with natural resources, including vast ore and coal deposits. But no more than a beginning has been made. Electricity has come to only 23,000 villages out of India's 500,000. The Indian farmer coaxes only one third as much yield out of his land as the Japanese.

What is needed to make visible progress is not only a stringent economy program but also at least $1,000,000,000 a year in foreign aid and investment until the economy can become self-lubricating. More important is a change in national attitude. Victimized by five centuries of stagnant conservatism, enervated by a climate that parches him, the Indian peasant is slow to take to irrigation, to better seeds and to fertilizers. For a plow he uses a stick drawn by a bullock. He is plagued by Hinduism's caste system and by 225,000,000 scraggly cows whose slaughter is legally prohibited. The peasant's health has been improved. No longer do 1,000,000 per year die of malaria; the average life span has risen from 32 to 42 in 10 years. The number of children in school has risen from 24,000,000 to 62,000,000 and the literacy rate is optimistically figured at 24 percent versus 10 percent.

Mr. Nehru boasts that his country is the world's largest democracy. The ballot is secret, and the Indian is blessed with the right to criticize whoever is elected. Without resorting to totalitarian controls, Nehru hopes to make India's economy viable. All around him democracy's record becomes more dismal each year. Burma to the east and Pakistan to the west have succumbed to army control; China in the north, its 715,000,000 inhabitants firmly lashed to the Communist yoke, easily qualifies as the leader of the world's spit-on-democracy forces. Democracy in India may not be irrevocably tied to Mr. Nehru but he has certainly pointed the path in the 15 years he has been India's prime minister.

Ever since a prostate infection felled him last spring, Mr. Nehru's retirement has been a favorite topic of discussion in New Delhi government circles. Some younger officials insist that Nehru must go: "In a democracy no man should be indispensable, and he has been in too long." A young woman intellectual from a rich Indian family said: "So long as Nehru remains we can never settle the Kashmir issue with Pakistan."

When a politician in a democracy loses his gambles, he usually falls, as Neville Chamberlain fell with his appeasement policy in 1940. Will the Indians depose Mr. Nehru? Hardly. He strides the subcontinent like a colossus. Besides, as one diplomat remarked to me, "What would the Indians do with him?"

Among the Indian people Nehru moves more like a deity than a politician. To realize his enormous power over the throngs it is necessary only to watch him address 50,000 or 100,000—such audiences are not rare in India. He moves them, as Franklin Roosevelt used to move American political rallies. Like Roosevelt, Nehru the Brahmin seems to gain strength from the masses while displaying a slight aversion for contact with them. Nowadays, when Nehru makes fewer

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I don't see any real compromise."

speeches, it is enlightening to watch the hundreds of worshipers who gather at the prime minister's house at nine every morning to donate their gold and their rupees to the National Defense Fund. In the eyes of the beholders, simply to be in the presence of the great man confers *darshan* (blessing). All over India small gifts by the thousands have poured in to help finance the war effort, and although the cash total is not large—about $28,000,000 in the first six weeks after invasion, enough to finance the U.S. military establishment about five hours—it came from millions of humble peasants. "It is the small gifts that are most impressive," Mr. Nehru told me, "because it indicates that people in independent, democratic India want to keep what they have."

Currently favored as Nehru's eventual successor is Y.B. Chavan, the burly defense minister named to succeed Krishna Menon when the Congress Party parliamentary executive committee forced Nehru to throw out his acidulous friend. Chavan, a member of the Maratha warrior caste, had had no experience at "the Center" (national government) until he took over Defense, but as chief minister of Maharashtra (Bombay) he gained a reputation as an adroit politician. Unlike Nehru, he has not pinned any faith in the Russians' inclination to restrain their Chinese brethren: "Communist blood is thicker than coexistence water."

Late one afternoon I remarked to Nehru that he looked very fit for a man who had already put in a 10-hour day. He shrugged and said, "One gets accustomed to routine," although he conceded that he felt the need of a nap after lunch, and he no longer stands on his head in the morning because the doctors told him he might dislocate his shoulder. Nehru has a pronounced stoop nowadays, and when he climbs steps Nehru reveals the imprint of old age—he inches up, always leading with his left foot.

Until he does quit or die, Nehru remains, as U.S. Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith told me, "one of the towering figures of our times."

Nehru on the Record

During our 18 days in India I saw Mr. Nehru four times, once on the floor of Parliament, an institution he dominates after the fashion of a Toscanini; once at a luncheon he gave on the sunlit lawn of his official residence, and twice in personal interviews. These conversations, which lasted a total of about two and one-half hours, took place in the prime minister's office on the ground floor of the great, round Parliament Building which the British left, among many other relics, when they departed from India in 1947.

Never once did Mr. Nehru go off the record, although he realized that what I wrote would not appear in print immediately and, in consequence, told me many things that would have proved awkward had they appeared in the next day's press. He answered all my questions frankly, although his attitude on some subjects underwent some changes between the first interview and the second, which took place a week later.

Several weeks after the Chinese onslaughts of October and November I found India in a surge of patriotic fervor, a new condition in this amorphous country which has been divided by 14 different languages and hundreds of dialects. The disastrous military defeats came as bitter medicine, but they fanned a real nationalism within the Indian breast. In their 15 years of nationality the Indians had shared nothing much except their independence and their remarkable prime minister, "Mr. India" himself.

After China's seizure of Tibet, and after its raucous claims to territory in Ladakh and the Northeast Frontier Agency, might not the Chinese attacks have been anticipated?

"In the past few years we have lost any faith we had in China," said Mr. Nehru slowly, "but we didn't expect this blatant invasion—no, we didn't expect invasion." When he had first met Chou En-lai, the Chinese prime minister had seemed forthright and genial, "anything but aggressive." At Bandung in 1955 Chou was most cooperative, and even after he had been disputing India's borders for several years, he exuded brotherhood. ("Our two peoples shall remain friendly to each other for the thousands and tens of thousands of years to come," said Chou upon arriving at New Delhi's Palam Airport the last time, in 1960.)

When I asked the prime minister to tell me, in his own words, of the events leading up to war he said, "Even in 1950 or 1951, after the Chinese went into Tibet, they thought our Tibetan borders had become dangerous. We began putting up checkposts, but they were only symbols of our sovereignty.

"Ever since they started nibbling at Indian territory in Ladakh [in 1958] things have grown progressively worse. The manner in which they dealt with the old Chinese maps of Chiang Kai-shek was an indication. We pointed out that those Chinese maps were very wrong. They said, 'We'll revise them.' Three years ago they said the old maps were right, after all. In the last two or three years their frontier with India has been very mobile—whatever suited their purpose.

"The road from Sinkiang [in China] to Tibet is an old caravan road which crosses part of Ladakh, in Indian territory. It was in a remote part of the border between India and China. The Chinese improved this road so trucks could use it. We first heard of this road, built over our own territory, when it was completed. We had sent a survey party. After a month we asked the Chinese if they knew of our survey party. 'Yes,' said the Chinese, 'they intruded into our territory and we arrested them.' Only then did we know they had built the road, which subsequently tied into the roadway system to Tibet. This was our first conflict."

Ironically, in 1956 and 1957, when this road was built in secret, India was demanding that Chiang Kai-shek turn over Formosa and the offshore islands Quemoy and Matsu, to Chou En-lai's government. Chou himself, a sleek model of a good neighbor, visited India several times as the mobs of New Delhi and Calcutta greeted him, shouting, "*Hindi Chini bhai bhai*"—"Indians and Chinese are brothers." But by 1959 the Chinese press was calling the Indians "imperialist expansionists," and in October Chinese soldiers killed nine Indians about 50 miles within the lines of Ladakh. Chou En-lai not only claimed part of Ladakh but at the other end of the India-China border he designated vast areas of the Northeast Frontier area as Chinese—a total corresponding to the state of Maine and a big chunk of Montana. What were the Chinese up to? Might they really attempt to drive to the Bay of

Women sent Nehru gold bracelets for defense. "The small gifts are the most impressive."

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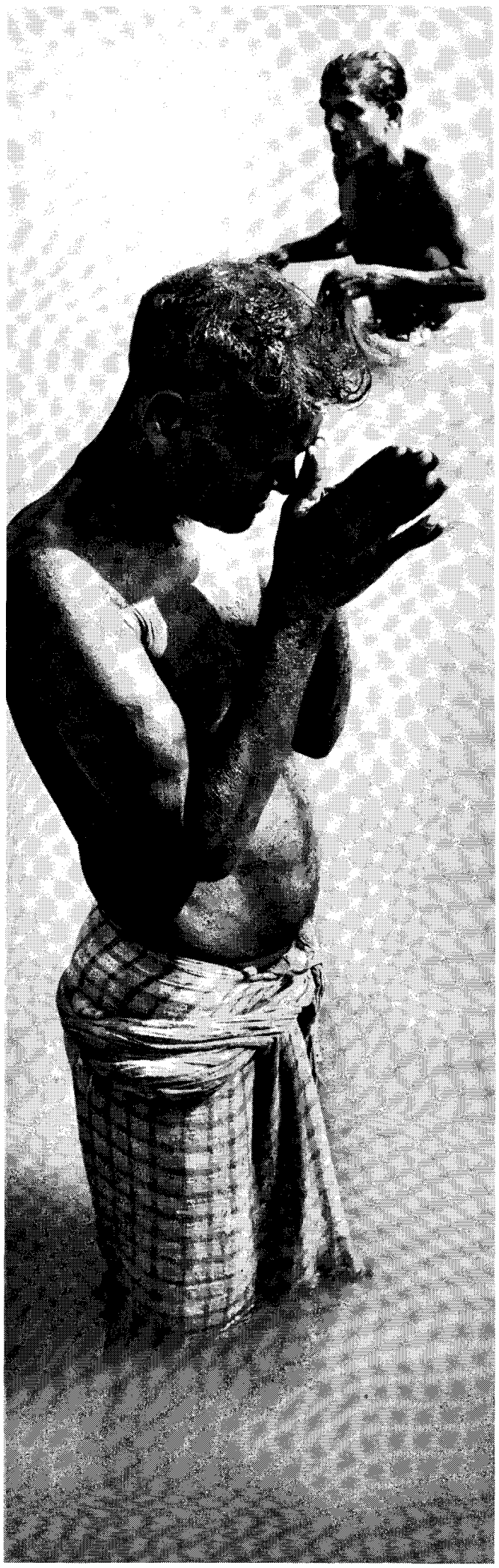

To Hindus, such as this one praying in the holy Ganges, the spiritual is all-important.

For a stagnant economy, the crisis may

Bengal, splitting off Calcutta and other eastern parts of India?

"No," said Mr. Nehru, "The Chinese would find the situation more difficult as their supply lines were extended. From the long-term point of view"—a favorite expression of the prime minister—"it is not easy for them to carry on an extensive campaign. It may be that the Chinese are trying to show their might, to India and to Southeast Asia. But they are showing poor judgment. First, they have not only lost any goodwill in India, but have converted it into fierce hostility. They are not wise to buy this hostility. Besides, the specious arguments they have put forth would fall to the ground if they attempted to come south again."

As for patching up things with the Chinese, Mr. Nehru said, "I don't see any real compromise. What they have in mind is different from our thinking. There is no bridge between us. We should be prepared for four or five years of war."

This statement is interesting in view of what the prime minister told me a week later, in early December. How would he reclaim his lost territory from the Chinese, the part they insisted on keeping, mostly in Ladakh, as well as the part from which they had voluntarily withdrawn?

"The first problem is to build strong enough defenses to retain Chinese aggression," he said. "Secondly, to push them back.

"They have made an offer to withdraw almost completely in NEFA. There are some contradictions, but we insist that they must withdraw to the September-eighth line. We are not asking complete withdrawal in Ladakh, but there must be some other changes." Thus, Mr. Nehru seemed willing to let the Chinese have some, if not all, of their conquest in Ladakh. This attitude, apparently contradicting the prime minister's earlier declarations of all-out war, drew retorts from some fire-breathing politicians a few days later, and caused him to retort angrily, "What do they expect us to do—march to Peking?"

In retrospect, wouldn't it have been better to face up to the Chinese threat years ago, instead of letting them have "the Tibet region of China," as it came to be called in the Chinese-Indian agreement of April 29, 1954? Mr. Nehru reflected for a while and replied, "No, we couldn't have done anything effective about Tibet. We did our utmost in our five-year plans, putting in all our resources. Until the invasion our troubles were economic. Our thinking was naïve. It was difficult to turn our industrialization to military apparatus until we had established the necessary base. They talk about our military unpreparedness; they say we haven't modernized our weapons. Actually we didn't ignore the military aspect. We are, in fact, better off than we were ten years ago. But we are caught before we can take advantage of our industrialization. So we must look to the outside, chiefly to the United States, then the United Kingdom and other countries, for arms. The Russians say they will help us with a few planes, with training and with a plane factory. They say they will abide by their commitment."

My interviews took place some time after the sensational firing of Mr. Nehru's acidulous defense minister, V. K. Krishna Menon, who had made himself as objectionable to Indian politicians as to United Nations diplomats in New York. Did the prime minister lay unpreparedness at Krishna Menon's door?

Mr. Nehru refused to yield an inch insofar as his friend was concerned. "Krishna Menon is very patriotic, devoted and able. He has some failings. He was very helpful on the Planning Commission—a good economist. It is completely wrong to blame Krishna Menon for army failings. He tried to modernize the army, and it is now doing well on his plans. He started the process of modernization with automatic weapons, which is coming to fruition now. Even the British army took four or five years to adopt automatic weapons."

Here we reached a delicate point in any discussion of the prime minister's foreign policy. The leader of the neutralist world now found himself unquestionably aligned against China, and he was seeking help, mostly from the West. Was he finally prepared to grant that Communists *per se* are untrustworthy?

Not at all, the prime minister said: "The Chinese are the only people in the world looking

WHY DID MAO STRIKE?

Whatever else they accomplished, the Chinese Communists threw a real puzzler at the experts when they opened a war on India. Here are some opinions I have heard in New Delhi, Hong Kong and Tokyo:

1. Mao Tse-tung scorned Khrushchev for his withdrawal from Cuba and wanted to show the world that he, Mao, wasn't afraid to spill blood.

2. Mao, saddled with a Chinese population of 715,000,000 which is growing at the rate of 15,000,000 a year, wanted to show up the "soft democracy" of India, particularly to the rice-bowl countries of Southeast Asia. Therefore, they will give in easily when Mao decides to move.

3. Mao believes that the head-on clash between Communism and capitalism is an inevitable case of black versus white, and he doesn't want any neutrals sitting on any fences. Therefore, he toppled the biggest neutral, India, off its perch.

4. Since Korea, though indecisive, was good for Chinese morale, Mao needed another war to feed his hungry hordes on. He wanted a "soft" war, which the United States wouldn't have let him have in South Korea, Vietnam or Formosa.

5. Jealous of the good notices accruing to India the democracy, Mao decided to throw Nehru into an economic tailspin by making him divert his resources to war production.

6. Mao foresaw that pushing India into receiving American arms would irritate Pakistan to the point of breaking with the SEATO and CENTO powers and snuggling up to the Chinese Communists.

7. Mao sincerely believes that the territory he claims is rightfully China's and was lost in 1914 through the "imperialist aggression" of Sir Arthur McMahon.

Regardless of the answer—and all these factors may have entered into Mao's decision—I think Nehru is right when he says, "This is a turning point not only in the history of Asia but in the history of the world." The end is not yet. Nehru has in his possession a Chinese map showing that other buffer states between the two Asian giants, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, are rightfully China's—and so are portions of Burma and of India itself.

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be "a good thing."

for war. Russian Communism has become more stabilized and wants to progress peacefully. Russia is a 'have' country and wants to protect what it has, whereas China has practically given up peaceful coexistence. The Chinese aren't deterred by the prospect of war. Seven years ago Mao Tse-tung told me he wasn't so struck by the danger of nuclear war. 'What are a couple of hundred million people?' he said."

During my second interview I returned to the subject. "Of course, I stand by my statement that Communism has nothing to do with China's attack on India," Mr. Nehru said. "You have only to recall that Chiang Kai-shek makes the same claims on Indian territory as those made by the Communists. The other day I read in the London *Times* of a BBC debate, with a *Times* man and an old China hand participating. They agreed that the fact of Communism played a small part. Essentially, the action was due to 'Chinese-ism.'"

Understandably, Mr. Nehru has several reasons for not crossing the other Communists, the Russians. He wants their planes and he wants to limit Russian assistance to his enemies, the Chinese. "The relations between China and Russia are very strained. In the past several months the Russians have withdrawn their technicians from China; I don't know whether Russia has stopped supplying oil to China or not."

But, I said, many Communist leaders, from Lenin to Khrushchev, have proclaimed that Communism would conquer the world.

"I'm not aware of any such statements," said the prime minister. "Khrushchev said socialism would spread throughout the world, but not by conquest—but by some upheavals, as in the early days of the revolution against the czars. Even Stalin, for all his bad points, was not out to conquer the world." Obviously, Mr. Nehru wasn't going to be led into any blanket condemnation of Communism—although he had not hesitated to jail hundreds of Communists when the Chinese attacked the Indian army in October. The gesture proved to be hardly necessary. Even Calcutta's Communist intellectuals, the reddest Reds in the land, caught the patriotic fever and joined in denouncing the Chinese. S. A. Dange, leader of the "right-wing" (pro-Russian) Indian Communists, was dispatched to Moscow, where he wanted to "explain" the Indian position.

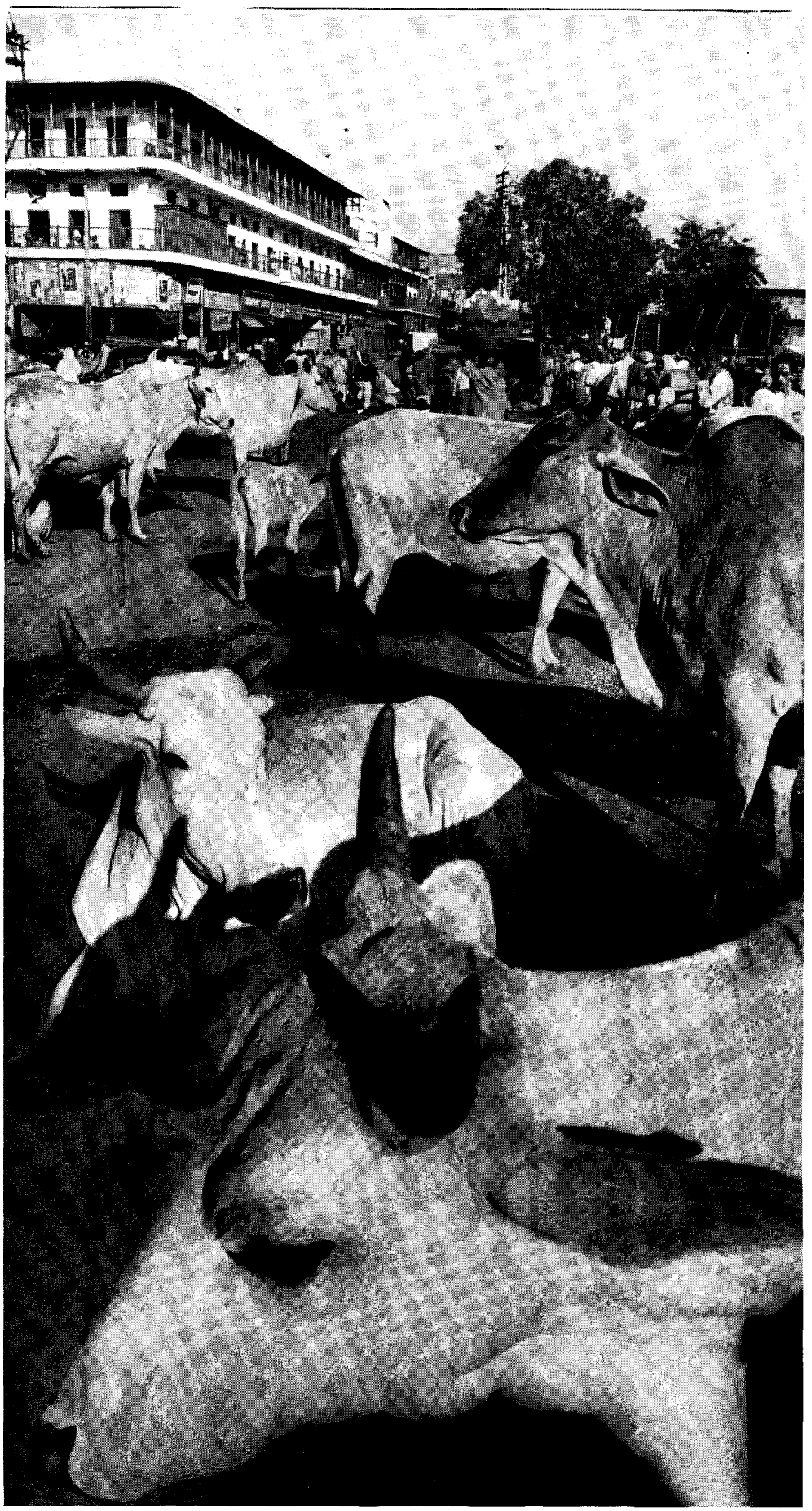
What effect, I asked, did the Chinese attack have on Mr. Nehru's faith in nonalignment?

"Basically, I haven't changed my mind," Mr. Nehru replied. "Nonalignment is good from the point of view of India and of world peace. Nonalignment means retaining the freedom of independent judgment of any particular subject, without being tied down. The danger to world peace is greater if the world is divided into two major groups. It is better to have a third force."

Well, I said, what about NATO and the Marshall Plan, which taken together saved Europe from Communism after World War II?

The prime minister's answer surprised me. "The United States had a peculiar situation in Europe after the war. NATO was helpful. On the other hand, SEATO and CENTO are not particularly helpful. However, I am not judging other countries' foreign policy."

War with China affects not only his own foreign policy but also his economic well-being,



The Indian people, increasing by 9,000,000 annually, subsist on an average of only $65 per year, but Hinduism bars any slaughtering of the nation's 225,000,000 cattle.

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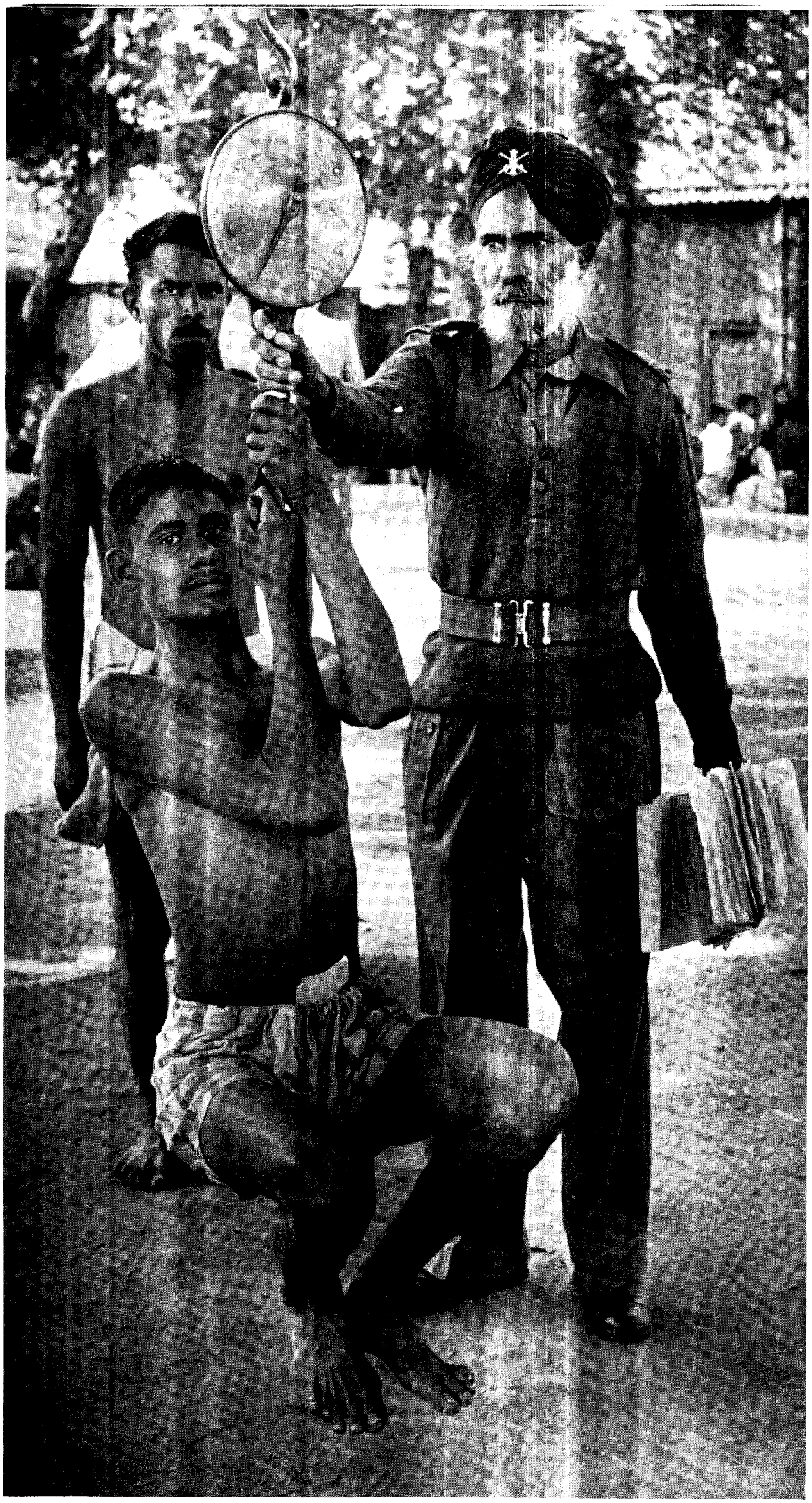

China's attack united the often-divided Indians in the greatest surge of nationalism since independence. Here, a new volunteer for the army gets his weight checked at a recruiting center in New Delhi.

"We were naïve

Mr. Nehru theorizes. "This crisis may be a good thing for India," he told me. "We ought to achieve faster industrialization under its stimulus, and improved agriculture. A part of our trouble has been mental, psychological.

"The economic balance under our third five-year plan may be upset for a while because we must make the changeover to war production, but things in many ways could go faster with greater industrialization. Before the last war our military-equipment base was feeble. It increased during the war, and it will increase again."

Many Americans ask why India doesn't permit greater freedom of private enterprise, I remarked. The third five-year plan assigns only one third of the total expenditures [$25,000,000,000] to the "private sector," and businessmen complain of the frustration of trying to do business over the "70 hurdles" of bureaucracy. "Actually, ninety-nine percent of the land in India is privately owned," Mr. Nehru said, "and small industry and middle-sized industry is private. The real question is the big industries. Our approach is to keep strategic industry in the public sector. And we are against too much concentration of great wealth."

I mentioned that an Indian businessman had told me the United States was the greatest socialistic country in the world.

"So I hear," said Mr. Nehru. "You do have certain controls on wealth that we don't have."

Although India has increasingly encouraged private foreign investments lately, and in many cases has relaxed its insistence on majority control by Indians, foreigners remain cautious, having invested only a little over $1,000,000,000 in the country, and the British have put in 80 percent of that. "Nonetheless," said the prime minister, "the U.K. companies are making more profits now than they were under British rule. Even Mr. Winston Churchill has expressed great satisfaction at this."

Would it be possible to break down the caste system faster, thereby possibly freeing India's dominant Hindu society from an orthodoxy which has for centuries fastened it to ancient prejudices? I knew that Mr. Nehru felt strongly about the fetters of caste.

"Caste is helped far more by social conditions," he replied. "Great improvement has been made. Untouchability has ceased to exist. Boys and girls go to the same schools and work together, and it is intermarriage that will eventually force the end of the caste system. There is not yet much intermarriage between castes in the villages, but in towns and schools and colleges there is. Usually people marry other people with the same background. Education is important in this respect. It is true in India that most marriages are still arranged, but educated people are likely to make their own arrangements.

"The most important result of the war will be to build up the civil strength of the people. We are turning a vast organization loose in community development which will directly affect the war effort. We have 220,000 major community centers in India, each presided over by an elected *panchayat* [council]. If each member of the *panchayat* is counted, the number runs into more than a million councilors working for better agriculture. Already we have made rapid improvement. Barbara Ward, the British economist who has spent much time out here, has recently

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in our thinking."

come back, and she says the change in the villages after three years is most impressive."

What about India's age-old cow problem? The country is burdened by 225,000,000 cows, which are sacred in that they cannot be slaughtered; thus, the breed cannot be improved. "That hasn't come up yet," said Mr. Nehru. "Our approach has been to cut down the cow birthrate."

The Hindu reverence for the cow obviously is an emotional problem for which no quick and easy solution exists. Also in the emotional category looms Kashmir, the Minnesota-sized state that sits atop the Indian subcontinent. Within two months of India's division into two nations in 1947, Kashmir became the subject of bitterest contention—it was a shooting war for a while—between India and Pakistan. When the UN established a cease-fire line in 1949, India held two thirds of Kashmir, including Ladakh and the most important part, the fabulous 20-by-80-mile Vale of Kashmir. Pakistan also regards Kashmir with deep emotion because three fourths of the inhabitants are Moslems and presumably would vote to join Pakistan if permitted. Nehru harbors a deep attachment to Kashmir because his family came from there more than two centuries ago and because he feels that it is necessary to keep Kashmir as a secular Indian state for the protection of the 10 percent of India's population which is Moslem. Yet, if Kashmir could be solved, both India and Pakistan could turn their eyes and weapons away from each other toward the Chinese menace. Now that he had agreed, under the urging of Britain's Duncan Sandys and America's Averell Harriman, to discuss the Kashmir issue with Pakistan, what were the prospects? Was partition the answer?

Mr. Nehru replied, "Kashmir can't be partitioned any more than it already is, on the cease-fire line. As for a plebiscite, the division of Kashmir into communal groups would ruin the long history of concord between the Hindus and Moslems up there. They attend each other's festivals. Another complicating factor is this: Srinagar [the capital] is the gateway to Ladakh, and that's a major fighting area."

What is the solution to Kashmir? If not a plebiscite, which would throw it to either India or Pakistan, or partition, which would divide it between the two, then what? Would it be possible to divide the mountainous areas, then put the Vale under a Pakistan-India condominium?

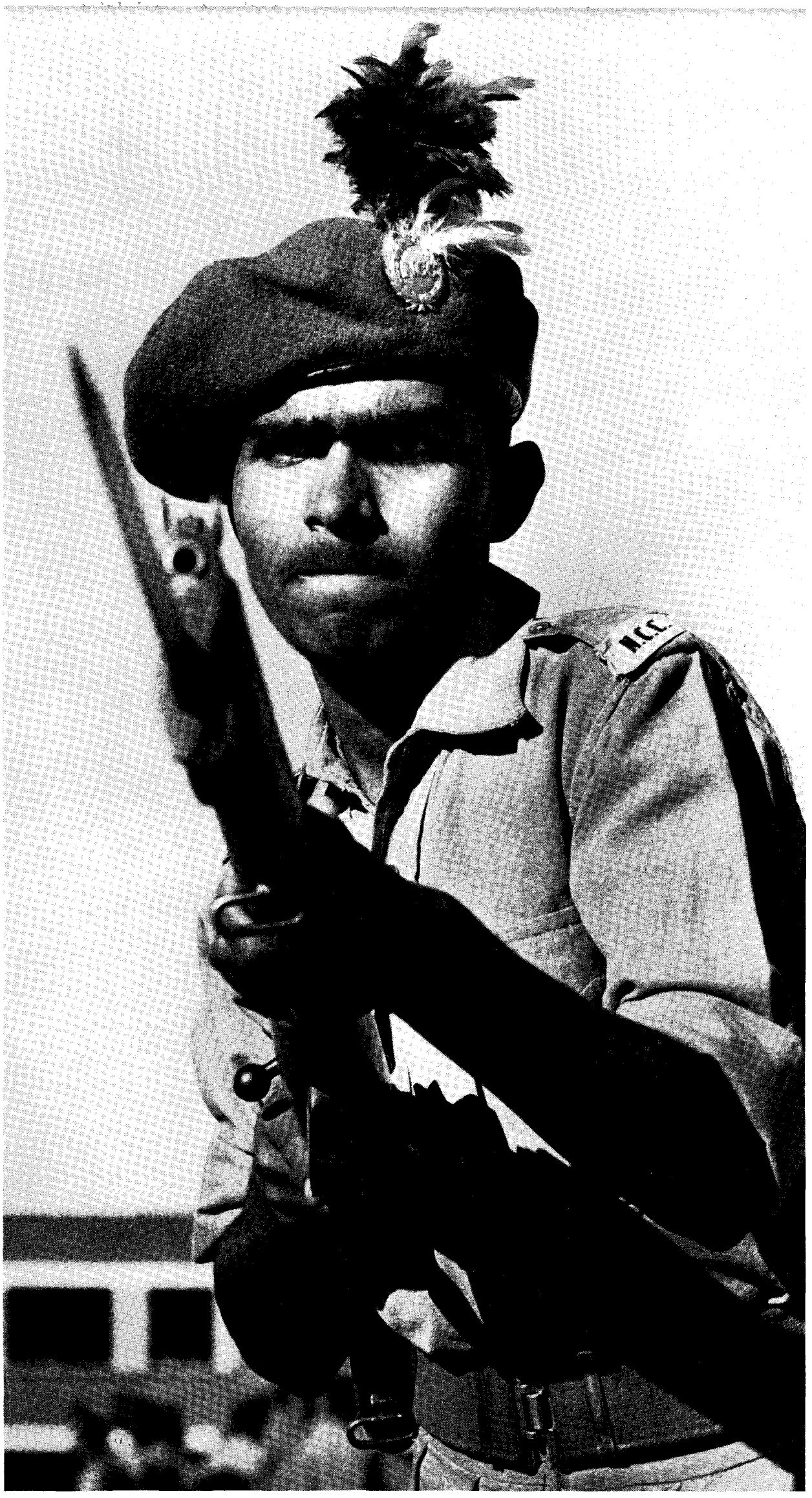
Mr. Nehru frowned and said, "It would be most difficult." There we left the crucial Kashmir issue, for which Mr. Nehru seemed to offer little in the way of solution.

On his desk Mr. Nehru keeps a silver-framed photograph of his mentor Mahatma Gandhi, dead these 15 years. Would the apostle of nonviolence have approved of India's going to war?

"It's difficult to say," he replied, "but I can quote the man who is following most closely in Mahatmaji's steps, Vinoba Bhave [the holy man who has persuaded landholders to donate nearly 5,000,000 acres to landless peasants]. At the time of the invasion, Vinoba Bhave made a statement: 'We have to resist. Not me; I'm not warlike; I'm not made that way, but we must resist.'"

As I prepared to leave him for the last time, I asked Mr. Nehru if he had ever thought of retiring.

"No," he said quickly, "I've never thought of it. Certainly not at the present juncture." He sounded convincing. **THE END**



Bayonet drill trains one of Nehru's new recruits. He is still using the old British .303 rifle, but the U.S. and Britain now are pouring in modern weapons to prepare for the next round of fighting.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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EDITORIALS

We Need More Safety in the Air

A huge jet crashed into Jamaica Bay, carrying 95 people to their death. The Civil Aeronautics Board, under its statutory authority, launched a long and arduous investigation. The tortuous investigative trail traced by Trevor Armbrister (pp. 13–19) led at length to the Eclipse-Pioneer Division of the Bendix Corporation in Teterboro, New Jersey, after CAB's Wesley Cowan had detected telltale tweezer marks on the sleeving and wires of a gadget called a servo, precisely like the marks on the wiring of the ill-fated Flight 1.

Conforming to requirements, the CAB relayed Cowan's findings to the Federal Aviation Agency, which sent messages to carriers operating 707's, suggesting that neither the yaw damper nor the automatic pilot be used below 5,000 feet until more conclusive information could be obtained. Incredibly the FAA, after testing a different-type aircraft—the 720—subsequently decided that the damaged wires were not significant.

The public is constantly told that air travel is as safe as driving a car down the street. Statistics are dredged up in droves to prove the point. All things considered, air travel *is* remarkably safe. But the point is irrelevant to the fate of Flight 1. The 95 people who died in the mud flats of Jamaica Bay will not be helped by all the flight-safety statistics or all the safe arrivals and departures in the world. The public has a right to expect that no one shall die needlessly.

The failure of the manufacturer and the carrier to discover the defective servo is regrettable. The servo unit never should have left the Bendix plant. Once it was installed in the 707, it should have been detected by the carrier. Admiral Rickover (p. 16) has indicated a shocking statistic. "About ten percent of commercial airplane accidents," he says, "are traceable to poor quality control during maintenance." There is no excuse for this kind of shoddy maintenance.

Once the American 707 had crashed into Jamaica Bay, the Federal Aviation Agency should have done everything in its power to facilitate the investigation, instead of issuing premature and ill-informed statements about the cause of the crash and refusing to require a mandatory check on servo units. The FAA's Administrator, Najeeb Halaby, has sounded off before without knowing the facts.

Trevor Armbrister's visit to the tower at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, the nation's busiest airport, points up another major problem of U.S. aviation. The men in the crucial traffic-control posts at major U.S. airports work under incredible pressure—pressure that sooner or later is bound to produce mistakes, simply because men are human.

Yet anyone who asks the FAA about the pressure on traffic-control personnel is blandly told that the FAA is aware of the problem and it has evolved a system of switching key personnel every two or three hours to posts where the pressure is not so intense. In theory this sounds good, but it is far from actual practice. The FAA is sincere in its concern, but directives are issued and little or nothing ever comes of them. Switching occurs today in some pressure posts, but it is haphazard and unscheduled. At Washington National Airport, right under the FAA's nose, traffic-control personnel work eight-hour stretches. Half the time they eat their sandwiches on the job. There is no lunch break for traffic-control personnel except on an erratic basis when traffic is light. No one should work eight hours in such a post without a break.

In a celebrated incident last year a traffic controller at Washington National Airport made a mistake that might easily have caused a major disaster. He did not make a note of an altitude change. As a result, for 42 minutes two aircraft were circling in the same flight path at the same altitude over Springfield, Virginia. The controller, who was handling nine aircraft at the time and who had worked for nine years without making a mistake, was blamed and was removed to a less active post.

It might have been more relevant to blame the system. There is hardly a man in the world who will not make one mistake in nine years, especially if he works under heavy pressure. The real problems of traffic control are the need for more precision instruments and the assignment of greater numbers of qualified personnel to traffic-control towers and centers. Idlewild Airport, for example, is supposed to have 51 journeymen controllers, but in actuality it has only half that number. Important radar hand-off posts at many of our airports are tended by personnel who double in other jobs.

Mr. Halaby likes to boast to Congress that he has cut FAA personnel. He has been known to walk into a traffic-control center and announce with a sweeping gesture to the men who worked there, "Some of you won't be here the next time I come," leaving a badly shattered staff in his wake. Economy is a virtue if wisely achieved, but the real problem, as congestion around our big airports approaches the saturation point, is not to save money but to save lives. What we need is bolder and more effective leadership to see to it that we have the personnel and the precision equipment demanded by the times.

The Case of the Crooked Mayor

Up to a point the career of George Chacharis read like a classic success story. As a boy of 10 he came to the U.S. from Greece with his father. His family settled in Gary, Indiana, and when George was old enough he went to work in a steel mill, rising to a minor supervisory position.

Chacharis was an organizer of considerable ability. He formed a social club for downtrodden immigrants and second-generation Americans in Gary, eventually acquiring a building for the club that even included a bar. He began to dabble in politics and became a business success, owning a coal-and-fuel company known as the General Coal Company. Chacharis ran his friend Pete Mandich, born in Gary of Serbian parents, for the post of township trustee, and after Pete was elected, General Coal gained a monopoly on the sale of fuel to people on relief.

In 1951 Chacharis successfully ran Pete for mayor. Later he was himself elected to the city's No. 2 post of controller. In his second term as mayor Pete conveniently resigned to run for sheriff, and Chacharis moved up to the top political spot.

As mayor of Gary, Chacharis was something less than spectacular, but he had a number of solid achievements to his credit: new streets, street lighting and a new stadium. For an immigrant boy he was riding high. He worked hard for John Kennedy's election as President in 1960, and as a reward was later invited to the White House to meet the prime minister of Greece, Constantine Karamanlis. There was talk that President Kennedy might appoint him ambassador to his native land.

Unfortunately, however, Chacharis had a weakness for money that was fatal. As mayor of corruption-ridden Gary, he appropriated funds for one purpose and used them for another, and an investigation by the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission turned up evidence that he was shaking down contractors and demanding kickbacks from them.

A year ago a grand jury began to look into his tangled financial affairs, and the Internal Revenue Service took his tax returns under scrutiny. Last month Chacharis pleaded guilty to a charge that he had failed to report $226,686 in bribes on his income-tax returns and resigned as mayor of Gary.

The story of George Chacharis has all the elements of a Greek tragedy: ambition, success and a tragic flaw that brought the hero to his ruin—a corruptibility that American citizens simply cannot tolerate among their public officials.

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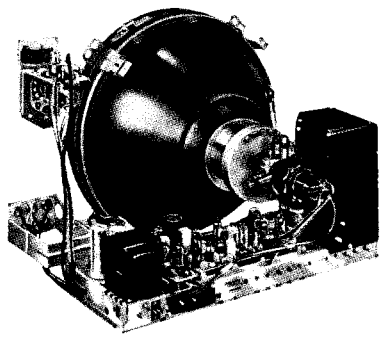

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